FORUM

VOL. LXXXI — No. 5

HENRY GODDARD LEACH
Editor

Editorial FOREWORD

THE FORUM presents in this number the first of two Socratic dialogues on Prohibition in which Professor Irving Fisher of Yale University and Mr. Fabian Franklin of New York lead the discussion for their opposing points of view. In spite of years of comment in the daily press, the Prohibition question still shows that astonishing vitality which is only to be found in issues that stir men's passions to white heat and touch their profoundest convictions. Six months after the presidential election which many believed would decide the matter one way or another, it is apparent that the election settled nothing as far as Prohibition is concerned. It was foolish to suppose it could. Mr. Hoover has moved into the White House — that is all.

THE PROBLEMS created by Prohibition are still with us, and, if anything, they have now advanced to a more acute stage. On the one hand, the new President is calling for stricter enforcement of the law and planning to appoint a high commission to study the whole problem and devise ways to make the courts as efficient as an engineer's sextant. On the other hand, the increased severity of the penalties to which Prohibition violators are liable under the new Jones Act, indicate, according to the first test cases tried under it, that juries are even more reluctant than before to bring convictions against offenders. This is the impasse at which we have now arrived, and only a professional optimist could see in this situation any sign that Prohibition will cease to agitate our minds for a long time to come.

LET US suppose that President Hoover's plans are carried through with that thoroughness which the American people have come to expect of everything he undertakes. Let us even imagine that the governmental machinery is so overhauled, reconditioned, oiled, and greased that enforcement becomes one hundred per cent perfect. To go a step further, suppose that the powers of the law are

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FORUM

Next Month

SHOULD WE DEFY PROHIBITION?

Irving Fisher, Fabian Franklin, and others

A Socratic dialogue continuing the discussion in this issue. Mr. Franklin takes the offensive, outlining his belief that every patriotic citizen should oppose Prohibition on all occasions as the only way to get Volsteadism out of the Constitution, where it does not belong. This challenge draws out new speakers who do not appear in the present dialogue.

WHAT IT MEANS TO MARRY A CATHOLIC

Anonymous

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James Truslow Adams

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Harlow Shapley

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IS THE WEST DECAYING?

Vasudeo B. Metta vs. G. K. Chesterton

A debate between the Orient and the Occident in which the Oriental ideal of passivity and contemplation grapples with our Western notion that "off with the old and on with the new" is progress.

AT SCHOHARIE CROSSING

Walter D. Edmonds

A colorful story taken from the fabric of pioneer America in the days when the Erie Canal was the great highway of traffic between the Atlantic seaboard and the West — by the author of that best-selling first novel, *Rome Haul.*

HOW SCIENTIFIC ARE OUR DOCTORS?

T. Swann Harding

The medical profession comes in for a good-natured but painful flaying on the ground that doctors are too fond of performing needless operations, too quick to diagnose ailments they do not understand, too ready to prescribe drugs whose physiological effect is unknown, and, in general, are about as scientific as chiropractors.

BROWNELL AND OUR NEO-BARBARIANS

Louis J. A. Mercier

The philosophy of humanism made vital in the life of a great humanist.

QUOTATION

C. E. Montague

How to be well-read with less than a five-foot bookshelf.

FOREWORD

Continued

enlarged, making it possible to prosecute the purchasers of liquor equally with the sellers and transporters of it. And since we should be anxious, in this hypothetical case, to give the Anti-Saloon League everything it could demand to tighten the screws, let us grant that every enforcement officer shall be an honest man and incorruptible; that every prosecuting attorney shall be as full of zeal as Mrs. Willebrandt; that all tactics, however reprehensible they might seem in any other connection, shall be deemed worthy of Prohibition informers and under-cover agents; and that the army and navy shall be called upon to supplement the coast guard and the regular enforcement officers. These measures would silence those annoying people who say that Prohibition cannot be enforced. To confound them utterly, let us assume that every violator — big or little, rich or poor, man, woman, or child — shall be speedily hailed into court.

WILL THAT settle the Prohibition problem? The juries upon which the Jones Act has been tested have already answered the question. To improve the machinery of law enforcement is an admirable and much-needed reform. To speed up court procedure is one of the most urgent problems of the day. All good citizens everywhere will wish more power to Hoover in furthering these good works. But in the specific case of Prohibition enforcement, the juries hold the key to the situation. The jury represents a rough cross section of public opinion, and in those parts of the country where the Anti-Saloon League does not speak with the voice of God, the twelve good men and true will undo the Herculean labor of enforcement even though it be performed by supermen.

THIS IS only another way of saying that all law depends at last upon community sentiment. And it is here that the ardent drys are making their greatest blunder — in thinking that they can accomplish by elaborate machinery of enforcement what they could not effect through the simple consent of the people in the large wet areas along the Atlantic seaboard. This is not to say that the government should not try to enforce Prohibition. It *is* to say that the mere jacking up of the enforcement machinery — while a good thing — is not enough. Public opinion in the disaffected sections of the country will have to be educated, remolded, whipped into line. By noting the points of agreement and disagreement between Professor Fisher and Mr. Franklin in this and next months' dialogues, the reader may form some dawning idea of the difficulties this educational process will entail.

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TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

May Reading

by DONALD F. ROSE

LOCAL COLOR

THE AMERICAN scene is an amazingly varied performance, and current books prove it. For example, ROME HAUL, by Walter D. Edmonds (Little, Brown, $2.50), brings to life the old Erie canal in its heyday, three-quarters of a century ago. A rich and spicy yarn indeed, loosely strung together by the experience of Dan Harrow, who lived a year on the canal and then went to farming. No doubt the teller of the tale has packed one man's story over-full of experience, so that all the glamour and color of this forgotten period are a part of it, but thereby is created an amazing panorama of picaresque characters, a swift succession of dramatic episodes, and even some semblance of a true novel in the story of Dan's discovery of his own strength, the winning and losing of his girl, and his triumph over his enemy. Long and patient research must have gone into the making of this picture, not alone into the historical detail, but into the reproduction of a racy and pungent idiom and the sharp individuality of those who lived on and by the old waterway between Albany and Buffalo.

WALTER D. EDMONDS

Another and more curious study in local color is BACK TO STAY, by Jonathan Leonard (Viking, $2.50). This is placed in New England, where all that is primitive dies hard. It tells of Dixi Wardon, banished from home and slicked up somewhat by city ways, but wanting to come back to his woman and his child and the land to which he irrevocably belongs. Religious mania, black superstitions, tar and feathers, rough passions, and cruel codes are real things in the story, and its men and women are credible despite their perverse strangeness. The manner of the book, however, is more of a curiosity than a justifiable experiment in story-telling. It is individual and original, but ostentatiously crude. Further, the writer is at cross-purposes with himself. Sometimes he talks through his characters; sometimes they speak for themselves. But despite confusion and mannerisms, there is solid reality in back of all, and a powerful picture of the vanishing American in one of his least ingratiating versions.

A second novel by Dawn Powell, THE BRIDE'S HOUSE (Brentano, $2.50), falls short of the hopes which *She Walks in Beauty* roused. Its story seems synthetic, despite splendid writing and the warm reality of its setting. Sophie Truelove has a "bad" streak in her, so that she cannot stay happy though married. That's the story, and the rest is trimmings. But the characters are vivid, the scenes authentic, and the book sustains its author's reputation as an interpreter of Ohio farm life. If she has made a mistake, it is that she has tried to transplant a Greek legend or a medieval story of demoniac possession into the corn belt of America in the Nineties.

Tips on Books

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The Case of Sergeant Grischa, Arnold Zweig — Epic of the common soldier, trapped by the cruelty of war.

Mamba's Daughters, Du Bose Heyward — Social clashes in old Charleston portrayed by an adept at local color.

Dodsworth, Sinclair Lewis — Reviewed in this issue.

The Pathway, Henry Williamson — Reviewed in this issue.

Rome Haul, Walter D. Edmonds — Reviewed in this issue.

Biography

Elizabeth and Essex, Lytton Strachey — Provocative portrait of England's most enigmatic Queen.

Viscount Haldane's Autobiography — Further proof that British statesmen are skilled at writing memoirs.

Herman Melville, Lewis Mumford — Reviewed in this issue.

Henry the Eighth, Francis Hackett — Reviewed in this issue.

The Letters of Katherine Mansfield — Reviewed in this issue.

In Serious Vein

The Nature of the Physical World, A. S. Eddington — Mysteries of science. Recommended as a primer to Einstein.

The American Experiment, Bernard Faÿ — A foreigner's shrewd estimate of our emerging civilization.

The Modern Temper, Joseph Wood Krutch — Critical survey of modern trends, written for the mentally adult.

The Re-Discovery of America, Waldo Frank — Reviewed in this issue.

Other Matters

Music at Midnight, Muriel Draper — A hostess chatters pleasantly about her celebrated guests.

You Can't Print That, George Seldes — Bootlegged yarns. A veteran reporter thumbs his nose at the censor.

The Cradle of the Deep, Joan Lowell — Reviewed in this issue.

Local color of another sort is laid on thick in LOVE IN CHICAGO, by Charles Walt (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). This is another of those gangster stories, presented as the diary of a hired murderer who is for a while a king of the underworld — an appalling animal, with no moral sense whatever and no humanity save a kindliness toward children and a love of the jew's-harp. The overture to the drama, in which the writer rescues the diary from a pickpocket, who snatched it from a woman on her way to suicide, is first-class journalism. The diary itself may have been necessary as a device to reveal the workings of a purely vicious mind, but it is a patently preposterous document. No man tells the truth to his diary, and no diary has a right to be genuinely confessional and a detached narrative at the same time. The story is, however, a vivid and dramatic commentary on a choice product of our civilization, and is full of ghastly plausibility from the time the gangster comes to Chicago until he goes mad because his jew's-harp is stolen from him.

ON LAND AND SEA

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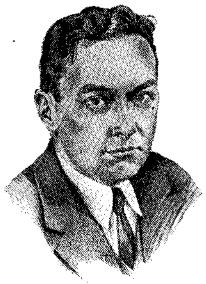

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For contrast there is ON MEDITERRANEAN SHORES, by Emil Ludwig (Little, Brown, $3.50), which is a sort of glorified guidebook to the art and atmosphere of the pleasure resort of the world. This is a beautiful book, beautifully written about nothing in particular. In a sense it betrays Mr. Ludwig by displaying to such advantage his facility, fluency, and charm, that we suspect he might write about anything whatever and make a tolerable book of it. The wide divergence of critical opinions regarding the Ludwig biographies may thereby be in part accounted for. Concerning the present book, it will be an excellent companion to those on high-priced winter cruises, and will distress past travelers by informing them of how much they missed.

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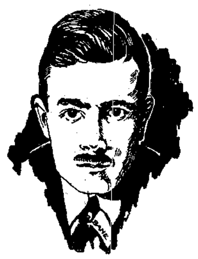
elements are supreme throughout the story. One is the quiet loveliness of English country life; the other is the central figure, a baffling product of English idealism. He has passed through the war; it has touched him yet left him spiritually unhurt. He is strange and incomprehensible, accounted unmannered and dangerous. His offence is this — that he believes true strength is gentleness and loves all things that are alive. There are strains of romance in the story, much poetry, and a last and inevitable note of tragedy. This man Maddison is the poet in every man, of whom we are too much ashamed, too unknowing. Coleridge knew of him, and Wordsworth and Thoreau — all who have found understanding of men by way of nature's infinite revelations. It is tremendously important that his story be told again, since it is so much easier to make stories out of life's surfaces than of its hidden depths, and since we must all at last decide between simple humanity and the philosophy of the hard-boiled egg.



HENRY WILLIAMSON

There is a definite personality to PRIMA DONNA, by Pitts Sanborn (Longmans, Green, $5.00), as though this were that one novel which — according to Oliver Wendell Holmes — is somewhere in the heart and experience of every man. Further, it is an admirably constructed composition, long only in the sense that a symphony is a shade overwhelming to the taste formed on lyrics and parlor pieces. It would have more readers if it were brought within a single volume, but thereby it would lose the careful scale and proportion of its conception.

Of its six books, the opening one is perhaps the weakest, since here the author is somewhat out of his depth. He is at home in New York and Paris; less so in the small Ohio town where prima donnas are nowadays discovered. Essentially this is not a tale of the opera nor of music and musicians. By these the scene is set and localized, but the final concern of the interpreter is with the universal elements of life and love. He set out to write the story of a singer, but creates a woman. Through stress and suffering the woman becomes a true artist — which is only a variation on a universal theme.

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"I had no tutor," the girl laughed. "I taught myself."

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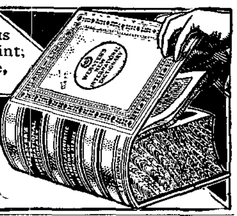

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BIOGRAPHY AND SCIENCE

FEW OF the eminent Victorians have as little claim on present attention as Ruskin, but he is restored to the dignity of a real personality and made intelligible to modern taste in THE EXQUISITE TRAGEDY, by Amabel Williams-Ellis (Doubleday, Doran, $3.50). The ordinary idea of Ruskin is befogged by his brief reputation as arbiter of taste and by the overwhelming mass of his writings. The present biographer has analyzed the reputation through personal acquaintances and reminiscences, and has sifted and sorted the writings with infinite patience to get at the man himself. We see him at last as a genius who got off to a bad start, made a tragic end, and was in himself entirely deserving of love and admiration.

Perhaps the best episode in PROCESSION OF LOVERS, by Lloyd Morris (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50) is the legendary story of Mary Magdalene, beautifully and reverently written. Other classic love stories here revived include those of Sappho, Theodora, Heloise and Abelard, Christopher Marlowe, and "*La Grande Mademoiselle*." They are familiar, but translated far out of the commonplace by careful and distinguished writing. They are loosely strung on a framework like that of the Decameron — told by a group of people lazing on the shores of the Mediterranean — but the device is unimportant and unnecessary. The stories themselves need no apology, and the fact that they are so well told justifies their retelling.

Even more ancient history is the theme of OUR FACE FROM FISH TO MAN, by William K. Gregory (Putnam, $4.50), which is a popular science exposition of the familiar fact that one poor fish looks very like another. The particular thread in the evolutionary hypothesis that deals with physiognomy is only a small part of the argument, but an entertaining one. The present book is a mustering of circumstantial evidence to the effect that one thing leads to another, and that only a long series of minor differences separates Shakespeare from a shark and Calvin Coolidge from a codfish.

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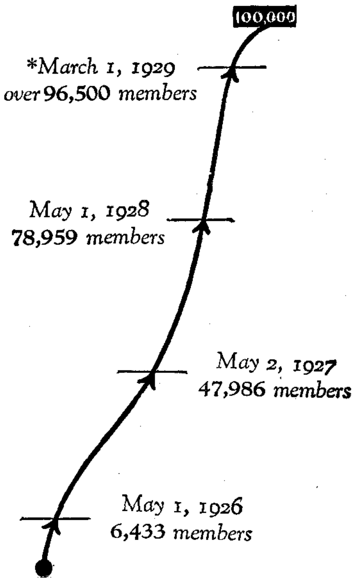

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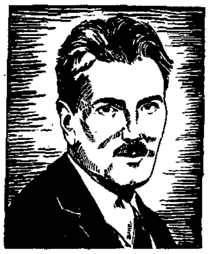
They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—KEATS

The White Whale

HERMAN MELVILLE, by Lewis Mumford; Harcourt, Brace, $3.50.
Reviewed by LAWRENCE S. MORRIS.

LEWIS MUMFORD'S new book is the finest study of Herman Melville we have had yet. Those who have ever tried to grapple with the spirit that created Moby-Dick will recognize Mr. Mumford's biography as the result of a serious and sustained effort to enter imaginatively into Melville's world. Retracing the history of his mind, as Mr. Mumford has retraced it, makes vigorous demands on thought and intuition. For Melville was one of the giants: a maimed, one-armed giant, fighting alone and striking out blindly into the dark, but still a giant.


LEWIS MUMFORD

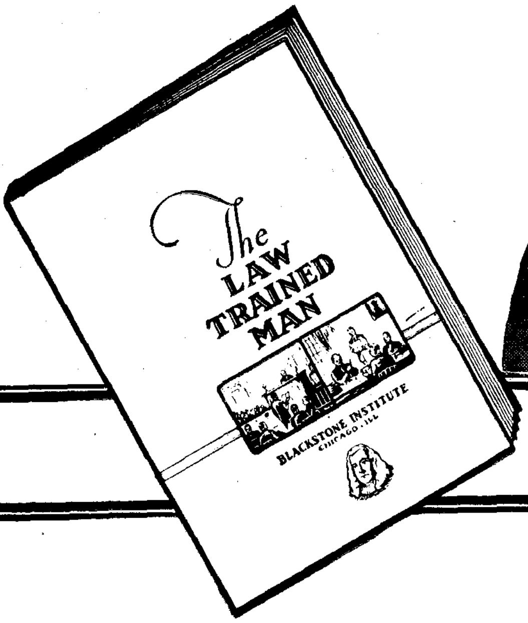
In *Moby-Dick* he wrote the only tragic epic that has been conceived in America. Taking the familiar industry of whaling, he mined a mythology out of it, lifted it into the field of parable, and pushed the parable further than any man may look without danger of blindness. Melville had in him the chaos and intensity that worlds are born of; a chaos that even Emerson and Hawthorne lacked, and of which Thoreau had a few flinty splinters; a chaos that simmered too comfortably in Whitman. In Melville, it was in volcanic action. He stared into depths that Emerson could think about but not feel, that Whitman was incapable of thinking about and had no desire to feel.

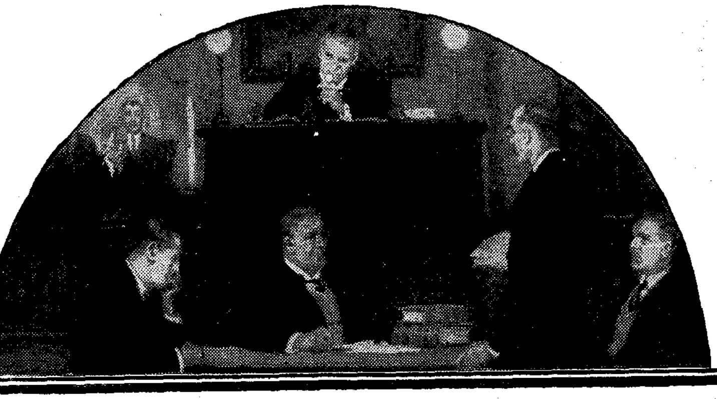
In a short review, most of Mr. Mumford's account of Melville's life, though all of it is interesting, must be neglected for his excellent discussion of *Moby-Dick*. Melville's plunge into philosophy, which disconcerted his contemporaries after the plain sailing of his first two books, was not merely an intellectual pastime. In his life on whaling vessels and in captivity among the cannibals (would that there were a few such gentle cannibals among civilized people!), he had faced hunger, pain, and death from nature, and cruelty and malignity in men. He was now struggling in the effort to satisfy his own hunger for understanding. And, as by-products of that impossible effort, came a deeper tone of being in Melville himself, estrangement from his contemporaries, and *Moby-Dick* for posterity.

It is a proof of the life in *Moby-Dick* that each man reads a new meaning into it. But it seems to me that Mr. Mumford is very close to Melville's characteristic preoccupations in interpreting that protean work as a parable on the mystery of evil. "The White Whale," says Mr. Mumford, "stands for the brute energies of existence," Captain Ahab "for the small and feeble, but purposive, spirit of man." The White Whale is "illness, accident, treachery, jealousy, vengefulness, dull frustration." I think Mr. Mumford might have carried this still further, into the inner life of every individual, where the White Whale is the inexhaustible, blind inertia of unconsciousness, against which our flicker of consciousness struggles for a time, before being drowned, with whatever purpose we may have, as Ahab was drowned by Moby-Dick. Although Ahab pitted himself against the Whale, he knew that in the end it would drag him under. He blundered in attacking it directly; but whatever means he had used, the chances would have been overwhelmingly against him.

Mr. Mumford believes that culture and science, and the knowledge that other men "will . . . foster . . . the things we have recognized as excellent," can defend us against the White Whale. This faith in culture is, I think, a weakness in Mr. Mumford's program for a life of realization. Melville knew that culture must be shed before creation begins. If the White Whale could be conquered by writing books, *Moby-Dick* would not be a tragic epic.

One must accept certain of Mr. Mumford's opinions with reservations, for in





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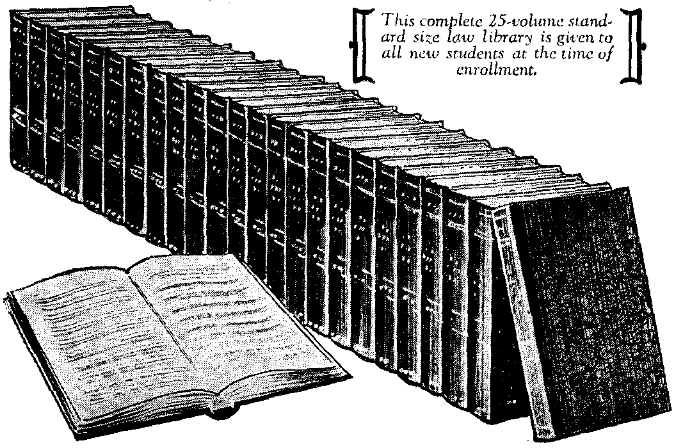

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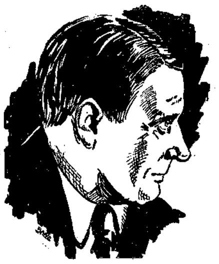
Books

his enthusiasm, it seems to me that he over-estimates some parts of Melville's achievement. But this excess of generosity is certainly better than its opposite, and it comes from Mr. Mumford's deep sense of the quality of the man he is dealing with.

Beyond Babbitt

DODSWORTH, by Sinclair Lewis; Harcourt, Brace, $2.50.
Reviewed by R. L. DUFFUS.

IN TWO passages in his latest novel the ingenuous Mr. Lewis causes a character to make use of the convenient stereotype, "Babbitt," which the same Mr. Lewis invented some three novels back. Thus does our language enrich itself. It may be doubted that "Dodsworth" will ever be found, even in a very complete dictionary. The reason for this is creditable to Mr. Lewis's art, for it means that he has to a considerable extent broken away from his earlier formula and is beginning to create characters rather than classifications. Sam Dodsworth is not a figure stuffed with hay and gotten up to achieve a striking resemblance to an American automobile manufacturer. He is something of an individual.



SINCLAIR LEWIS

Moreover the book itself is not an attempt to give a plausible dummy a swift poke in the nose, as was to a large extent the case in *Main Street*, *Babbitt*, and *Elmer Gantry*. Mr. Lewis has been traveling around Europe and making note in his busy, meticulous way of the sorts of things the American tourist sees there. He has been meditating, with a discrimination not always noticeable in him, upon the relations between hemispheres. The reader is not quite sure whether *Dodsworth* is to be a new *Daisy Miller* or a new idealogical romance by Mr. Wells. The leading characters, as one thinks them over, are Europe and America — Mrs. Europe and Mr. America.

In Sam Dodsworth, the successful manufacturer of Revelation motor cars, dislodged at fifty by the purchase of his company by the U. A. C., one discovers a certain kinship with Babbitt. But Dodsworth had more imagination, as well as more ability, than Babbitt at the start and his experience has been on a wider and higher plane. It was Dodsworth, if the truth must be told, who invented the stream-line model and the four-wheel brake. Thus we find again that Mr. Lewis has a secret sympathy with the American business man and that he believes the creature may even have a soul. As the story goes on we see pretty plainly that Mr. Lewis believes there is more soul and more hope for America, even æsthetically, in an automobile designer than in the culture hound, of whatever sex, who can find nothing to admire west of Bishop's Rock.

Fran, Sam's restless, childish, snobbish, perennially critical wife, plays this latter part in Dodsworth's *via dolorosa*. A cold, ambitious, and thoroughly selfish woman, she has thriven for twenty years on her husband's financial prosperity, but has not too secretly despised him and his uncouth friends. It is she who induces him to give up the vice-presidency of the U. A. C. and go abroad for the wander-year they had planned long ago. Once abroad she leads him a merry dance over Europe, having her final fling at forty-one while he, less and less submissively, tags along.

It is evident that Mr. Lewis is doing more than making faces at Europe. He is trying to discover what it is in Europe that can be carried back to Zenith and there expressed, perhaps in a realization of Sam's dream of a truly æsthetic real estate development. Undoubtedly we have the reflection of some of Mr. Lewis's own experiences abroad. He would have written differently ten years ago. Is he developing his own art of story-telling? One suspects he is, especially when some of the subtleties of the relations between Fran and Sam are contrasted with such obvious rubber-stamp survivals as the picture of Tub Pearson in Paris. The story moves swiftly, with a gathering intensity. Technically it is better than anything Mr. Lewis has done heretofore. On the strength of it we cannot call him our greatest artist in fiction, but we may say that he is holding his own as the most significant personage in his field. No one else is doing as much to diagnose America.

A Rural Sage

PLAIN PEOPLE, by E. W. Howe; Dodd, Mead, $3.00.
Reviewed by JAY E. HOUSE.

MR. E. W. HOWE'S *Plain People* is something more than the memoirs of a notable American. It is, in effect, the sunny side of Main Street. Sub-consciously, perhaps, Mr. Howe has wrought upon a thesis. It is that many interesting people live in small towns and that tremendously interesting things happen

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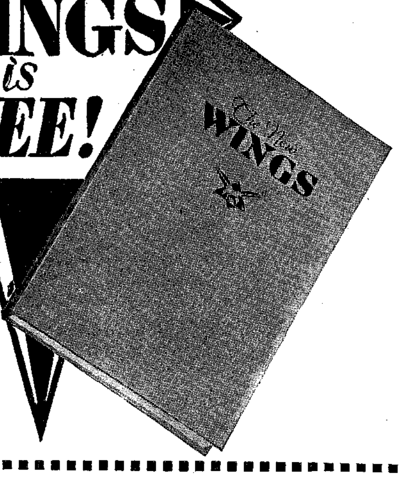

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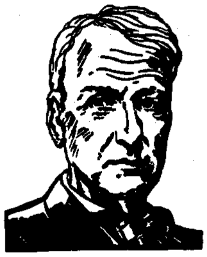
Books

along the backwaters of rural America. Both the man and the book are pat illustrations of the Emersonian theory that a good mousetrap knows no bush.

To Mr. Howe's fellow townsmen he is merely a well-liked and highly esteemed citizen — a good friend and neighbor who has attracted the attention of the world at large. To urban eyes, accustomed to regard rural America as dreary, somnolent, uninspiring, and incapable of developing men of parts and attainments, he must be an amazing spectacle. For here is a man reared in a pioneer farming community of Northwest Missouri, who has lived fifty-two years in a Kansas town of 16,000 people, and who has held the attention and elicited the admiration of a sophisticated reading public for more than forty years.

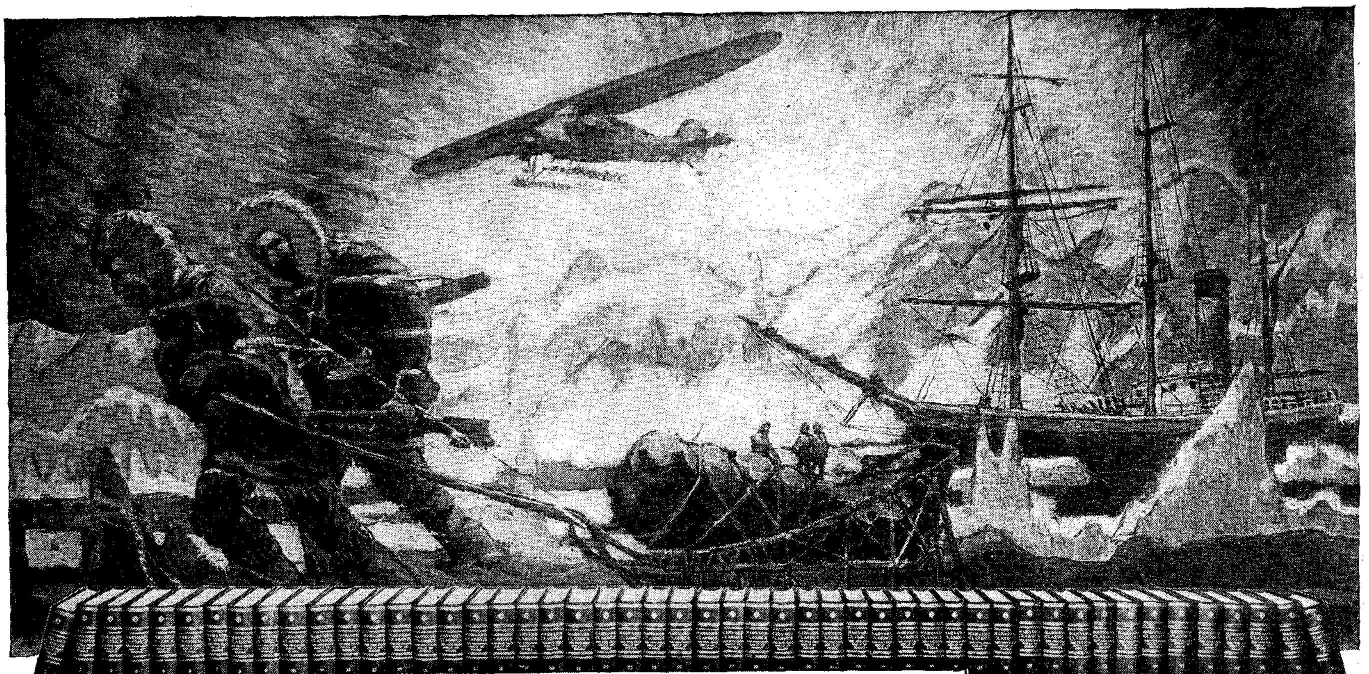


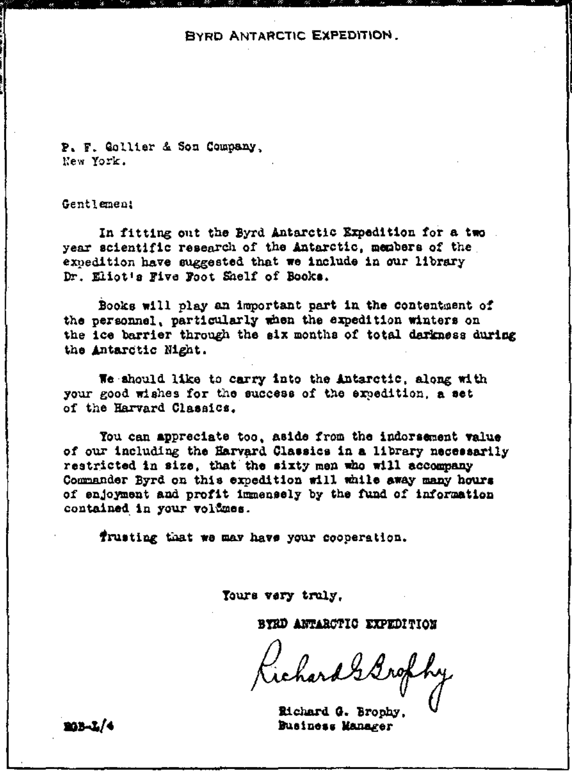
E. W. Howe

At the age of eleven Mr. Howe's father tossed him to the mechanical foreman of the country printing office which he had just purchased with instructions to "make a printer" of him. At thirteen he was doing a journeyman's work around his father's shop; at fifteen, a skilled and efficient workman, he was out on the world, doing a man's labor and drawing a man's pay. When he was twenty-six he established the *Atchison Daily Globe*, which became, and for many years continued to be, the most widely and frequently quoted newspaper in this country.

The larger experiences of life have been Mr. Howe's in impressive numbers. He has sailed the seven seas and has visited nearly all the civilized countries of the world. On two occasions he circumnavigated the earth, and on one of these wrote a daily record of his experiences for the *Atchison Globe*. He wrote at least one great novel and half a dozen others of lesser merit. No American, living or dead, has written more interesting books of travel. He has hunted big game in the old and wild West and has traveled a thousand miles to hear a concert by a symphony orchestra.

Plain People is a graphic chronicle of Middle West habit, custom, and personnel, beginning with the Civil War. It is a record of personal experience. The worldly wise and sophisticated Mr. Howe has written of his experiences and observations — of the people he has





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The letter shown on this page was written to P. F. Collier and Son Company by the Manager of the Expedition, asking that the Harvard Classics be added to their very limited library. The Publishers were pleased to serve Commander Byrd and his men.

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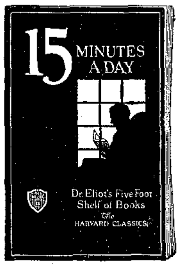

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Books

known longest and most intimately — in language the least of them may understand. His mind comprehends the deeper matters which agitate those who live within the area dedicated to the intellectual and the cultured, but his heart remains, ever and always, somewhere between the rolling prairies which sweep westward from the Missouri River bluffs and the green hills that lie beyond the river.

King Bluebeard

HENRY THE EIGHTH, by Francis Hackett; Liveright, $3.00.
Reviewed by KATHARINE ANTHONY.

MR. FRANCIS HACKETT'S long-awaited life of Henry the Eighth is at last in covers. It is a subject congenial to his pen. The complex character of Henry, half-poet and half-rascal, half-hero and half-*feigling*, lover and hater in one and that one indivisible, challenges the imagination of a biographer like Mr. Hackett. His predecessors in the field are many years behind him. Pollard's history, the last comprehensive life, is twenty-five years old. The picturesque hero of Froude's many volumes dates still farther back, and, although the portrait agrees more nearly with the present version than the intermediate Henry, it bears the hall-marks of an ancient date. It is pre-Freudian, pre-socialist, and pre-war. Mr. Hackett's book is none of these.

Thanks partly to the light thrown by these modern developments, and partly to an innate sympathy, the legendary Henry does not befuddle Francis Hackett. He understands him. In passages which probe to the very heart of his romantic subject, he proves this understanding over and over again. But it takes tremendous effort, and if the author sometimes out of sheer fatigue grows flippant, I for one am ready to excuse him.

Although the book is divided into chapters which are named for Henry's wives, it is in large part a political, that is, a conventional history. This is indeed inevitable as Henry's marriages were all intertwined with his political and ecclesiastical adventures. The poor man had no private life. His heart was the plaything of English politics, European diplomacy, and inter-church strife. In a single paragraph of his life, we must sweep like an airplane over half of Europe. In a single flight we must cover France, Spain, and Italy and descry heroic landmarks as they fly past us. Maximilian, Ferdinand and Isabella, and Francis the First appear for a moment vividly, but slip over the horizon. Henry the Seventh, slow-moving, fustian figure, lingers more persistently. Popes obliterate each other.

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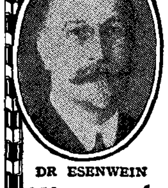

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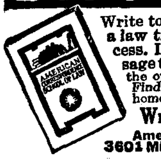

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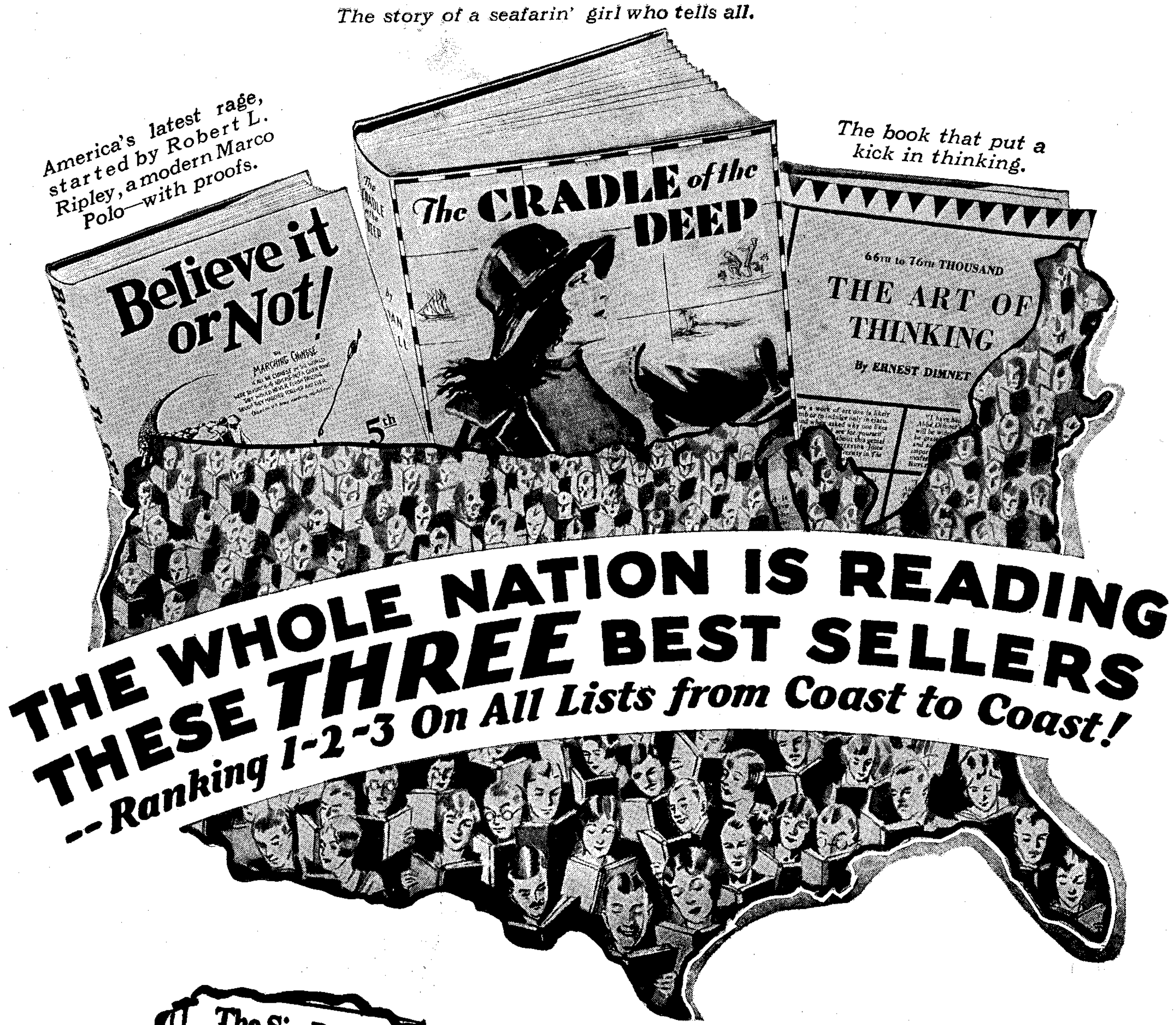
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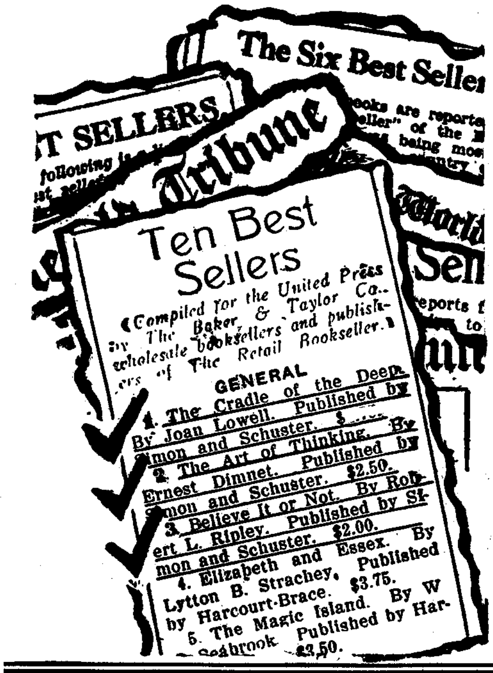

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2. The Art of Thinking. By Ernest Dimnet. Published by Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

3. Believe It or Not. By Robert L. Ripley. Published by Simon and Schuster. $2.00.

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Books

The little blue baby, Edward the Sixth, is born and dies. Mr. Hackett must have wound many a wet towel around his head before he finished this outline of European history. Yet all of it is bound up with the most intimate recesses of Henry's life and character.

There are details that we could quarrel with him about. The Prince did not have "strong little features"; he looked like his insignificant but high-born mother. Where are the poems which Henry wrote under the influence of love in middle age? What was the grade of his intelligence? Was the slow brain of which Francis Hackett speaks inhibited by complexes or was it merely a poor organ inherited from his mother? And why was he so creative in spite of this endowment? Perhaps this is too much to ask of the best-equipped biographer. We must wait for another Columbus of the human spirit.

A Mystic's America

THE RE-DISCOVERY OF AMERICA, by Waldo Frank; Scribner, $3.00.
Reviewed by C. HARTLEY GRATTAN.

BOOKS like *The Re-discovery of America* have a use that transcends their intrinsic importance. Waldo Frank is a writer whose positive contribution to contemporary thought does not seem of tremendous significance, but whose books always arouse the opposition to tremendous efforts to reply. Mr. Frank is a mystic who, like all mystics with whose writings I am acquainted, gets his thoughts into words with the extremest difficulty. His style is lumpy and amorphous, and it is further clogged by the fact that he is never satisfied to talk about anything in any other than his own private terminology. The result is that the reader is forced to put forth so much effort to surmount the language Mr. Frank employs that he is unable to appreciate the point of view Mr. Frank is defending.

Fundamentally, what Waldo Frank is trying to do is to impose meaning and order on a chaotic world. To carry out this project it is necessary for him to criticize modern America and set forth a program for the future. The fundamental weakness, he feels, is that American life is dominated by the cult of Power. In Mr. Frank's view, the eternal striving for power over other men and things is a barren sort of aspiration and a philosophy of conduct that can lead only to a separateness from the rest of mankind and a personal mental emptiness that is equivalent to death. In other words, he is anti-Emerson. Mr. Frank makes no effort to differentiate the natural and

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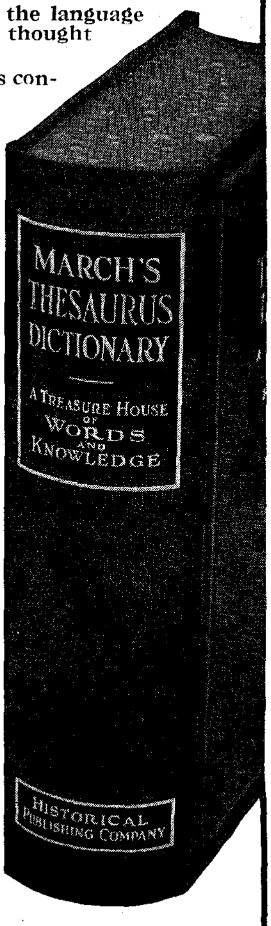
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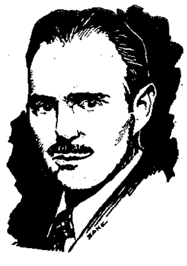
normal human aspiration to superiority which Emerson recognized as the basis of social and cultural progress, but conceives of all impulses to Power as leading to sterility. In the society he envisages such impulses will give way to Love. That is to say, he proposes to break down the separateness which results from the cult of Power and substitute a firm personal relation between man and man, and also to bring about an ardent cultivation of the mystic concept of the Whole.

This cult of the Whole is Mr. Frank's central message and will be the stumbling block of every naturalistic thinker. It is a mystic concept which he is not able clearly to define, but which seems to mean no more than a well-rounded, inclusive sense of cultural interests. An American should be interested in every facet of American life and should endeavor to formulate a point of view toward it which will exclude nothing that is of value to a highly developed mental and emotional life.



WALDO FRANK

Now what strikes me as the most peculiar part of Mr. Frank's whole point of view is his implied assumption that what he takes to be his mysticism is so vastly superior to any other point of view; that it is, in short, the most *inclusive* view of the facts. To be sure, Mr. Frank's emphasis on the point that all the important values which are to be created in America must be predicated on an acceptance of the American scene, machine methods and all, is valuable and wise. In the last analysis, however, I do not find a single idea in his whole book that could not be restated in clear, linear prose to its great advantage. It seems pertinent to point out that Mr. Frank's most weighty ideas appear in Lewis Mumford's *Herman Melville* in simple, easily comprehended form. (I do not mean to imply that Mumford derives from Frank; quite the contrary if anything, for *The Re-discovery of America* leans heavily on *The Golden Day*.) If Mr. Frank would drop, for a few weeks, the rôle of hierophant, he would perhaps come to see that he is sadly bogged in *la science liveresque*. With that recognition he could then proceed to clarify his thinking, cast overboard his trivial incidental ideas, refurbish his central theses, and acquire a style that will give pleasure instead of torture.

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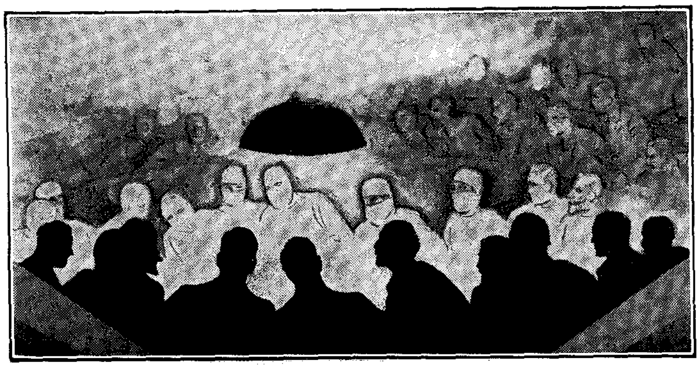

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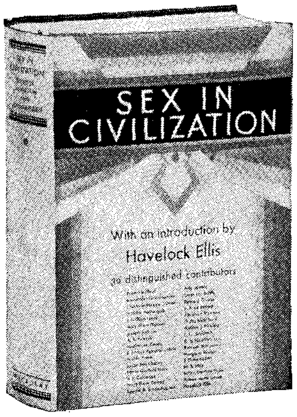
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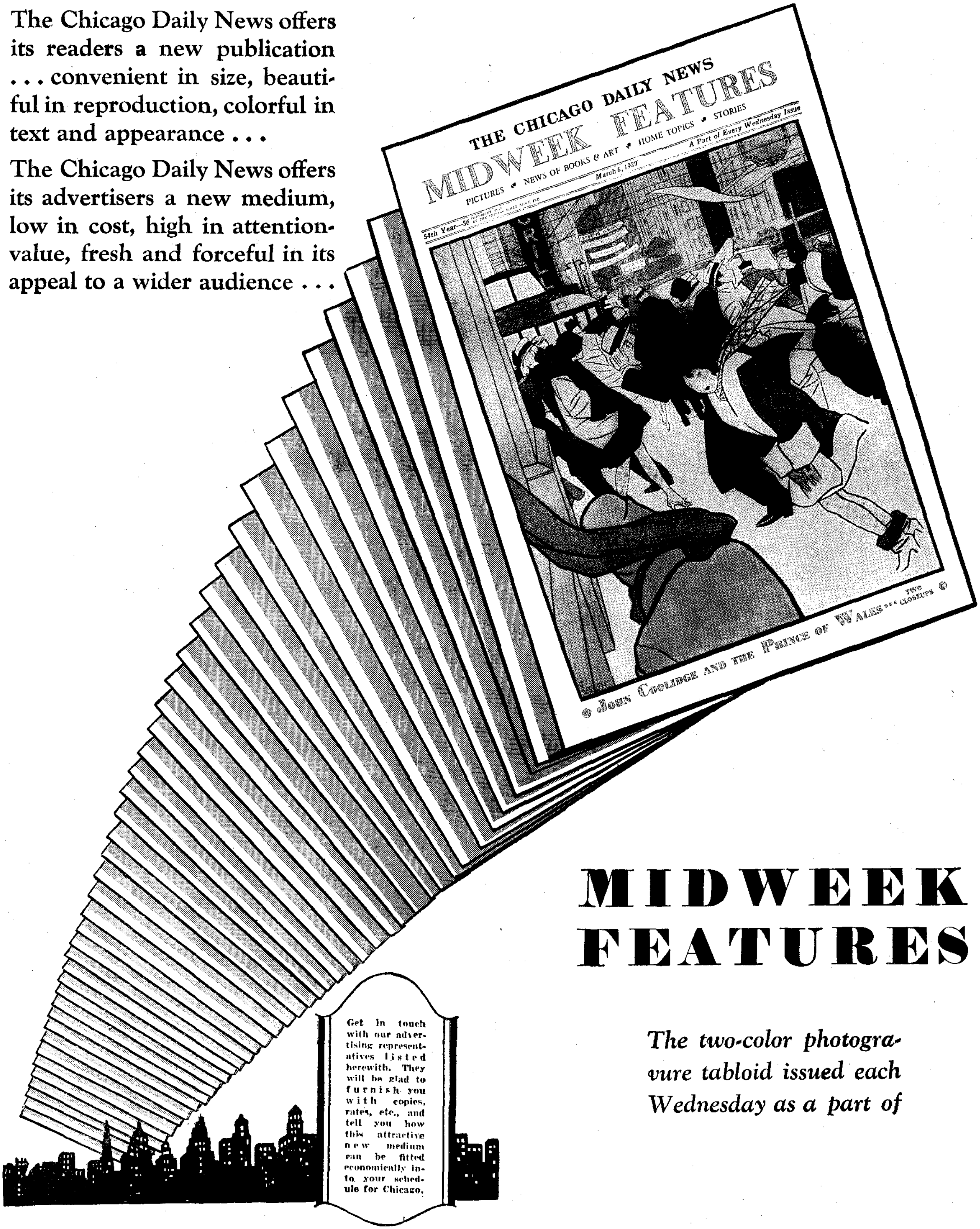
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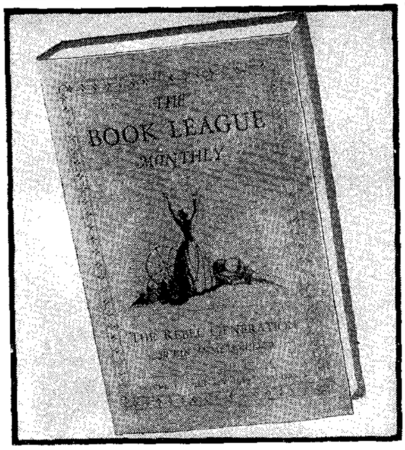

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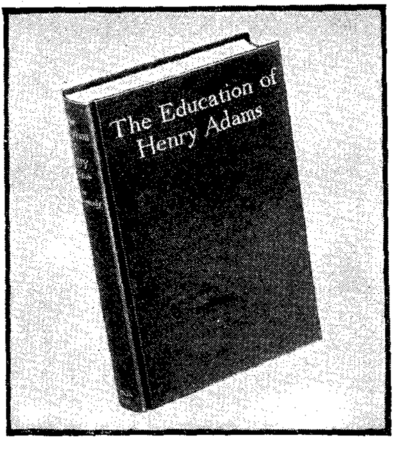

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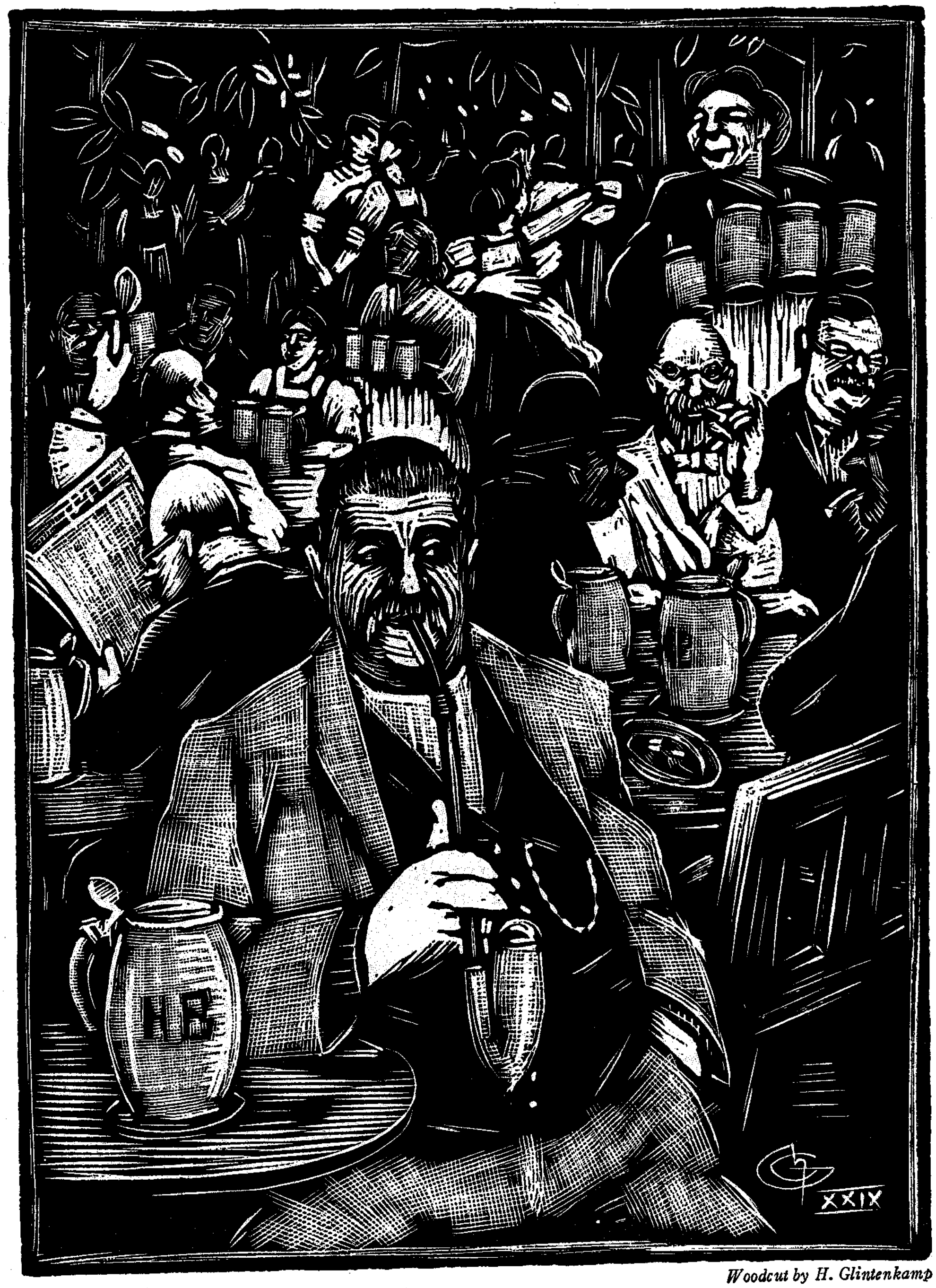

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F O R U M

MAY, 1929 VOL. LXXXI, NO. 5

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CAN Prohibition Succeed?

A Socratic Dialogue

PERSONS of the DIALOGUE

H. Bruce Brougham — Editor of "The Index Number Institute"; statistics have made him a Dry

Frank C. Davison — Novelist; condemns Prohibition on principle

Irving Fisher — Professor of Political Economy at Yale; chief defender of Prohibition and author of *Prohibition at Its Worst*

Fabian Franklin — Editor, mathematician; most outspoken opponent of Volsteadism and author of *What Prohibition Has Done to America*

John C. Gebhart — Research Director of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment; statistics have made him a Wet

George W. Martin — Lawyer; champion of personal liberty

Place — The home of Henry Goddard Leach
Time — After dinner

Mr. Fisher. I am a great believer in experience, and I don't believe this question of Prohibition can be settled offhand purely on the basis of "principle." There are those who are dry, on principle, because they think drinking is wrong; there are those who are wet, on principle, because they think Prohibition offends against personal liberty and constitutional government. But I think the mass of people in this country are like myself — from Missouri. They want to know what will work.

Mr. Martin. Well, they've had time enough now to learn that Prohibition won't.

Mr. Fisher. On the contrary, I think its history shows that it can succeed — already has succeeded, in fact, to a very considerable degree. The last election gave a very good indication of the sentiment of the country on the Prohibition question. Of course I don't attribute the Hoover landslide entirely to the fact that the Republican party was dry, but I think it disposed of the idea that any candidate henceforth can run for President on a wet issue and win.

Mr. Gebhart. Hoover's election does not mean that Prohibition has succeeded.

Mr. Davison. Don't forget the millions who voted for Smith. They're still as wet as they ever were.

Mr. Fisher. I'm merely trying to show that there is enough sentiment in favor of Prohibition to make it succeed.

Mr. Davison. Enough sentiment to put over the Eighteenth Amendment, perhaps, but not enough to enforce it.

Mr. Fisher. If you will consider the history of Prohibition, you will see that it was not "put over" on the country, as a great many people like to believe, but that it grew out of the general desire of the public. The movement against alcohol had been gathering strength for many decades. At first a few small communities would go dry, and then, after a sufficient number of communities within a state became dry under local option, the entire state would go dry. This went on until, before the national Prohibition amendment itself was enacted, there were over thirty dry states.

Mr. Davison. And now we have forty-eight dry states — and more liquor than ever.

Mr. Fisher. When people tell you there is more drinking now than there was before Prohibition, they simply do not know what they are talking about. The evidence given in my books on the subject indicates that the alcohol drunk to-day is probably not one-tenth of what was drunk before Prohibition. Loose talk about increased drinking since Prohibition is not based on evidence but on assertion. At Yale, for instance, such assertions were once made, but the Dean and members of the discipline committees agreed that drinking had greatly decreased.

Mr. Martin. The enforcement officers of our national "discipline committee" make the same statement. But the evidence of the newspapers and our own eyes . . .

Mr. Fisher. I think the publicity that has been given to trials and corruption and infractions of the law creates a false perspective. The price of liquor is from three to seven times what it was, according to figures from Prohibition officers throughout the country — a fact which, in itself, would pretty well prove that only a small fraction of the liquor that used to be sold is being sold at present.

Mr. Martin. I don't see how that follows.

Mr. Fisher. It is the common opinion of economists that the high price indicates scarcity. It must indicate either a small supply or a large demand.

Mr. Martin. Have you bought much liquor yourself?

Mr. Fisher. Not a bit.

Mr. Martin. I don't find that champagne is as expensive now as it used to be.

Mr. Fisher. You will find the facts given in my last book.

Mr. Martin. Is there anything about the price of champagne?

Mr. Fisher. Yes.

Mr. Martin. From ordinary consumers, or from enforcement officers? Of course, enforcement officers don't spend their own money; they spend our money and don't care how much they pay. But my experience is that champagne is cheaper to-day than it was before the war. At least the champagne I buy is.

Mr. Brougham. How much champagne was ever drunk?

Mr. Martin. A great deal was drunk by me and my friends.

Mr. Brougham. Wasn't it always rather expensive?

Mr. Martin. Very, I thought; but it is not as expensive now.

Mr. Brougham. That shows it isn't a popular drink.

Mr. Martin. Very popular; everybody who could afford it bought it.

Mr. Brougham. But not so popular as beer.

Mr. Fisher. I am not here simply to fight. I want to get the facts. You think it is possible that my sources of information are not representative?

Mr. Martin. If they are from enforcement officers, I should say they are very unreliable. The United States Attorney here in the southern district of New York announces week by week that ninety-five per cent of the liquor I buy has poison in it. I don't know why he announces those figures; they aren't true. It merely shows that the people who are paid to enforce Prohibition are conducting a campaign of lying and propaganda that renders all the statistics they produce absolutely unreliable. I should say that the word of an enforcement officer on any subject connected with liquor is not worth a whoop. You have to go out and get ordinary people like me, who are engaged, I suppose, in buying liquor from ordinary bootleggers, and find out what their experiences have been before you can get any accurate information. These enforcement officers are paid to find certain things — and they do.

Mr. Fisher. The reason why drinking seems

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The Bacchanalia

to you to be so prevalent is that the well-to-do class with which you are thrown is the only class that can afford to buy bootleg liquor at high prices.

Mr. Martin. Surely, Professor, most of the drinkers in the country don't buy bootleg liquor at all. They make it.

Mr. Fisher. The Italians do a good deal.

Mr. Martin. Most of the Connecticut Yankees that I know are engaged in it too. Those who aren't making cider are growing grapes and making wine. I don't think there is a Connecticut Yankee in the County of Fairfield where I live who hasn't got all the wine he wants, and I don't think there is a single one who spends ten cents a year for drinks. If that is the case, I don't see the connection between the money spent and the alcohol drunk.

Mr. Fisher. I wonder who the people are you know in Fairfield County.

Mr. Franklin. What Mr. Martin says, I find true of most of my acquaintances. I haven't selected my associates with a view to their skill in home-brewing. They form a fairly representative section of American society.

Mr. Fisher. I think a few among the well-to-do perhaps drink as much as before Prohibition, if not more. But probably few of you realize — as I do as a statistician — what a small percentage the weathy are. I wonder if it wouldn't be a surprise to most of you to learn that ninety-nine per cent of the incomes in the United States are less than $9000 a year. Ninety-nine per cent!

Mr. Franklin. It doesn't surprise me. And what has the high price of bootleg liquor to do with the vast amount of home brew consumed? Home brew takes little time and money. It has no relation to the bootleggers' prices. Doesn't that rather upset your argument that because prices are high the quantity of liquor consumed is small?

Mr. Fisher. As for home brew, most of the poor haven't time to make it.

Mr. Martin. Why do you think that? I am very rich myself, and I can hardly get to bed in time to snatch six hours' sleep before I have to get up and rush downtown to work. My chore man, who isn't as rich as I am, has time to burn.

Mr. Fisher. I am not comparing the leisure of the rich and poor. I am comparing the poor man who brews his own liquor with the rich man who buys his.

Mr. Martin. I do both.

Mr. Fisher. You are an exception.

Mr. Martin. Why do you think it takes so much time? Last fall I made 160 gallons of wine. It took about eighteen hours. Surely the poor man can spare that much time from Ford

English Wassail

rides and movies for the sake of 160 gallons of wine.

Mr. Fisher. We're getting into trivialities now. The point is that Prohibition has achieved a very high degree of success already — probably over ninety per cent, so far as the amount of alcohol consumed is concerned. Further progress toward the goal of total abstinence will come gradually. The fact that we achieved national Prohibition rather prematurely has made it particularly hard. Even in the pioneer Prohibition states like Kansas it took twenty-five years to make it completely successful, and possibly it will take as long for national Prohibition to succeed equally well. It has only been in force for ten years now. Let us look at the forces back of Prohibition; they alone are sufficient to guarantee its success. First there are the women. Their feeling in the matter was pretty clearly expressed in the last election. Then there are the churches — especially the Methodist Church — which have been active in the movement. Also there is a strong economic sentiment. The employers in this country want Prohibition, if not for themselves, for the other fellow — the working man. I know no economist in the United States who is opposed to Prohibition on economic grounds, not one. So economic authority is practically all in favor of Prohibition.

Mr. Franklin. In one sense. They agree that Prohibition works no economic injury. But in spite of that, I don't happen to know any economists who are dry.

Mr. Gebhart. Professor Seligman is a director of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment.

Mr. Martin. Let's concede that there is no economic argument against Prohibition and go on. Personally, I am against the "economic man" and all the efforts of economists toward efficiency.

Mr. Fisher. Underneath all these forces, I believe, is the real argument on which Prohibition rests — the fact that alcohol is a narcotic poison. Now if I am wrong about that, I should like to be corrected.

Mr. Franklin. I don't care a continental whether it is a poison or not. It is an indication of the common sense of mankind that they are not intimidated by such a thing.

Mr. Martin. And that they don't live for economic ends.

Mr. Franklin. I love to have a little poison in my system and I hope everyone does who cares for anything except the exact number of minutes he is going to live.

Mr. Brougham. Are you arguing for opium now?

Mr. Franklin. I didn't say I wanted every kind or unlimited amounts. I merely said that I wish to have from time to time a certain amount of that narcotic poison known as alcohol in my system.

Mr. Brougham. Because it is fashionable?

Mr. Franklin. It is not fashionable; it has been a part of the joy of life of nearly all the men we know anything about in history. They may have poisoned themselves a little, but I think it is worth the price.

Mr. Fisher. Then you do not deny that alcohol is a narcotic poison?

Mr. Franklin. I consider that it is of absolutely no consequence. If that fact has played a dominating part in Prohibition — which I deny — then the movement is even less respectable than I have regarded it.

Mr. Fisher. It is because alcohol as a poison slows up the working machinery that economists and business men are interested in it. Because it is a poison, hygienists and physicians are interested. If alcohol were a tonic, if it were harmless, if it were a stimulant, if it could be used in moderation without any danger that the drinker would become addicted to it, much more might be said on your side. It is not as strong a narcotic as opium. But nevertheless it is a narcotic poison. The thirst for alcohol is not a natural thirst at all.

Mr. Martin. What do you mean by that? You mean it hasn't always existed in man?

Mr. Fisher. No self-respecting animal in a state of nature uses it. It is not in the normal chemistry of life of any organism. It is the excretion of bacteria.

Mr. Martin. Animals can't get it.

Mr. Fisher. Cows get it and get drunk sometimes.

Mr. Martin. Whenever they can get it, they get drunk. I think it is the most natural thirst in the world.

Mr. Franklin. The question of whether it is natural or not is of no consequence. If it is not natural, it may be good; and if it is natural, it may be bad. I don't think that counts either way.

Mr. Fisher. I think it counts a great deal, Mr. Franklin. Walter Lippmann says Prohibition cannot succeed because of this innate thirst. You might say the same thing in regard to any other drug to which the human race is addicted.

Mr. Franklin. I don't think that argument is sound. If Walter Lippmann stated that, I think he is wrong.

Mr. Fisher. Drug addicts will crave their favorite dope. That applies to alcohol just as much as it applies to morphine or anything else. If you have a drug which is not natural, like morphine or alcohol, and it is advertised and fashionable and pushed by all kinds of forces, you get a vicious circle. The drug habit is self-perpetuating. But Walter Lippmann was wrong because he assumed that this thirst would grow stronger and stronger, as if it were a thirst for water. If it were a natural thirst, that would be true. If you prohibited water drinking, you would have nullification at once, because nature would prompt you. As for alcohol or opium or any drug, when you once get rid of the generation that is addicted to it, you have done the trick — you have got rid of it for good. Nature doesn't reëstablish it, because it is not natural.

Mr. Martin. But in the act of "getting rid" of that generation by depriving it of alcohol . . .

Mr. Fisher. I was just getting to that. When Prohibition comes, the people who have learned to look upon alcohol as legitimate, who have associated it with traditions of respectability and entertainment and celebrated it in song and story, feel that their personal liberty is interfered with. They are affronted and the drink craving is there to back up that affront and make them break the law. But after a generation or so — after twenty-five years in Kansas, for instance — you will find that they are no longer concerned about such "affronts" to personal liberty. The people then living feel instead that they have been liberated from something. They do not feel that they are hampered, because there is no natural taste to be offended.

Mr. Martin. It is just as reasonable to believe that states which have been dry a long time are quiet and happy because the bootleg activities have had time to become organized and everyone is well supplied.

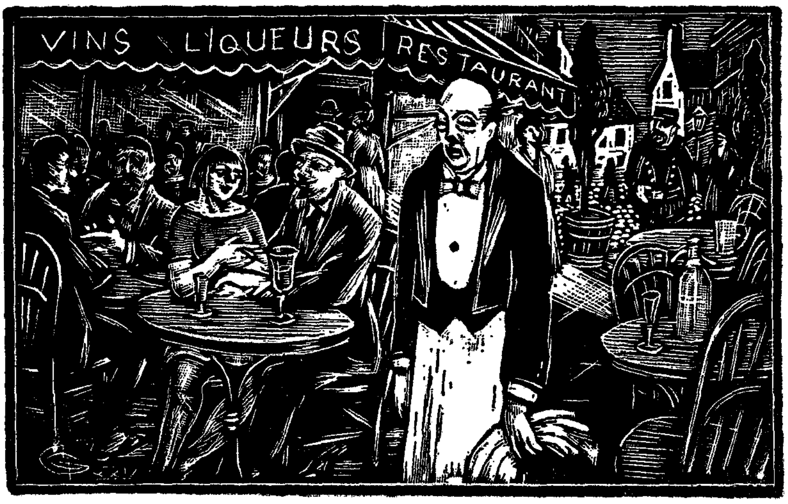
Mr. Fisher. What you say would not fit Kansas.

Mr. Franklin. Ed Howe, who is one of the strongest writers in Kansas, has said repeatedly that things are very much worse in Kansas than they were before national Prohibition.

Mr. Fisher. There is, or was, some truth in that.

Mr. Franklin. What revived the thirst?

French Café



Mr. Fisher. The spread of the fashion of law breaking, among certain people, all through the country. I think they are recovering from that now. The reason for the backsliding that has occurred is that people who did not drink "to excess" resented the fact that they were not allowed to drink temperately. They did not think it was fair that they should not be allowed to drink, when they could control themselves, in order to keep some other people from getting drunk. But this feeling is becoming less strong than it has been. Even in the old days before Prohibition, the locomotive engineer was prohibited from drinking. The employer and the trade union had Prohibition, and the public liked it because it was in the interest of safety. With the automobile, almost all of us are engineers, so to speak. With the spread of automobiles all over the country and among all classes, the danger to the public from drunken driving has become a real cause for concern. And it is not only the man who is drunk in the old-fashioned sense of the word who is dangerous. It is the man who has one or two drinks in him. Benedict, head of the Carnegie Nutrition Laboratory, who has studied this question, says that for four hours after a man has taken a drink he is a menace on the road. I think we can expect Prohibition to succeed as people increasingly realize the need in this machine age of prohibiting even moderate drinking among those who are attending machinery.

Mr. Martin. What do you mean by *succeed* — that people will stop drinking?

Mr. Fisher. I think they have already, to a large extent. To-day, with our many ways of amusing ourselves, the old attraction of the saloon has gone. There is less need for drinking. People have their amusements — the radio, the automobile, and many other ways to amuse themselves; and for this reason, because we have other ways than paralyzing our nerves by which to get rested from our work, it will be easier in future to make Prohibition succeed.

Mr. Martin. That is what you mean by success — that people will stop drinking; not that they will be happier or better people or interested in God or anything like that?

Mr. Fisher. People will stop drinking. That is the primary point. But I also think there will be less corruption and disrespect for the law.

Mr. Martin. But people will not necessarily be happier?

Mr. Fisher. Yes, they will be happier.

Mr. Martin. Then we ought to discuss what makes happiness.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH

(Mr. Fabian Franklin launches his vigorous offensive against Volsteadism, declaring that when there has been put into the Constitution a law which is contrary to the first principles of our government, it is the duty of good Americans to rebel against it. This challenge draws out several new speakers who do not appear in the first part of the dialogue.)

Sonnet

Dull platitude, worn coin from wisdom's mint,
You purchase still your phrase's worth of truth,
While clever counterfeits for all their glint
Buy but the penny sophistries of youth.
Lacklustre, thin, the date illegible,
Scarred by the teeth of every skeptic age,
Your metal still rings true as when it fell
New-molded from the furnace of a sage.

The novelty of noon is out of date
By night; the timeless gold, however worn,
In undiminished worth will circulate
From hands long dust to others yet unborn.
Let counterfeiters buy the world! The wise
Save thriftily for larger merchandise.

— *Robert Hillyer*

QUACKS

Drawings by Julian de Miskey

by A. A. ROBACK

EVERY new science, every fresh discovery, every invention has been capitalized to serve the needs of the universal and ubiquitous charlatan. To grade the intellects of these purveyors of falsities would be a delicate and quite useless task, but one thing is certain: if intelligence is to be defined as adaptability, as the majority of American psychologists hold (the present writer not included), then the highest I.Q. should be accorded to the modern quack. With his Midas touch, he turns every mental value into valuable metal, every intellectual standard into the standard coin of the realm. While science explores, mines, prospects, quackery claims the reward. Culture exploits nature, and quackery exploits culture; and even though the triumph is wholly practical, it satisfies the quack. What he has set out to do he has accomplished. He takes the cash and lets the credit go.

In order to trade upon the ignorance and — worse than ignorance — the utter lack of discrimination of the masses, quackery always takes its cue from developments in the world of knowledge. For this reason, quackery may serve as a sort of barometer to reveal the "precipitation" of knowledge in any given period. Religion, in various forms, has always provided a fertile field for the shaman, miracle man, faith healer, and dispenser of favors on behalf of the Deity. Five thousand years ago, in Babylon and Egypt, interest in the stars gave birth to astrology — probably our most ancient pseudo-science. In the early Renaissance, the researches in drugs by a number of brilliant physicians ushered in a rejuvenation craze and a mad scramble for an elixir of life. The dawn of chemistry was responsible for the preoccupation with transmuting baser metals into gold. (In opposition to the general belief, I hold that alchemy was not the forerunner of chemistry, but was in itself the sign that the era of chemical thinking had begun.) The rise of physiology with Haller, and investigations into the structure of the brain, brought on the crudities of phrenology, once a legitimate speculation, now merely another variety of quackery. The exploitation of electricity provided the sharper with a new medium and a useful terminology ("positive," "negative," "polarity," "vibrations"), just as the wonders of radio and television are responsible for such phrases as "tuning in with the Infinite."

PSYCHOLOGY AND "PSEUDOSOPHY"

Thus it appears that every science has contributed to the lingo or jargon of the "pseudosophist." (I have adopted the word *pseudosophy* to designate the whole body of organized mock-knowledge, in other words of blatant ignorance, which has accumulated through the ages.) But, as might be expected, no field has offered richer opportunities to the quack than that of psychology. The potency of the mind was stretched to the point of omnipotence by a number of cults and sects long before the days of Mrs. Eddy or Mr. Quimby. If mind governs all things, and psychology is the science of mind, it stands to reason that a vast structure of irrationality would almost inevitably be erected upon one or two common observations in psychology.

Another reason for the vim and delight with which the charlatan has seized upon psychology is the very intangible and illusory nature of the subject. While the tyro in physics, astronomy, or geology was invariably liable to exposure, the quack in psychology could always cloak his ignorance in glib prattle about human nature. Having come in contact with different types of people, he makes various individuals serve as universal models, and thus is able to back up his dogmatic generalizations by an appearance of proof.

The advent of psychoanalysis has been a veritable boon to the pseudosophist. Many years ago Freud foresaw what was bound to happen when his doctrines spread among the laity. On returning to Europe after taking part in the decennial anniversary festivities of the founding of Clark University, the fêted — and, in a sense, fated — chieftain, flanked by his able lieutenant, Jung, and by his other aides, Ferenczi and Ernest Jones, reflected sadly on the imminent parasitism of the quack upon the branch of psychoanalysis. Plans were discussed to forestall any such imposition, but what are plans in the face of two such irresistible affinities as quackery and the science of the mind? With the advent of Freud and psychoanalysis, the whole region of the subconscious acquired an air of respectability which it was hitherto denied in educated circles. A magazine of terms — repression, libido, transference, compensation, and the like — was added to the quack's vocabulary. Books by the score and articles by the hundreds appeared, and continue to appear, on "how to harness the subconscious," and "how the salesman is to appeal to the subconscious." I can even anticipate some day seeing a title such as: "What We Haven't Got, And How To Use It Most Effectively." Freud's pessimism was only too well founded.

INROADS OF THE QUACK

Now, whatever the causes, it is fully established that this country is overrun with a small army of fakers and semi-fakers of all varieties. Psychology, alas, seems to have polarized all the cranks, quacks, and faddists who in the past gathered together under the banners of hypnotism, mesmerism, animal magnetism, Yoga mysticism, New Thought, Higher Thought, phrenology, occultism, and the rest. Not that these pseudologies have ceased to function under their own name and in their own right. Without losing their identities they have all gravitated in the direction of psychology — the recognized science most adaptable to their purposes. Their stock-in-trade consists of phrases like "secret forces," "hidden powers," "ageless wisdom," "subliminal reserves," "transcendental depths," "telesthenia," "transliminality," "mental transference," and "astral colors." These, with a hodgepodge of metaphors and similes borrowed from household devices ("self-starter" and "loud-speaker") and the snappy language of the street ("getability") form an imposing array of terms. John Selden has said that "syllables govern mankind," and certainly the quack's use of word-magic goes a long way to explain his rise to fame and fortune.

With such ammunition and with the newspapers and magazines as the mediums of well-organized propaganda in the form of high-powered sales talks promising the moon and stars, with colored advertisements calculated to appeal to the naïve egotist who believes that now is his chance to get what he wants without effort or merit on his part — is it surprising that this orgy of intellectual debauchery is swaying and undermining the morale of the country? The young woman who in the fall of 1928 horrified millions of readers by her incoherent story of self-immolation because of her connection with some cult, supposedly deriving its tenets from psychology, is not a solitary case, but merely an intensified one. Fortunately, tragic occurrences of such magnitude are rare in the intellectual underworld. In all duperies, however, the consequences are sufficiently grievous to compel the thoughtful person to examine the methods of the itinerant and self-constituted "psychologists." Even presumably reputable men should be investigated, for in many instances the magic words

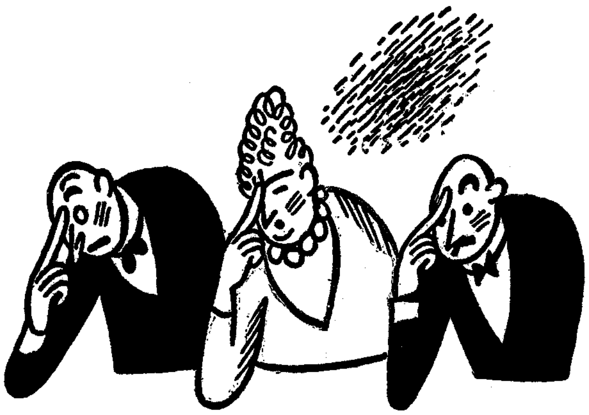
"Doctor of Psychoanalysis" have been bestowed by correspondence colleges of questionable standing. (In Oklahoma, the Rosicrucian "mysteries" and Hindu Swami cults, with their psychological background, are said to have invaded even the highest offices in the state.)

Although each quack plies his or her game individually — and the eternal feminine is well represented — they collectively abet and lend support to each other through the accumulated effect of their enormous advertising and publicity campaigns. All together, they constitute an unorganized body formidable in its predatory capacity. I should estimate that close to a million dollars a month is spent on publicity by this psychological troupe. Some magazines devote practically their entire space to propaganda of this sort. Such propaganda usually manages to present an air of some authority, for, since the advertisers are often also the writers in these publications, the unwitting reader cannot fail to be impressed by the fact that those who promise to make him healthy, wealthy, and happy (instead of "wise") are known to the editors and, being literary men and scholars, are therefore reputable. Photographs of the writers frequently grace the pages in both the reading and advertising sections. Gradually the poor neurotic or incapable clerk begins to think that the ingratiating smile of his patron saint spells luck for him.

A ROGUES' GALLERY OF "APPLIED PSYCHOLOGISTS"

It would require more space than is available to draw up a list of the better known "greatest scientists" and "master minds" whose powers range from developing an imbecile into a genius to growing hair on a pate that for years has been as bald as a billiard ball. A few of the more alluring specimens may be mentioned.

Preëminent is the lady with the radiant glance, who, probably more than anyone else, has been instrumental in initiating the so-called "Applied Psychology Clubs." She lectures on such irresistible topics as "How to Live One Hundred Years," "How To Make A Million Dollars Honestly," and — of tragic significance to her listeners — "How To Grow Brains." Wreathed in smiles, she recites with charming informality the well-known hokum rhyme which begins:



If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't;
If you'd like to win, but think you can't —
It's almost certain you won't.

Then ignoring how human constitutions differ, she tells you to take half a teaspoonful of precipitated chalk every morning — it has helped her, therefore it should help you.

A worthy rival of this female quack is the Florida "judge" who sells a "realization system of practical psychology" — "realization," I fancy, because it has *realized* a tidy little profit for him. Illustrations of a country home, a Rolls-Royce, a lovely bride, and other such desiderata grace his circulars. You can have these and many other luxuries after you have enrolled in the course — and paid thirty dollars for the privilege. But first you must fill out an elaborate application, resembling a legal document, which includes the question: "Are you prepared to promise that you will never knowingly use the truths now about to be given into your possession for the injury or oppression of any other person?" The follow-up letter written to the indifferent, vacillating, or procrastinating prospect is appealing, almost pathetic, and, in more ways than one, touching. Before I laid it aside, I found myself wondering whether, after all, I was not throwing away the greatest opportunity of my life.

No less intriguing are the pledges of the "Wonder Woman" from Los Angeles, founder of "auto-science." Enrolled in her course — twenty-five dollars for twelve lessons packed into six lectures — you will learn "how to radiate magnetism," and "how to broadcast your thoughts at will and produce action." You will be taught the "psychic handshake," "how to increase your business from one hundred to one thousand per cent in a few weeks," "how to collect debts without collection agencies or lawyers," "how to sell by means of thought transference," "how to broadcast for customers and get them," and "how to protect yourself against the mental influence of others." In addition, the lady is a mental healer. She gives absent treatments at "one mile or ten thousand miles distance, with or without consent of patient," and — for a consideration — she teaches you her magic power. Naturally, to such a gifted person, psychoanalysis, vocational direction, and analysis of persons "on sight" are mere child's play.

It is with some reluctance that I include in this gallery the most influential and also probably the most affluential of the whole group. With all his attainments he deserves a niche quite to himself. This youthful-looking gentleman, who admits that "he has amassed a personal fortune in demonstration of his prosperity principles," greets you most suavely by means of an attractive folder emblazoned with his salesman's smile. Through his contacts in New York he has been able to build up what he calls a "sensational magazine success" which, thanks to his genius for publicity, claims a circulation of 175,000. In the brochure we read that "this great dynamic personality is the head of several great enterprises in New York City, and is the founder, publisher, and editor of ———, the sensational (*sic*) successful magazine that has grown 3000 per cent in five years." If you hear him for yourself, "you will go out to do big things. . . . You can get ahead, increase your income, have your own home and car, provide for your family, enjoy life, have perfect health and enduring happiness." We are advised that this "master teacher of the science of successful living" holds a B.A. degree from an Ohio college and was granted honorary degrees of Psy.D. and Ph.D. from institutions which he leaves nameless. To think that I had to spend four years toiling in Münsterberg's laboratory, measuring willed reactions on smoked paper, chewing quassia wood in memory experiments, while honorary degrees were being handed out for — for what? The answer to this question is not far to seek.

It is also stated that this man "has studied every basic course in Practical Psychology . . . and has read thousands of manuscripts." Mere psychologists, like myself, have had to wade through Helmholtz, Wundt, Münsterberg, Titchener, Bekhterev, and Hall, while this "supreme success" reads, not published researches, but the manuscripts submitted by his writers. As for the type of manuscript our famous psychologist must read, the titles tell the whole story: "Married Men as Seen by Seven Beautiful Manicurists," "Psychological Sam," "Psychological Facts about Love," "Can Women Love?" "Valentino's Charm," "You Can Live to Be 150," "Lenore Ulric on Freedom," "Are You a Boob on The Stock Market?" "Don't Let Your Mental Assets Freeze," etc.

Because of its large circulation, the magazine in question is perhaps the most insidious purveyor of pernicious quackery in the land. Occasionally it publishes excerpts from the works of well-known psychologists, as if these men were paid contributors. The catholic tastes of its Book Department is evidenced by the volumes recommended to the reader — lists which include William James (I have even discovered one of my own works suggested) together with Orison Swett Marden, Basil King, and other "pep" writers. Like the tipster sheet, which lists a few gilt-edge securities but dwells principally on worthless stocks, this pseudological magazine offers titbits from genuine psychologists, but features as psychological material of equal value the effusions of inspirational writers who keep repeating themselves *ad nauseam* on almost every other page.

Another person deserving honorable mention in this legion of quackery is the jovial-looking personality transformer who has assumed the name of one of the noblest families in England. The fact that this man died several years ago at the age of seventy-four does not deter his heirs, successors, or partners from continuing to print advertisements which contain his (?) youthful photograph and give the impression that he is still alive. But alive or dead, he "makes your brain a super-sending and receiving radio instrument." You need only buy his book for five dollars and "you can make yourself what you will: great, grand, splendid, supreme in mind and thought, honored wherever you are known." Certainly five dollars is not too much to pay for such results. A companion volume, "now the standard work of the Magnetism Club of America," guarantees a complete change of personality in five days — a boast which may be responsible for the sale of 700,000 copies of the book. The fact that a fictitious university press is supposed to publish it is of course calculated to inspire the reading public with confidence.

I could go on citing illustration after illustration of "master minds," "greatest teachers," "foremost psychologists," psychomentors, psychometrists, character analysts, bio-psychologists, metapsychologists, phrenologists, physiognomists, characterologists, numerologists, psychics, and clairvoyants — but a complete directory of charlatans, quacks, and semi-quacks would be both pointless and depressing. However, one "psychological" contraption, termed a "Konzentrator," must be mentioned, if only for its ingenuity. So far as I could determine from the illustration, this device consists of a piece of metal which may be attached to the forehead. With my own modest knowledge of physiological psychology I was somewhat startled to read that this strip of brass, "revitalizes the neurones, the bi-polar brain nerve cells; develops a more receptive, more retentative memory no course of training can procure, and helps to concentrate thought. That is all." Considering that the price is only ten dollars, it is not only all — it is enough, and more than enough. Limited minds may be a bit puzzled as to how this "psychotechnical accessory, more important to Mind than spectacles are to sight," can affect even the scalp, let alone the neurones in the brain. Possibly the permanent departure of ten dollars is sufficient cause for concentration.

A much more involved problem for the scientist was the scheme concocted several years ago by a few officers in an Applied Psychology Club numbering over a thousand members. Eventually the district attorney became curious to learn in what way turning somersaults in a hammock (which the members were urged to buy at twenty dollars each from one of the club leaders) could lengthen the spinal column or so affect the vertebræ as to add to the span of life.

By this time the reflective reader will probably ask why the quack is so successful, why his bait is so effective, and whether there is a special type of mind which allows itself to be imposed upon. To answer these questions satisfactorily would necessitate an excursion into sociology and economics, as well as into psychology. With due respect to Mr. Barnum, the birth rate is only one factor in the explanation. Judging from the harvests reaped in Southern California, Florida, and other such paradises of the charlatan, one might even discover, paradoxical as it may sound, an inverse ratio between Barnum's birth rate and the general birth rate. In other words, there is likely to be a greater spread of quackery in those localities where birth control is practiced than where East European birth rates still prevail. The reason is fairly evident. Where population is restricted, prosperity is rampant. Leisurely matrons and retired yokels are bent on acquiring culture. Lacking the critical faculty, they fall a prey to the army of intellectual Ponzis.

REASONS FOR THE QUACK'S SUCCESS

There are other causes, however, of which ignorance — mixed with self-centeredness — is one. To understand this state of mind, I have but to recollect my own mental outlook at the age of eleven, when I actually believed that somewhere in the world there were mysteries, secrets, and formulæ possessed by a few lucky individuals, some of whom would be beneficent enough to give them away for the asking. Hypnotism, animal magnetism, and vitapathy were then the stock-in-trade. Booklet after booklet, letter after letter came to this eleven-year-old youngster, who soon resigned himself to the thought that he would have to forego becoming a powerful hypnotist. Not even the systematic and progressive reductions from twenty-five dollars to $14.68 and thence to $7.98 and further to $4.87 were sufficiently drastic to enlist my support, for even $4.87 was a fabulous sum to me. At any rate, it was not long before I understood that not all which is advertised is truth. In my later teens it even became a source of pleasure to scan the advertising pages of certain publications in order to discriminate between the genuine and the fraudulent claims.

Unfortunately, many thousands of people have not outgrown this pre-adolescent stage. They still believe that they can get something for nothing, that for a trifling fee they may secure precious secrets, Aladdin's lamp, "open sesame" incantations, wishbones, lucky names, rejuvenation extracts, concentration plates — in other words, all that one can wish for. These optimists are told: "Tune in your conscious Intellectual Energy with the subconscious urge, or Solar Energy, and win! Be sure you are in vibration, and then go ahead. A 'Good Name' in vibration with the public's subconscious mind is worth $80,000,000." They ponder over this advice and feel somewhat as Archimedes did when he cried "Eureka!"

Perhaps Barnum was right, after all, in his famous dictum about the public. If there is a *Will-to-live*, as Schopenhauer maintained, a *Will-to-power*, as Nietzsche taught, a *Will-to-believe*, as James would have had us believe — why may there not be a *Will-to-be-fooled?* Even assuming that there is in most of us this hankering for self-delusion, it is nourished by other tendencies and penchants. The average person is impatient of results and will not apply himself. The quack, who promises everything in short order, comes to him as a benevolent Messiah. He tells his audience or his correspondents that any one of them can achieve wonders, become a genius, roll in prosperity, and cure all ailments. It is a harangue that appeals to the underdog, to the incompetent and inefficient, to the weak-willed and inferior-feeling. What a boon it seems to them! On getting up every morning all they have to do is to throw out their chests and repeat to themselves a dozen times, "I am full of pep," stressing different words in this affirmation at different times; or every hour they must repeat to themselves, "I am, I can, I will," and they are destined, in violation of all the laws of heredity and the distribution curve of intelligence, to be transformed into leaders of thought or captains of industry. Illustrations are always cited of men who "made good," and authorities are quoted — with willful perversions of meaning — in order to clinch the argument. In short, the quack appeals to democracy — to the belief that "one man is as good as another, and often a darned sight better."

PEPTOMANIACS

One might think that sooner or later this believing world would come to its senses and realize that it is being made the butt of a huge hoax. Some, it is true, do awaken from their roseate dream—wiser if sadder. The majority, however, do not learn their lesson because they do not want to learn. It is my conviction that there are far more people in the world who require mental drugs than there are dope fiends. These victims of mental quackery are constitutional "pep fiends" — neurotics who will pass by a life buoy to clutch at a straw. At every opportunity they come to listen (listening is easier than reading) to their mentors, anticipating their comforting anecdotes, inspirational slogans, iconoclastic denunciations of established scientific verities — all of which they have heard many times before. Their vanity is not only flattered; it is titillated. Now they can measure up to any intellectual giant. To be sure, after a few days or weeks, depression sets in; but if they live in a fairly large center, some other medicine man is bound to make his appearance, and the merry — yet tragic — process begins again.

Another factor which contributes to the success of the psychological quack is the cult value of the "lessons." At an ordinary lecture or address the audience is passive; at these "psychology" meetings the auditors perform. They actually participate in the ritual and jollity, and sometimes the atmosphere savors of a revival meeting.

I was once asked to address a large Applied Psychology Club and the impression of that experience is still vivid with me. I found myself moving on a sort of super-plane. The chairman, who looked like a senator, referred to the crowded hall as a "lyceum," and the two students who accompanied me were spoken of as my "disciples." An exalted term was applied to my lecture, and I began to wonder what I, the lecturer, might be in that universe of discourse. The chairman's insinuating question, "How do you feel to-night?" was answered by a lusty "We're all right — why shouldn't we be?" The audience was then enjoined to take several deep breaths in unison, and this ceremony was followed by others, the details of which I no longer recall. At most of such psychology meetings there is a sing-song. Although content to give the floor to the speaker, the members of the audience feel that, after all, it is *their* party. The mind may not be "attuned" to the reception of genuine ideas, but at least there is a general wave of good feeling and enthusiasm which will wash down any statement uttered from the platform.

CURBING THE EVIL

So much for the methods of the psychological quack and the causes of his success. But description and analysis must be followed by therapeutics. There are at least fifteen thousand mental quacks in the United States (my estimate is based on the advertisements in certain weeklies and monthlies) who prey on from ten to fifteen million gullible egotists. Boston, Washington, Los Angeles, and New York, the latter not in proportion to the others, form the chief operating fields. To judge from the increase in advertisements of the questionable sort, the trade is prospering; and, what is worse, the barrier between the academic and the epidemic — if I may accentuate the distinction — is growing less noticeable, because of the tempting engagements and fees offered to *bona fide* psychologists.

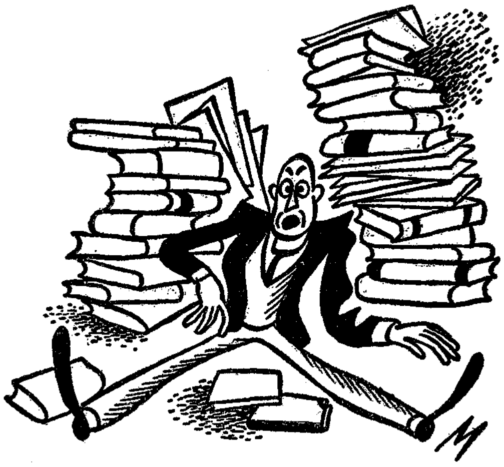
If there is to be any campaign against this hundred-headed hydra, it ought to be thorough and well-directed. In the first place, the Association for the Advancement of Science should conduct an enlightenment service, answering queries and broadcasting information in a manner similar to that of the Better Business Bureau. This drive against quackery should enlist the aid of legislation in so far as it is feasible. Magazines should refuse to print advertisements which promise palpably impossible results. Librarians and cataloguers should distinguish between the gold and the dross. As I wrote in the preface to my *Bibliography of Character and Personality:* "It is to be hoped that librarians and bibliographers will some day exercise more discrimination in their classifications, and will place these books under a rubric called 'unscientific.' Librarians seem to be guided by what the public wants, and the public is influenced by the wholesale advertisements it reads." Hence the librarian often plays right into the hands of the pseudosophists.

Under no consideration should a man of science speak before any of the so-called Applied Psychology Clubs. I am glad to say that ever since my initiation into the purpose of these clubs, about a decade ago, I have constantly declined all such invitations. Nor should a psychologist, biologist, or sociologist of standing fraternize with any of the "pep vendors," much less write articles for their publications. In all likelihood, such *rapprochements* between scientist and quack would be frowned upon by the American Psychological Association, but as yet not all of the younger and more ambitious psychologists realize the import of these injunctions. Need they be reminded that "an error is the more dangerous in proportion to the degree of truth it contains?"

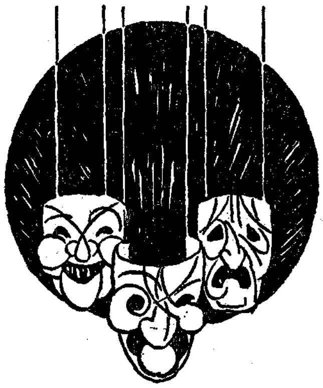
Being scientists, psychologists owe a duty to the community. Instead of assuming an otiose aloofness, ignoring the quack, they might well adopt Voltaire's battle cry and apply it in a more serviceable cause —

Écrasez l'infâme!

Next Month, "HOW SCIENTIFIC ARE OUR DOCTORS?" — by T. Swann Harding



A Great Beginning



by ÉDOUARD BOURDET

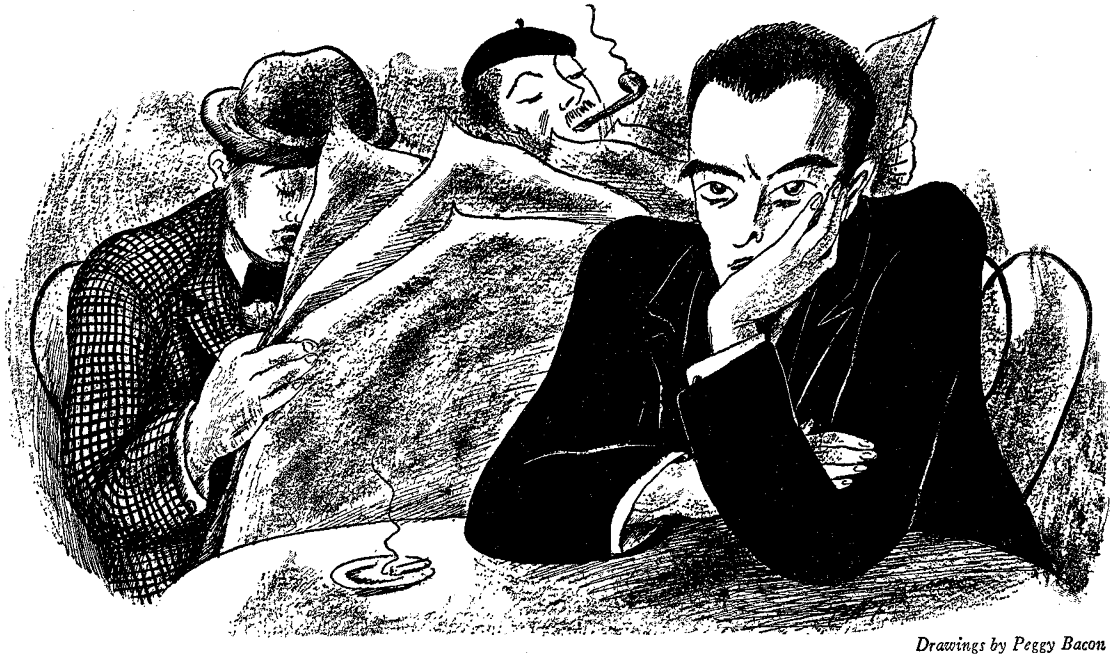
HAD LUNEL not lost at the races that day, it is probable that none of the events which form this story, and which so radically changed Jean Cavaillon's life, would ever have happened. The fact remains, however, that Lunel did go to the races, lost his money, and arrived in a very bad humor at La Régence, where he regularly spent his evenings playing poker with Cavaillon, Annot, and Huc.

All four of them had been school friends and had come to Paris from the south of France with the intention of making their fortunes. Cavaillon was a poet, Annot a lawyer, and Huc specialized in artistic photography.

As for Lunel, the undisputed head of the group, he was a journalist. To tell the truth, his duties were a bit vague, and he worked on no particular paper; his sense of dignity and a certain inborn laziness prevented this. But around midnight, when the morning news was going to press, he was sure to walk into the editorial offices, where he had many friends and where he was greeted with loud enthusiasm, for if work did not appeal to him personally, he had lots of ideas and was generous in giving them to others.

Above all, he had made a specialty of mystifying people. To fool his fellow men had become a sort of passion with him — his only passion, it might be said, with the exception of gambling. He worked out his practical jokes patiently and painstakingly, expending an energy which, devoted to any other ends, would certainly have made him rich or famous. But his tastes were simple, and he preferred anonymity to fame. It was he who conceived the idea of that celebrated hoax which took a cabinet minister, a prefect, a mayor, and a large assortment of petty officials to a little village in central France. They arrived there with great pomp and ceremony to unveil a statue to a local philosopher who had died unknown and forgotten, and whose very existence had been invented by Lunel — even to the details of his birth and family.

But it was not every day that he had a chance of using his wits to such good advantage, and he was generally obliged to find a victim for his jokes in his immediate circle. Among these, Jean Cavaillon was an indispensable recruit. The poet was a simple soul, possessing all the qualities necessary for a good victim — no critical sense, overweening confidence in himself, and, above all, a touchy disposition, for it is obvious that a joke is not really a success unless the victim takes it badly. The jokes which Lunel had played on Cavaillon, to the great amusement of the other two friends, were without number, and they generally ended in a quarrel which lasted for a couple of days, during which the poet did not appear at the nightly poker game. Then Lunel would hunt him out and apologize, and peace would again descend on the little group—until Lunel conceived an idea for a new joke.



Drawings by Peggy Bacon

Lunel sank into profound thought.

However, he had no hoax in mind when he entered La Régence that evening. His thoughts were busy with something much more important: namely, to win back at poker the money he had lost at the races. Unfortunately, Cavaillon had been inspired with a new idea for a poem and had excused himself at the last moment, so that the poker game was off. Lunel was very much annoyed with him and at once abandoned his pacific intentions toward the absentee. The poet needed a lesson; he was taking matters entirely too much at his ease. And while Annot and Huc started a game of écarté, Lunel, his head in his hands, sank into profound thought. A quarter of an hour later he suddenly lifted his head.

"Does either of you remember where Cavaillon sent his play?" he asked.

"His play?"

"Yes, his famous neo-classical tragedy no one wanted. What theatre did he send it to?"

"To the Vaudeville," said Annot.

"And then to the Renaissance," Huc added.

"Are you sure?"

They were. Huc remembered going with Cavaillon when he submitted it to the managers of the two theatres.

Lunel lighted a cigarette. His eyes sparkled and a mysterious smile lighted his face; his bad humor had obviously left him. Huc nudged Annot with his elbow.

"I'll bet Cavaillon is in for something," he whispered.

Lunel thought again for a while, and then asked: "Do you know anyone at either of those theatres?"

"I know the secretary of the Vaudeville slightly," Huc answered. "I went to him once for some tickets."

"Good, that will do," said Lunel. "Both of you come along." And he stood up.

"Come where?" demanded Huc.

"To the Vaudeville," replied Lunel.

There was nothing more to be said, and they followed him.

II

THE NEXT MORNING Cavaillon found in his mail a letter from the Vaudeville, in which the manager stated that after a second reading of his play he had decided to produce it without delay. He asked him, therefore, to come to the theatre the following Wednesday at two o'clock to hear it read to the actors.

The letter had been written the evening before, by Lunel, on a sheet of the theatre's stationery which Huc had sneaked from the secretary's desk while the latter was busy somewhere else. But Cavaillon had too much confidence in his talent and in the great career which this promised him to doubt the authenticity of the letter. If anything surprised him, it was that the acceptance had been so long in coming.

That evening when he arrived, important and self-satisfied, at La Régence, Lunel, Huc, and Annot, who had been fuming with impatience, appeared to be absorbed in their newspapers and greeted him absent-mindedly. He sat down, ordered a drink, waited a few moments, and then, as the others continued to read and seemed to ignore his presence, he remarked: "By the way, I have a bit of news for you: they're going to give my play."

The three accomplices decided to lift their heads.

"Your play?"

"A fat chance of that!"

"Say, what do you take us for?"

Without another word he took the letter from his pocket and threw it carelessly on the table. There was a chorus of exclamations. They surrounded him, congratulated him, slapped him on the back.

"I hope," said Lunel, "that you will invite us to the reading."

"Of course," said Annot.

"That goes without saying," added Huc.

Cavaillon drank for a while in silence. "I'm not sure the reading will take place," he remarked at last.

"Is he suspicious?" wondered Lunel. "It would be the first time." Then aloud: "What do you mean, you're not sure?"

"I'm not sure I will accept."

"What! And why?"

"Because I've had another offer."

The other three exchanged glances. "Is it possible he's trying to get back at us?" they wondered.

"And may we know who made you this other offer?" questioned Lunel.

"The manager of the Renaissance."

Lunel began to weaken. He shrugged his shoulders and forced a laugh. "Run along with your jokes!"

"No, no, it's serious," the other insisted.

As a matter of fact, it was very serious. On receiving the letter from the Vaudeville, Cavaillon had remembered that he had no other copy of the play and that it might be a good idea to get back the one he had left with no results at the Renaissance Theatre six months before. He went there immediately and had himself announced to the manager. The latter, believing it was some author who had come to pick a bone with him, made him wait two hours in the hope that he would get tired and leave. But as the poet did not leave, he had him shown in, intending to get rid of him quickly.

This manager, however, was like all other managers. As soon as he understood that, instead of coming to argue in favor of his play, Cavaillon had come to take it away, he was worried. An unknown author who is about to produce his play somewhere else ceases to be unimportant. Suppose the fellow had real talent! Vacillating by nature and with feeble confidence in his own discrimination, this manager had made it a rule never to read any of the plays submitted to him. Since he had to produce something, however, he only put on plays by authors who had already won success. But for some time now he had drawn nothing but lemons, and he had felt vaguely that it was about time to start a new policy.

Cavaillon's quiet faith in his own ability, his completely Southern assurance, and his stubbornness in wanting the manuscript back ended by convincing the manager that he had before him that rare bird — a new author full of promise — and that it would be bad business to let him escape. He informed Cavaillon decisively that it was out of the question for him to take the play away; that the place for it was the Renaissance and not the Vaudeville; that to have a play produced is not everything; that one should know who is to be in the cast and how it will be given; that as far as these matters were concerned, no theatre could compare with the Renaissance; that only here could he be certain of a brilliant production; and that . . . and so . . . etc., etc., etc.

Cavaillon, very much impressed, promised to think it over and give him an answer.

III

When he had told his friends all this, Huc and Annot burst out laughing. Lunel alone did not crack a smile. He had something better to do.

Lunel was not a stubborn fellow. He had wanted to get even with Cavaillon, to punish him for not appearing at the customary poker game; but since things had taken a different turn and the hoax, instead of falling flat, was growing to a much larger scale, he changed his tactics. Being a resourceful man, one who was never taken aback by the unexpected, he had rapidly conceived another plan of battle.

To simplify matters, he began by revealing to the poet the real origin of the letter. Cavaillon was furious, said he thought the joke was detestable, and bolted for the door. Huc and Annot held him back. They calmed him. Lunel made him see all that could be gained from the situation, provided matters were left in his hands and that Cavaillon would follow his commands to the letter. This was not an easy promise to obtain. Cavaillon was still petulant about the letter and he refused to be mixed up in anything else. It took all of Lunel's eloquence, aided by the other two, to obtain a promise from him to do nothing rash.

When this point had been gained, Lunel asked him: "How many copies of your manuscript are there out?"

"Two," he answered, "one at the Vaudeville and the other at the Renaissance."

"Good. You must go right back to the Renaissance and tell the manager you are very sorry not to be able to accept his offer, but must have the manuscript back. I'll take care of the Vaudeville."

This idea did not seem to reassure Cavaillon. "But . . ." he began.

"What?"

"Since they've offered to produce the play at the Renaissance, why not accept?"

Lunel looked at him with pity. "Simpleton! Don't you see that within twenty-four hours the manager will have found out what his colleague of the Vaudeville intends doing and will naturally discover that the other doesn't even know your name? He'll throw you out as an impostor!"

"Unless he reads my play between now and then."

"That is precisely what we must prevent at all costs."

"Why?"

"Because, my innocent, if he reads it, he'll discover that it's no good, and the game will be up."

These words almost spoiled everything.

"If that's what you think of my play," Cavaillon exclaimed, offended, "you'd better have nothing to do with it."

Once more Huc and Annot were obliged to come to the rescue and smooth down his ruffled feelings.

Then Lunel looked at his watch. "There isn't a moment to lose," he announced. He dragged Cavaillon after him, while the others followed. Outside he hailed a taxi, told the three of them to get in, and gave the driver the address of the Renaissance.

"You two fellows see to it that Cavaillon doesn't weaken in front of the manager," he said to Huc and Annot, "And above all, bring the manuscript back with you. Meet me here at ten o'clock."

He hailed a second taxi and had himself driven to the Vaudeville.

"The manager sees by appointment only," the boy told him at the door, with a slightly patronizing nod.

"Tell him that it is M. Cavaillon's secretary," Lunel replied.

The boy hesitated; but, impressed by the confident tone in which it was said, he got up and went into the private office.

"Cavaillon?" the manager pondered, perplexed. "Who is he?" He searched his memory in vain. "At any rate," he concluded, "it's someone who has a secretary. — Tell him to come in," he said to the boy.

Lunel was shown in. He had come, he began, with the excuses of M. Cavaillon who was too busy to come himself.

"It must be a politician," thought the manager.

Besides, Lunel continued, he rarely came to Paris, having little spare time.

"Some high official," the manager corrected to himself, "probably a prefect."

"Therefore," Lunel went on, "he sent one of his secretaries in his stead."

"He has more than one, then," thought the manager, becoming more and more impressed by each statement.

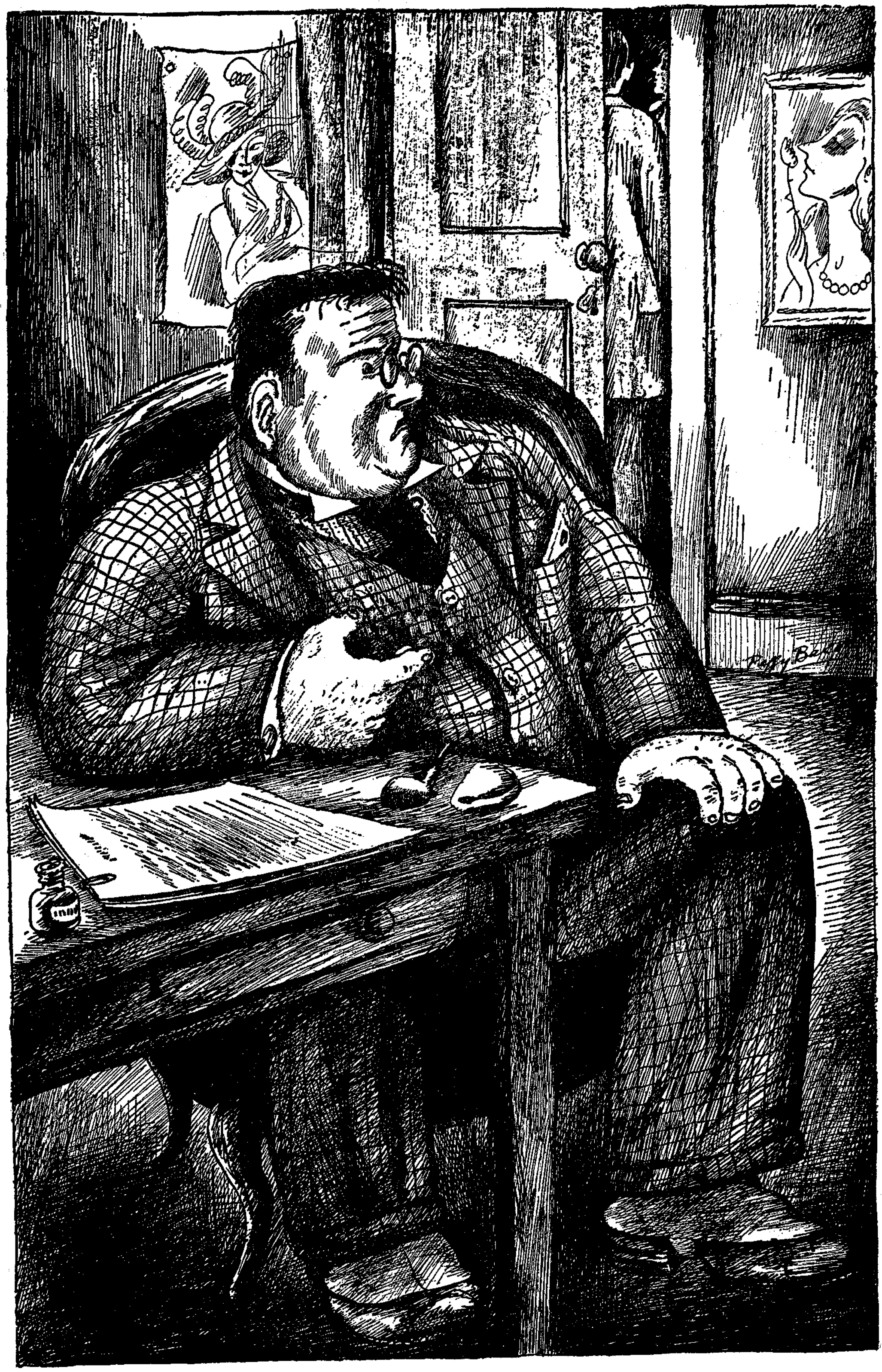
Lunel explained that in his idle moments M. Cavaillon amused himself by writing, and that he had written a play and had sent it to several theatres, among others to the Vaudeville.

"Why didn't I know of this!" exclaimed the manager.

Lunel smiled. M. Cavaillon had wanted his work to be judged like that of an ordinary person, and he had sent it with no other information than his name and the address of a small lodging he had in Paris.

"Obviously someone of great importance," thought the manager, becoming doubly amiable.

"The play was sent out several months ago," Lunel went on, "but M. Cavaillon has been so preoccupied with other matters that he had



The manager grew very pensive.

even forgotten about it until he received a letter from one of the theatres to which he had sent it. The manager has read it enthusiastically and is ready to produce it at once."

"Who is the producer?" the manager asked.

Lunel excused himself for not answering: the matter was not yet official, and M. Cavaillon's instructions did not include a mention of the name. He, Lunel, had simply come to get the Vaudeville's copy of the manuscript.

The manager grew very pensive. There was no doubt in his mind that this fellow Cavaillon, who kept several secretaries, had absorbing work in the provinces, and maintained lodgings in Paris, belonged to a certain class of authors — wealthy amateurs — an especially important group much sought after by managers who had suffered a poor season and were having trouble meeting expenses. Now the season at the Vaudeville had been very poor, the accounts were in a sad condition, and financial aid would have come as a smile from the gods at the eleventh hour. Unfortunately he was too late; another had already had the idea of profiting by this windfall. But was he *really* too late to mend matters? At any rate, there would be no harm in trying.

"First of all," he decided to himself, "let's stall for time."

"Very well, sir," he said to Lunel, "that is settled. I'll have the manuscript hunted up. If you will come back in a couple of days, I'll give it to you."

That, however, did not fall in with Lunel's plans. "I'm sorry to insist," he began, "but M. Cavaillon asked me to be sure to send the manuscript to him this evening. He wants to have more copies made — they are needed for the rehearsals."

"In that case," the manager said peevishly, "look for it yourself." To himself he was thinking, "I guess I've done all I could."

He opened a cabinet filled with piles of dust-covered manuscripts. Luck was with Lunel, who found Cavaillon's play within ten minutes. The manager was pacing the room restlessly. When Lunel bowed to take leave, the producer halted.

"Just a minute," he said. "Would you mind taking a message for M. Cavaillon?"

"Not at all," Lunel answered.

"Tell him, then, that there is no other theatre in Paris — not one, you understand — that has the Vaudeville's facilities for producing a great play. Let M. Cavaillon think it over. If he wants his play really well done, it must be presented here and nowhere else. Should he change his mind, he has but to let me know. I am at his command."

"Your message will be delivered this evening," Lunel remarked very calmly. And having said good-bye, he went out.

Ten o'clock found the four friends again at La Régence. Cavaillon had had some trouble getting his other manuscript back. The manager of the Renaissance took the matter badly when he was informed that Cavaillon could not accept his offer. He told the poet that he would regret his obstinacy. He could not understand how any author, having to choose between him and no matter what other producer, could be blind enough not to see that his own interests lay in giving the preference to the Renaissance. Cavaillon would have easily weakened, but Annot and Huc were good watchdogs and they told the scornful manager that it was not within their friend's power to break his word after he had given it. And the three of them left with the manuscript.

"Good work," said Lunel, taking possession of it. "And you are sure that there are no other copies?"

"There were only these two," Cavaillon answered.

"And with the exception of ourselves, no one knows your play?"

"No one."

"Good. Then there is no further reason why it should not be a masterpiece."

He called the boy and ordered writing materials.

THE NEXT DAY, the following information appeared in the theatrical news of several papers:

> To be unknown, to have never produced a play, and yet to have the managers of two of the most important theatres in Paris quarrel over one's manuscript is indeed an enviable situation, and one which rarely happens to a new dramatist! This, however, is the situation of M. Jean Cavaillon, yesterday unknown and to-morrow famous, whose play, *Man and Woman*, is destined, according to the few who have read it, to receive brilliant acclaim.

Cavaillon had modestly named his play *Isabelle*, after his heroine, but Lunel considered it a silly and shabby title and had changed it to the more striking one, *Man and Woman*.

The following day, Cavaillon's picture appeared in the same newspapers with the heading: "M. Jean Cavaillon, the fortunate author of *Man and Woman*, over the possession of which several theatres, including the Vaudeville and the Renaissance, are quarreling."

The photograph, done by Huc, belonged to the class of artistic and shadowy pictures, and in reality looked little like Cavaillon.

"I want a good-looking picture," Lunel had stated. "It doesn't matter whether it's a likeness or not."

The third day, the poet arrived at La Régence in a radiant humor. On going home, he had learned that three reporters had been there for an interview.

"I forbid you to see anybody, no matter who it is," Lunel said quickly; "and to be on the safe side, you are going to live with me."

"But . . ." Cavaillon protested.

"Do you or don't you want to be famous?"

"Yes, of course!"

"Very well then, to conquer fame there are two cardinal rules: first, arouse the public's curiosity; second, don't satisfy it."

And Lunel immediately prepared a new article for the papers, informing the public that M. Jean Cavaillon, author of the already famous play, *Man and Woman*, lived in retirement in the country, seeing no one, and having for company only his dogs and his inspirations.

That same evening, the owner of an important kennel asked permission to use the poet's name in a list which he was about to publish of his celebrated clients.

"Things are starting," said Lunel, rubbing his hands. And he considered the moment propitious for a daring move.

This was an "open letter to the Minister of Fine Arts," in which the fact was brought to his attention that it would be very detrimental to the reputation of French drama if a work as distinguished and important as *Man and Woman* were to be given on any other stage than that of the Théâtre Français. It was the Minister's duty, therefore, the letter went on, to use his authority to the end desired by all men of letters and all admirers of the theatre: namely, to see that Jean Cavaillon's play was presented on the only stage worthy of it.

The letter written, there was nothing left to do but obtain the signature of several important personages in the literary and dramatic world. This was easy for Lunel to accomplish, knowing, as he did, that when a famous man is asked to put his name to a paper of this kind, all he wants is to know the other celebrities among whom his name will shine. If their reputation reassures him that he will be in good company, he signs without another moment's hesitation. Lunel told the first two he called upon that he had already obtained the support of three important critics, one of whom was a member of the Academy. They asked no more. At the end of twenty-four hours he had collected a dozen well-known names; that was more than enough. Only one defaulted, a dramatist who had just had a play accepted by the Théâtre Français; he expressed a foolish desire to read *Man and Woman* before signing. Lunel did not argue; he substituted for him a well-known painter, who was flattered by the honor.

In order for the letter to have the maximum effect, Lunel chose for its publication the leading paper of the opposition, the editor of which also happened to be a personal enemy of the Minister of Fine Arts. His Excellency was worried, consulted his political friends, took the advice of the President of the Cabinet-Council, and, two days later, sent for Cavaillon.

Of course it was Lunel, "the secretary," who appeared, full of excuses for the poet, who had been detained in the country.

"Come now," said the Minister, "what is it your Cavaillon wants?"

Lunel feigned astonishment. "M. Cavaillon? Why nothing, M. le Ministre, absolutely nothing! If you only knew him. . . . He is the most modest of men."

"But then," the Minister interrupted, "what is the meaning of this letter which appeared in *Le Figaro?*"

"The only thing I can say, M. le Ministre, is that M. Cavaillon, who has a horror of publicity, must have been very much annoyed by it."

"Do you know this famous play?"

"*Man and Woman?* Certainly, M. le Ministre."

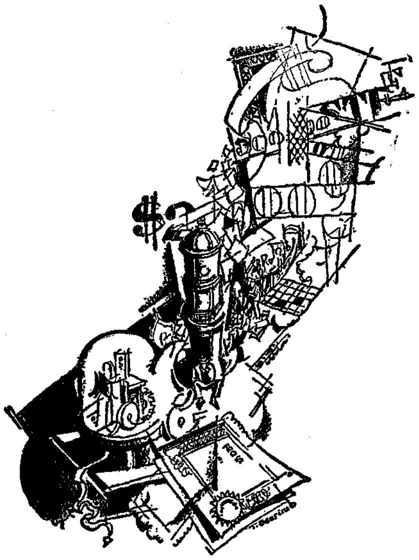
"Is it really all they say it is?"

"Ah, sir," with a grand gesture, "it is . . . stupendous!"

The Minister began pacing the floor. Then suddenly he stopped abruptly, as though an

(*Continued on page 318*)

Twenty Ways to Make a MILLION



Drawings by Thomas Benrimo

by ROGER W. BABSON

INVENTIONS and discoveries may be charted like stocks and bonds. Mechanical, intellectual, and even spiritual developments seem to travel in cycles just as prices, wages, and rents do. A study of statistics and curves relating to inventions and discoveries shows that we started on a great upward movement a decade ago, and this movement is likely to continue upward with accelerated speed during the next twenty-five years. Although the world has seen more wonderful inventions and discoveries in the last fifty years than during the preceding five thousand, everything indicates that the crest of the upward curve has not yet been reached.

It is not surprising that by far the greater part of all the inventions man has made throughout his history should have occurred within a comparatively short period of time. Human progress seems to manifest itself in a series of dynamic spurts, now in one field of effort, now in another. For thousands of years it was believed that the lands bordering the Mediterranean Sea were the whole of the earth. Then Columbus stumbled upon America; and in the next hundred years the entire world as we know it to-day was discovered and roughly surveyed. In other words, the sixteenth century put more new geography on the map than all the previous centuries from the beginning of time.

Apparently we are now living in an age which is bringing forth new discoveries of physical laws as lavishly as the sixteenth century brought forth geographical discoveries. Watt, Edison, and Marconi are the Columbus, the Magellan, the Balboa of this new age of discovery, for they have opened up hitherto unknown worlds of science which those who come after them will explore to the farthermost limits.

It is impossible, of course, to foresee what the ultimate triumphs of science will be, but this much is certain: vast changes are in store which will not only alter the appearance of our cities and of the countryside as well, but will also revolutionize our habits and completely transform our manner of living. Already this process of change is under way, and, as I have indicated, it is proceeding with quickened speed. On the threshold of the future are hovering new ideas, new discoveries, new inventions, new adaptations of old principles — all waiting to be summoned into being by men of genius and vision.

In the course of a life that has been absorbed by the problems of business, I have amused myself from time to time by jotting down my "hunches" about what might be called "things waiting to be discovered." In this article I propose to list twenty of these "hunches," any of which might serve as the nucleus of a new and enormous industrial development and create fabulous fortunes for the men who will succeed in working them out upon a practical basis.

If this seems a startling prediction, let the reader remember how small and almost insignificant were the beginnings of the automobile industry, which, as I pointed out in an earlier FORUM article,* is playing the major rôle in our present prosperity. When the first internal combustion engine was invented, no one could have foreseen that the Titan of twentieth-century industry was to spring from so small a seed. The first automobiles were hardly more than toys, and all the village wiseacres agreed that the "horseless carriage" had no future. But as the internal combustion engine was improved and perfected, it called into being two new inventions that had to be made before the potential power of the new machine could be turned to practical use. One was the pneumatic tire; the other was a hard, smooth, and durable road. Thus one invention suggests another, through a long series that only ends when perfection has been attained and a new industry has been created.

Some of the ideas I shall suggest involve *true* discoveries, in the sense that they depend for realization upon some new scientific truth which is not yet known to us. Others call for adaptations of old principles to new uses. All of them, however, are things the world needs; and since necessity *is* the mother of invention, there is good reason to believe that the means will some day be found to convert these fancies into realities.

1. A new automobile which will use a rotary engine, go sidewise as well as forward and backward, and be gearless. The automobile of twenty-five years hence will be very different from the automobile of to-day. It will use a rotary engine on the principle of the turbine; but before this point is reached, it will adopt the standard airplane engine with cylinders located in the form of a circle. The motor and gears will be in one unit, and eventually the crude device of the gear-shift will be dispensed with altogether. To facilitate parking, the automobile of the future will be able to move sidewise when it is desired, and its exhaust pipe will extend up through the roof, to avoid discharging its fumes in the face of the driver in the car behind it.

2. A Diesel engine for automobiles. I have already indicated the important part played by the internal combustion engine in making the automobile possible. Those who first developed the gasoline motor are entitled to as much credit as was Watt for inventing the steam engine, or Franklin for calling the world's attention to electricity. But why bother to refine the oil? Why not use crude oil directly and avoid the waste and expense of refining gasoline? We don't run steamships or locomotives by gasoline. We use crude oil. The time is coming when it will also be possible to use crude oil for automobiles and airplanes.

3. A practical and fool-proof helicopter for airplanes. At last the airplane industry has arrived and commercial aviation is growing rapidly. But the general use of airplanes by the public is waiting upon the invention of a practical helicopter. Landing fields are all right for commercial aviation, but if you and I are to have private airplanes, we cannot bother to keep them on a public landing field. We must keep them on our own roof or in our own yard. To do this we must have a helicopter to enable us to raise and lower our machine vertically, without the necessity of inclined take-offs and landings. Some day a practical helicopter will be invented, and then aviation will go forward by leaps and bounds.

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* "Air Flivvers and the Future," March, 1929.

4. A light that will pierce fog. Fog is the great bugbear of aviators, and next to the helicopter, the greatest need of the airplane industry is a searchlight powerful enough to pierce through the thickest fog. The new Neon lamp is a step in this direction, and I am sure that it will only be a short time before every airplane will carry a fog-piercing headlight. Until that time comes, however, commercial aviation will be dangerous and flying schedules will be at the mercy of the weather.

5. Gliders as toys for children. Our grandfathers had toy wagons when they were boys, and we had bicycles; our grandchildren will have gliders to play with. Gliders will become the popular toy for the children of to-morrow, and when this device is perfected, little boys and girls will fly around their yards as safely as they now play in their sand piles.

6. New sources of power — from the sun, the tides, and the heat of the earth. To-day the world's two principal sources of power are coal and falling water. Both of these are secondary sources, deriving their energy from the sun. Coal is nothing but a reservoir of energy stored up by the sun ages ago. Water power also comes from the sun, because the sun makes flowing water possible by drawing up moisture from the oceans so that when it is deposited on mountain tops in the form of rain or snow, it can flow down again to the sea. Some day we shall learn how to use the heat of the sun *directly*, and then we shall be able to generate power without the enormous wastes that are now necessary. The regular movements of the tides offer another great source of unused power, and they will eventually be harnessed for man's uses. Moreover, borings into the earth show that the temperature increases with the depth, and this fact, plus the evidence of boiling and steam springs such as those in Yellowstone Park, suggests the possibility of drawing upon the heat of the earth as a third source of power.

7. A new electrical development exploiting the short wave lengths. Up to the present time the practical uses of electricity have been largely confined to *wired* electrical waves. Within the last few years experiments in radio broadcasting and radio telegraphy have given us some inkling of the vast potentialities of those electrical waves which are transmitted without the use of wires. Even here, however, we have been dealing with the so-called long wave lengths. As yet almost nothing has been done with the very short waves, though the Radio Commission is now in the process of allocating certain of the short wave channels for experimental purposes. Scientists tell me that these short waves possess almost miraculous properties, and that when we learn more about them, we may develop with them an entirely new electrical industry, quite apart and totally different from anything we have yet witnessed. For example, it may be possible, through the use of the short waves, to revolutionize our heating systems in such a way that our bodies can be kept economically and efficiently warm no matter how cold the atmosphere is around us. The blessings this would confer upon aviation are obvious, not to think of the countless other possible uses of such a heating system.

8. Fireless cities. Nowadays we ship coal a thousand miles across the country by railroad and distribute it throughout our cities by trucks. It would be hard to devise a more cumbersome and costly method, but we are so accustomed to it that we take it as a matter of course. But the time will come when we shall abandon this system. In fact, the day may not be so far away when it will be as illegal to keep a coal fire burning in our cellar as it now is to have a cesspool or an old-fashioned well in our yard. The local sale and delivery of coal is destined to become obsolete, and this will happen as soon as we learn how to transmit electricity over long distances without serious losses of current. When this discovery is made, it will then be practical to develop all electricity at the coal mines, and some universal plan of central heating will be adopted so that heat will be distributed to all the buildings in a city — just as water is now distributed — from a central power plant.

9. Cold light. At the present time about ninety-five per cent of the electricity which comes into our homes for lighting purposes is wasted as useless heat and only five per cent is developed into light. This is because no practical way has yet been found to produce cold light, such as the firefly uses. Some day, however, someone will invent an electric lamp which throws out no heat at all, but uses all the current for making light. Then it will be possible to light our houses as we do to-day for one-twentieth of the present cost.

10. Central cooling systems. The greatest improvements in household comfort during the last fifty years have been concerned with the installation of central heating. As yet, however, almost nothing has been done to develop centralized cooling systems, except in connection with electric and gas refrigeration. Within the next twenty-five years, hotels, stores, factories, offices, and many private homes will be artificially cooled in summer as well as artificially heated in winter. This will be as great a boon to Southern peoples as central heating has been to Northern peoples.

11. Electrical clocks. The only watches and clocks that our grandchildren will ever wind will be those we leave to them as family heirlooms. The timepieces of the future will be operated and regulated by electricity. Instead of walking around to the nearest jeweler's shop to set a watch by the correct time, it will only be necessary to plug in at a wall socket, just as we now plug in a floor lamp or a radio.

12. Horizontal elevators. If you go to a department store and walk up the stairs to the fifth floor, everyone will think you are a country boob. Yet, when you reach the fourth floor and ask for the hosiery department, you are told to walk a quarter of a mile down the aisle! Some day all large stores will be equipped with horizontal "elevators" as well as vertical ones.

13. Talking books. One of the greatest discoveries of all time was the use of movable type for printing. This principle was discovered about 1456. As I write this, I have before me a volume published in 1587 which, in paper, printing, and binding, compares favorably with the best books of to-day. In other words, it is pretty obvious that the art of book-making has not advanced very much since the earliest books were printed. It is likely, however, that radical changes are in store. The very form in which books are issued may be altered so that they will come in rolls to be put into a machine. We can then relax upon a couch and have the book automatically read to us, and perhaps illustrated by moving pictures.

14. Ready-made subways. The development of subway systems in our cities is being delayed to-day because there is no efficient and cheap method of building them. Our subways are built exactly as pipe lines were built a thousand years ago. The Romans constructed their aqueducts out of brick and mortar, for there was no such thing as iron pipe. This is precisely how we build our subways, although we have the benefit of concrete. The point is, that we should use smaller cars, and hence smaller tunnels, and these subways should be precast in sections and laid just as large water mains are laid to-day.

15. Grass paper. Most of our paper is made from wood pulp. It is a wanton waste to cut down forests which have required fifty or a hundred years to grow in order to make paper most of which is destroyed in a day. Paper should be made from waste products such as corn stalks and grasses. Interesting experiments are now being made with such materials and I am very hopeful of the results.

16. Pills for plants. The modern farmer buys a ton of fertilizer in order to get a few pounds of bacteria or chemicals for his crops. This is such a wasteful process that I feel certain the fertilizer industry will have to be revolutionized to correct it. Perhaps it will be found possible to feed our trees and plants with concentrated pills containing just the elements they need. Not only would this accomplish better results for the farmer, but it would eliminate seven-eighths of his freight costs.

17. Flexible, unbreakable, and bullet-proof glass. Unbreakable glass has already been invented and rapid strides are being made with flexible glass. These experiments lead me to believe that all automobiles will eventually use nothing but unbreakable or flexible glass. And if crime continues to increase, we may even have to invent bullet-proof glass for the windows of our houses.

18. Synthetic foods. We are already growing accustomed to synthetic metals and even synthetic woods, and it may not be long before we shall be eating synthetic food. Chemists can now make milk, cream, butter, and cheese out of kerosene oil; and steaks, chops, and sausages out of yeast and allied products. Synthetic vegetables are said to be not only tasty but more healthful than natural vegetables, because they contain more vitamines. "Beef" broths are being manufactured from products that have never been near a cow, while eggs can be made direct from grasses and cereals without calling in the aid of a hen. All these experiments indicate that we may some day learn enough about the composition of foods to control our diet in a scientific manner.

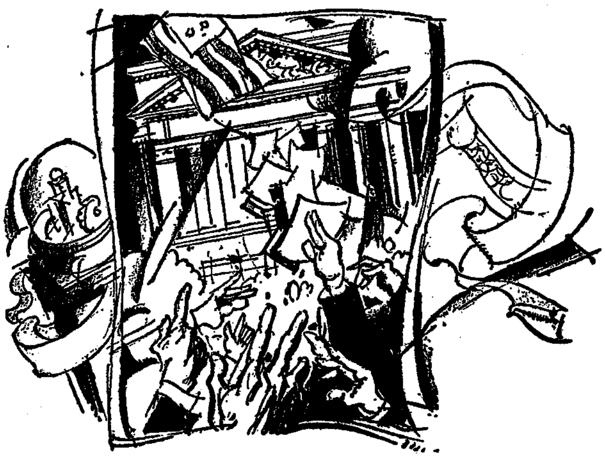
19. Mahogany lumber from native hardwood trees. Genuine mahogany furniture is very expensive, because the lumber has to be imported from the tropics. Soon, however, we may be able to produce a new kind of mahogany lumber right here at home. But how, you ask, can we grow tropical trees in our cold climate? The answer is that we won't attempt to grow tropical trees; we shall get our new mahogany from oak, birch, and other common hardwood trees. By innoculating these trees with dyes or chemicals, we shall find, when we cut them down and make them into furniture, that they can be made to give the same effect as highly polished mahogany.

20. A tooth powder that will prevent decay of teeth. It may seem an anticlimax to refer to such a commonplace thing as tooth powder when our fancy is engaged in rebuilding the world to a new model. On the contrary, however, in making our blue prints we cannot overlook any factors that may increase human happiness, and everyone knows that bad teeth are among the most frequent causes of ill health. We shall therefore have to see to it that careful research is made to find out exactly why our teeth decay, and with this knowledge we ought to be able to perfect a dentifrice that will prevent decay.

It must be apparent from what I have written that I am enthusiastic about the great discoveries and inventions which the next decade or two will witness. From the preceding paragraph it should also be evident that I believe the inventions of the future — no matter how marvelous they may be — will avail us little unless human happiness is also increased. A big house is no better than a small one unless the people in it live happier lives, for the increase of luxuries is not a true index of increased happiness. The problem of happiness is concerned with spiritual values rather than with material values. Our lasting pleasures do not derive from the way we may happen to impress others with our outward excellence, but from inner mastery over our own conduct.

When the time finally comes that every human being has a comfortable home, with his life made less harried by a multitude of labor-saving contrivances, what next? If this would make people happier, there wouldn't be anything else to do; the millennium would have arrived and we could all sit back and enjoy ourselves. But my guess is that as material comforts increase, people will be no happier than they are to-day. I doubt if the modern flapper dashing about with her sweetheart in a high-powered motor car is any happier than was Priscilla and her John Alden three hundred years ago.

Sooner or later, as inventions multiply and people find themselves no happier than they were before, there will come a shift of emphasis in our research. The competent and brilliant minds which have so far been directing their energies to material development will turn to the study of God and true religion. In the past, spiritual discoveries have been more or less accidental and have been made by a scattered dozen or so poor but faithful souls. But when science has at last mastered its control over external nature, it is inevitable that it will then set as its task the perfecting of our control over our very complex inner nature; and when this task is seriously undertaken, no one will be able to predict the great things that may be accomplished.



HUMANISM as a Way of Life

Drawings by Robert Foster

by SHERLOCK BRONSON GASS

I

What is a humanist? Of late the term has occurred and recurred in controversy both at home and abroad, and in most of the home thrusts that have fallen under my eye there has been an unmistakable, sometimes an almost comic, chariness, as of a hostess who has forgotten the special fame of an invited guest.

For popular controversy, it must be admitted, there is an ambiguity in the term and its verbal consorts. Like *liberalism*, *humanism* assumes the floor with a gracious and exasperating gesture. It takes prior advantage of the better side of our nature. No one cares to be an illiberal. And no one cares to be an inhumanist. Besides, shreds of endearing tradition cling to the term — a reminiscent glamour of the Renaissance, and some dignity of association with the ancient world.

But what, specifically, is a humanist in a modern world roiled with the agitation of other *ists* and *isms* of disconcerting variety and virulence, with most of whose protagonists the humanist seems at odds — scientists and metaphysicians, sociologists, humanitarians, romanticists, philologists, and æstheticists? The roll of his antagonisms grows to wild proportions. He begins to figure as the universal enemy, not to say the devil himself.

If American allusions to humanism have been vague in definition, they have been sharply definite about its personnel, and the names of Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More come like a repercussion with each iteration of the term. It would seem the natural thing, then, to turn to Mr. Babbitt or Mr. More for explanation. But humanism is no new thing under the sun. And the humanist *par excellence* is, credibly, so steeped in his ancient tradition, himself so intimately at one with it, that he tends to take it and its point of view for granted. These two particular humanists, however, though unquestionably dyed in the wool, have sometimes shown their colors in the arena. But neither of them has set about making a downright statement of humanism, as, say, Mill once did for utilitarianism, or as James more recently did for pragmatism — old, old stuff both, even then.

And it is too bad. For the recent allusions to humanism have not been quite accidental. They imply at least an unhappiness at the indifferentism that has gathered slowly in the wake of naturalism and grown acute since the war. Few things are so bleak as indifference: it is hard to bear in others, intolerable in oneself. Natural science has proved in the end a good Swiss. It offers itself indifferently and impartially as an agent of good or of evil, of health or of disease, of creation or of destruction. To the liver of life the worth and significance of any doctrine lies in its objective, conceived in imagination, tested by the intelligence, and dear to the affections. But an objective is just what science does not provide. And an age that has looked to science for its philosophy has found itself like a moneyed fool — opulent in means, but vague and dissolute of ends.

The times are ripe — if not rotten. And some philosophy, some way of life, will garner the windfall. Humanism, by its very name, promises to look on life with compunction. At least it is on the side of mankind against the cold impartiality of brute matter. The question is whether it has some goal that can touch the imagination, enlist the eagerness of desire, and at the same time satisfy an intelligence enlightened by the new knowledge of the modern world.

At all events, it will hardly get under way unless its spokesmen make clear precisely what it is. So far they have resisted the provocation of their enemies. But there is a more grievous provocation behind. "Heaven deliver me from my friends!" is the prayer of every wise philosopher. If, in the bare summary that follows, one of their friends shall have presented their case awry and they are egged on in self-defense to a more authentic statement, the game will have been well worth the candle.

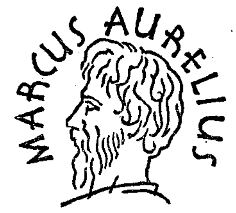
II

THE HISTORIC humanist was a Renaissance scholar reviving in the West a knowledge of Greek letters — humane letters in contrast to the literature of divinity and theology and medieval scholasticism. But this distinction has lost its point in an age that has learned its Renaissance lesson so well as to have outstripped the humanist and left him, as it looks back, apparently legging it in company with the theologues themselves. He is still a foe to scholasticism, but to our own brands of it, which we hardly acknowledge as scholastic. This description therefore leaves him undefined. He may still be a Grecian, and usually is. But this, too, leaves him undefined, for the contemporary Grecian is usually a philologer and little more, a scholastic of a deep dye. His living identity will not lie in any outer mark of class or clan. All his active pursuits and interests have been parceled out and are flourishing piecemeal in the hands of specialists. He is not a specialist. And that, perhaps, is the keynote of his distinction — and of his disrepute.

For his own part, the poor, outstripped humanist may well feel that his history has been sardonic. For he began by drawing men's eyes down from the heavens, and he did his task so well that they fell to the ground, from which, ever since, he has been trying to lift them. "We build our houses," says Emerson, "below the wind and above the dust." We do not, of course; actually we are all for extremes. But the phrase will indicate, I think, the specific elevation of the humanist's point of view. He takes his stand at the level of the human consciousness, between angel and brute, between the etherialism of theology and the materialism of natural science. He looks out from there as a center, takes his world from that angle, and from there pursues his end.

Specifically his distinction is that he attempts to look out on life and render his account of it from his whole mind in its fullness and balance. And it is the explanation of his apparent perversity, his antagonism to so many of the movements and enthusiasms of the day, that they seem to him, in their divers ways, each to have chosen one color of the spectrum and to view the world through glasses of that hue — intellect alone, as with scientist and metaphysician; or the spontaneities of instinct alone, as with the romantics. And like the umpire in the popular games, he is the most unpopular man on the field — alone in the midst of a great noise.

Like his prototype, Socrates, he is both an individualist and a moralist, concerned at once with the midwifery of thought and with the husbandry of the good life. He takes the normal human attitude of one who first finds himself alive, and then considers how he can make the best of his human situation. When he finds himself alive, he finds himself an individual, with the outright native gifts of sensation and instinct, impulse and affection, and with the unique intuitions of consciousness that spring from his separate personality. Hence a certain piety in him in relation to his alma mater — Nature. He sees that a Chaucer, say, brings something into existence by virtue of being Chaucer and no one else. And so he turns, characteristically, for his enlightenment and



his pleasure to literature, where the Chaucers, the Platos, the Montaignes, the Pascals, the Goethes bring to the common fund of human tradition each his own unique contribution.

But he is concerned to make the best of his human situation as well as to exploit the gifts of it. That is, he is a moralist, if that term may be used shorn of homiletic and didactic connotations. All knowledge and understanding, therefore, are grist for his mill, enlightenments and enhancements of his choice of the good. He prizes his intellect, then, with a special intensity. A Chaucer may bring something into existence by virtue of being Chaucer and no one else, but he makes it intelligible even to himself, to say nothing of others, not by virtue of his uniqueness, but by virtue of his community in certain things created by his race and inherited from them — his language and his culture — cumulative traditions both, and the basis of his reason. Hence the humanist's loyalty to the cultural tradition, linguistic, literary, and philosophical, of his Western civilization. And hence his championship of reason, not in disjunction from the play of his native spontaneities, but in organic coöperation with them in the conception and pursuit of the good life.

As to the end itself, whether it is to be conceived as the good life or the mind that conceives it, the humanist would be inclined to say that the point is indifferent. The mind is both alpha and omega, both the guiding agent of the good life and the ultimate seat of its enjoyment. Put to it to discriminate, he would nominate the mind. This orientation would afford him a criterion of the good life — the life that should make for the greatest enrichment of the consciousness. At the same time it would indicate unequivocally the chief responsibility of the mind itself. If this seems desperately like a vicious circle, life itself is a vicious circle. Time goes on relentlessly, ends forever turning into means for further ends. Provision for continuity is the first requisite of any tenable philosophy.

III

All this is very general, and superficially very tame, but it holds explosive implications — squibs and petards enough for a philosophic *Walpurgisnacht*. It brings the humanist at once into basic antagonism with one of the developments of natural science. Modern science was an offspring of humanism, and a prodigy among her children. It began, in good humanistic fashion, with an exercise of intellectual curiosity — an attempt to see how much of the universe could be comprehended in quantitative terms. It omitted from its account all that could not be comprehended in those terms, and within those limits it built up an impregnable structure of thought. This impregnability has been very alluring and very authoritative. In the end it has come to color the vision of the whole Western world.

To the humanist, with whom mathematics has traditionally been a favorite mental discipline, this impregnability appears valid to a point, but not beyond. Mathematics, by which science makes its final calculations, eventuates in the equation. And it is the character of the equation that one side of it is simply — or complexly — but another way of saying what the other side says. It is a closed system. What it includes it interprets in other terms; but it takes out no more than it puts in.

What science has left out is precisely what the humanist is most concerned with — the very consciousness which the man of science brings *to* the creation of his system but excludes *from* it. I say "excludes from it," but in the humanist's eyes his offense is that he has thrust in imagination beyond the legitimate edge of his closed system and has hypothecated that consciousness into it. The passion of sheer intellect is for unity; and the man of science, disciplined to keep out of his mental play everything but intellect, and out of his intellect everything that will not lend itself to quantitative terms, ends by conceiving man, not as the reasoner, but as the last term in a line of reasoning. In speculative imagination he sees man as a chemic lump, moved helplessly by the helpless reagents of the cosmos. He is, in a word, a monist.

The humanist, on the other hand, is a dualist. He is animated by a sense that there is a point at which the incommensurate consciousness can thrust a finger into the vortex. This is the clue to his isolation in the modernistic world that has found the scientific calculations impregnable and has subdued its hands in the dyes of science.

I should leave the conflict of humanism and naturalism at that, if it were not that although all men, even men of science, are dualists at heart in their weak and human moments, anyone who avows his dualism flagrantly in his official moments is on the defensive and must explain the grounds of his choice. Even so, I should not venture into this region were it not that this dualism is at the lively heart of all the humanist's loves and hates, antagonisms and ardors.

He is at one with science on its positive side. He may go with the biologist, for instance, in his sense of human evolution, although he is not militantly concerned about it. Reason, which he takes as the human differentia, is obviously a development. He himself has had to acquire it from the ground up, and acquire it anew in each new field of thought he has entered. Before this development got under way, the race would not have been human. Hence its evolution from a sub-human species.

He differs from the biologist, however, in his way of taking this evolution. The man of science — a little comically — has been eager from the first to identify man with the brute. The jest was the only jest in all the world of science, and perhaps was too good to be lost. Its point was a little blurred, on reflection, by the need, in pointing this identity, to use the very character by which man differs. Man, after all, is the only animal with a science. The humanist, on the other hand, is chiefly concerned with the point of disparity, with the character that evolved. And in the intelligent use of this differentia he sees the supreme consequence of being human — his moral freedom and its sequel.

At most, human freedom is a narrowly limited affair. No man can add a cubit to his stature, reach out and pluck the silver moon, or anticipate the unthought thought. So much of what is and what happens within and around him is "determined," that any freedom which he attains is at best but a minimal affair. To the humanist, that iota of freedom seems none the less there, to be designated as freedom, since it gives him some say in the eventualities of his experience.

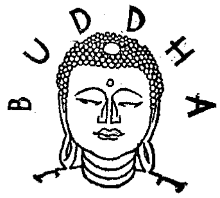
Thankfully he takes the gift of nature — the animal in himself with its spontaneities (senses, instincts, impulses, emotions), and he never ceases to feel in this composite gift the source of his energies and the seat of his motives. But these alone leave him still the animal, helpless in the presence of the strongest stimulus. But reason offers him a respite and a choice. By projecting his attention upon other things not present — upon absent consequences, and upon other alternatives and their consequences — it gives him a chance to choose. In the end he may yield to the strongest temptation. He does, of course. He follows his strongest desire — or, to put it in equivalent terms, he follows what seems to him the greatest good.

This is what the humanist means by moral freedom. In this act of pause in the face of a stimulus, while in imagination and reason he brings up consequences and alternatives not present and so gives himself a chance to choose what, all things considered, he wants the most — in this he sees the epitome of the human situation, the animal humanized by reason. And here, as a consequence, is the epitome of his humanism, the full and balanced play of the whole mind, native spontaneities in coöperation with the informed and disciplined intellect.

He looks on science, therefore, not as a mystic obligation, but as a warmly human affair, a gallant adventure of the inquiring spirit, and a body of knowledge of immeasurable advantage. But inasmuch as it is pursued because it is valued, it becomes subordinate to another, larger field of judgment, the environing problem of values. And since this is the common problem and unceasing responsibility of all men, he plants himself there as at the center, and finds his orientation from that point.

IV

FOR HIS DISCIPLINE, therefore, the humanist turns, not chiefly to science, but rather to language and literature. He turns to language because language is the instrument by which his fluid animal consciousness is articulated and made available for the reason. And he turns to literature — both the "pure" literature of imagination and the broad field of discourse in which the mind in its normal balance plays upon the human scene — because literature reflects the significance of life and



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does it without esoteric jargon and in the language of the hearth.

That he should purport to find a discipline in literature, and especially in "pure" literature, is to the scientific mind the amazing and incredible aspect of his case. Literature is a matter of pleasure, of delight. The humanist's answer is that to delight in the right things is the whole art of life. Does the man of science take no delight in science? Literature, dealing with life in its prodigal variety, does at least this: it brings home vividly to the imagination, and intensely to the emotions, and reflectively to the understanding, an array of delights to picture and feel and comprehend — of human character, of human conditions, of thoughts and aspirations — immeasurably wider than individual experience can afford in itself. It brings him the accumulated and sifted experience and thought of the race, and makes him the legatee of the ages. And to the humanist, who is a moralist and consequently jealous of the widest freedom, the most painful of spectacles is the sight of youths robbed of their heritage and choosing their delights in ignorance, their freedom narrowed to the fortuities of the parish.

But literature, as the humanist takes it, is more than a delight: it is a reflection. It is an account of life, a study and interpretation of it to which he goes with his whole mind responsive. He watches sympathetically the passionate drive of the human drama as it unrolls before his imagination, and catches the drift of cause and effect obscured beneath the lively, inconsequent play of appearances. At the same time he never loses his sense of companionship with another mind intent but apart, a reflective mind playing upon the spectacle with curiosity and compunction and understanding — a Shakespeare, however tacit behind a *Hamlet* or a *Lear;* a Thackeray, however garrulous on the barker's box before *Vanity Fair.* It is in this reflective companionship that he finds his keenest enjoyment of literature; and in this double study — the spectacle of life brought home to him as he knows it in experience, and a mind lifting the spectacle into intelligibility — he finds literature profoundly significant.

There is still another value for which the humanist turns to literature in his discipline. It is very subtle and I can only put it bluntly. Man is human by virtue of his reason. Reason is the process of bringing into significant relationships the articulate particles of consciousness. All that one can think, in the rational sense of that word, is what he can build with these identified particles of consciousness. Life can be lived without reason, as the animals still demonstrate. It can be lived with a minimum, as the human race just evolving demonstrated long ago. But the humanist is concerned with what the race has won for itself since that dim moment. Of all that it has won the most important thing is not its literature, precious as that is. Nothing in all that literature but is subject to legitimate doubt or disagreement or distaste. What the humanist values most is the living mind itself at its richest and freest. And if the mind is to be rich and free, it will be so by virtue of the mobile troops of articulate discriminations which it has inherited — the slow accumulation of the long human experiment. These are the means by which it thinks and the ultimate premises of its thought. They are not in the field of controversy but prior to all controversy, the common ground from which all intelligible controversy starts.

Over and above its own explicit values, therefore, the literature of human experience and of thought about that experience has this supreme value: it fills the terms of its discourse with their plenary meanings, and provides the mind with the ultimate premises of its thinking in the field of its chief responsibility.

It is a lively point of hostility against the humanist that his literary tastes are narrow, and that he plays safe, so to speak, especially in his discipline, with the approved residuum of the past. He does; and he does so with precisely the motive that actuates the man of science in planning the scientific discipline. The fine clarity and mutual understanding and coöperative structure of the scientific world of thought are due to the community of men of science, not only in the pooled accomplishments of science itself, but in the primitive conventions of their thinking — the gram, the meter, the atom, the second, and all the vocabulary of mathematics. If no such ultimate precision is conceivably attainable in the moral world, where the terms of thought characteristically signify the immaterial data of the human consciousness, so much the more need, it seems to him, to implant common meanings in those ultimate premises. And this, not in the interest of a narrow conformity of judgment, but as the *sine qua non* of mutual understanding, the fullest and freest give and take of ideas, the comprehension of originality, coöperation in the critical structure of thought, and the pursuit of common ends.

To use the same outer symbols, but unwittingly to mean disparate things by them in the silence of the minds engaged, is the prolific source, not of frank misunderstandings but of misapprehensions in the guise of apprehensions. And when the humanist looks on the diverse disciplines which have superseded the humanistic, and which have left uncultivated just the area of men's common responsibility, he sees there one source of the acknowledged moral confusion of the times — not in the conflict of ideas but in the unwitting incomprehensions behind the deceptive common symbols.

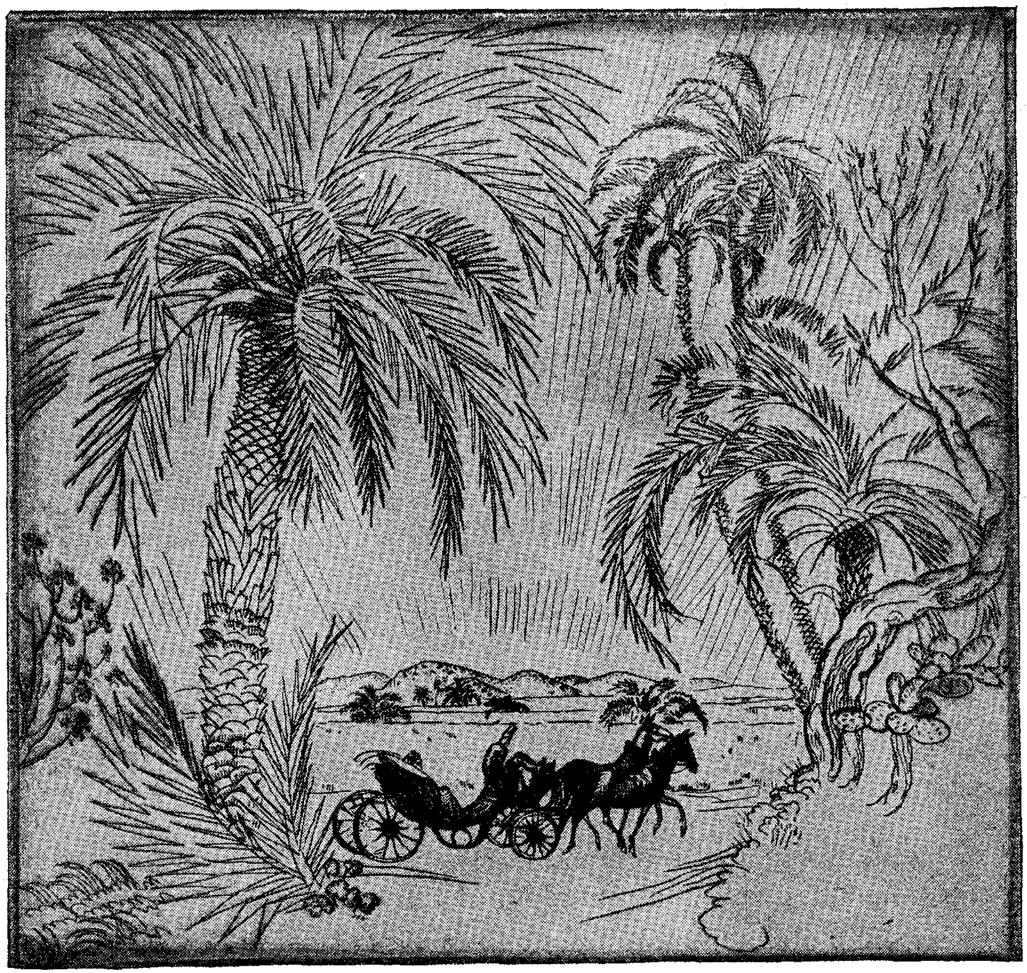
HUMANISM thus stands for a disciplined judgment at the center. It is comprehensible, therefore, that the humanist should regard with dubious feelings those who purport to look at life or at literature with the sheer and shorn intellect of science — the sociologists and the philologists — and those who look at life or at literature with the pure spontaneities of animal consciousness — the romantics and the humanitarians. Each in his own way divides the spoils of humanism, and spoils them by division. Together they have stormed the humanist's ancient citadel and slaughtered the garrison.

The sociologist, taking his humanity collectively and statistically, sinks the individual to an indifferent unit in a total, shorn of just those personal differences which make of one unit a Shakespeare, of another a Darwin, of another a Scarface Al Capone — just the differences that make it humanity and not biology. The philologist, turning to literature, looks upon whatever appears in that guise, good or bad, as a botanist looks upon plants, things to be accounted for because they exist; he is interested in a piece of literature, not for what it says, but for the historic circumstances which preceded and environed its appearance. He is a historian, unconcerned with literature as literature. The romantic is all for the spontaneities, the ebullitions of instinct, unmitigated self-expression divorced from the coöperative play of the reason, and is therefore but half human, at best, in his representation of life. And the humanitarian — appealing figure, with his sympathy for the poor and the weak and the humble in their material wants — fails to discern that, preëminently in the democratic age of which he is the sponsor, the cause of the evils which he deplores is the ignorance of minds undisciplined in the very field of judgment in which he had made all men responsible.

It is natural that to each of these partialists of the mind the humanist should look too other-sided — that the men of science should find him too sentimental and the romantics should find him too intellectual; that the philologists should find him too soft and the humanitarians should find him too hard. And it is natural, too, that the popular caricature of the humanist should be of a self-centered aristocrat, sitting aloof in his library, fiddling with elegancies while Rome burns.

Of his overt offenses the worst is his indifference to popular causes. He has, in fact, a tremendous cause of his own. In the championship of it he has, in the last fifty years, fought, bled, and died, going down at last in such ignominious defeat that if his concern had been for some bodily deprivation, he would long since have won the sympathy and tears of the humanitarians themselves. But the deprivation about which he is agitated is a mental one. The toil of it can only be spent by each upon himself. No one can learn or think or grow wise in another's mind. His one possible altruism is in education. But education has been taken out of his hands, and there is nothing for him but to sit aloof and pursue the great cause in his own person. It is a merry comment upon his critics that they seem sometimes to count it against him that his rewards are great, that he enjoys his labors, takes pleasure in the liberation of his mind, and finds serenity and peace in the order and balance of his spirit.

**Next month, an article by Louis J. A. Mercier on a great American humanist,
"WILLIAM C. BROWNELL AND OUR NEO-BARBARISM"**



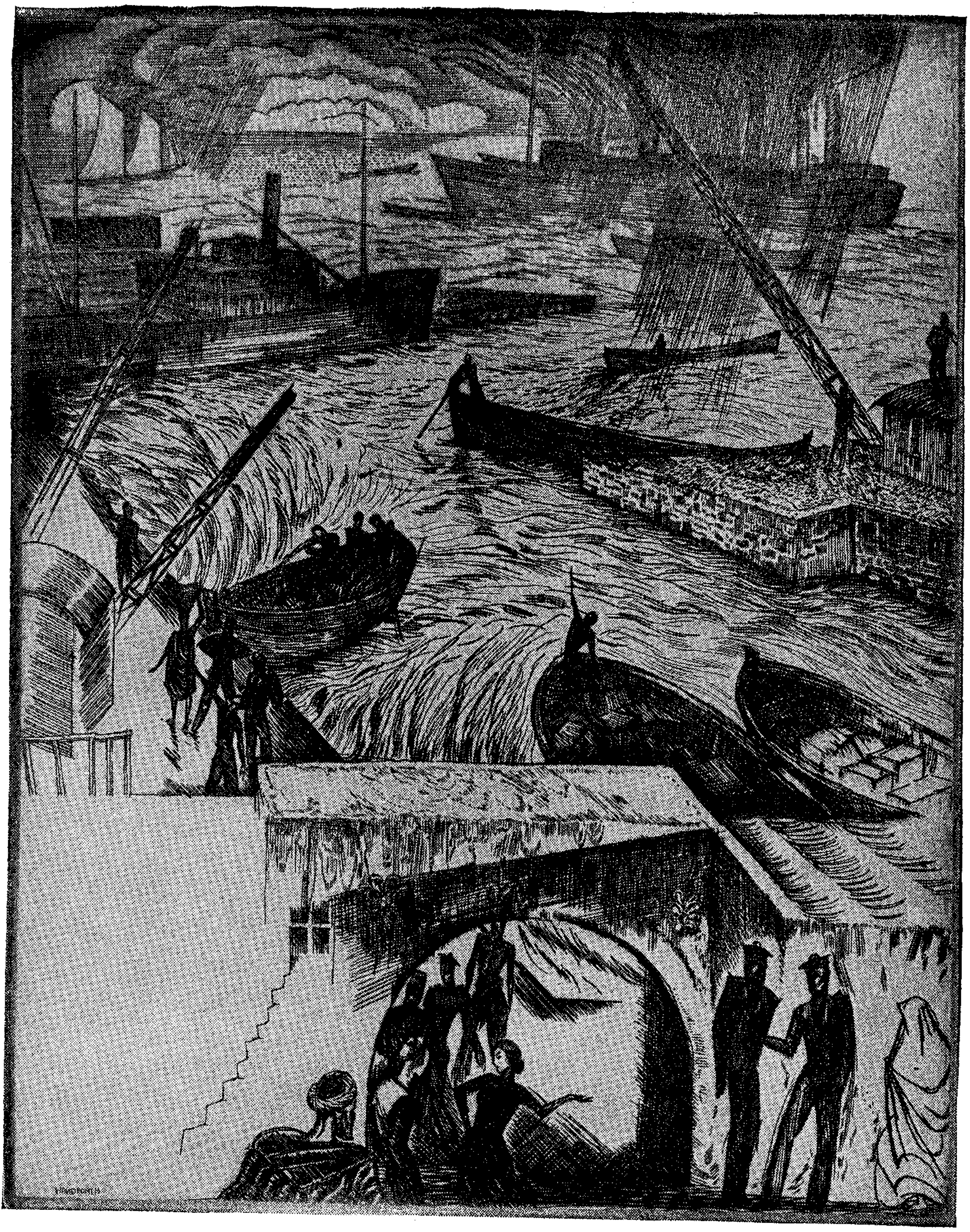
The Edge of the Desert

Moroccan Fringes

by

THOMAS HANDFORTH

WITTILY and with casual charm, Thomas Handforth casts further sidelights on the strange magic of Morocco. His afternoon promenade is the quintessence of tropical languor, while his waterfront scene shows the casual

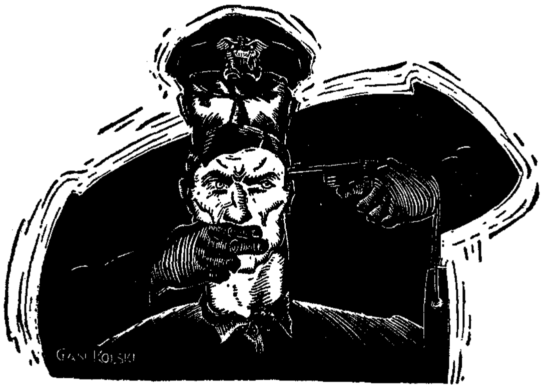


The Water's Edge

mingling of brown natives and swaggering visitors from foreign ports. As in the etchings which appeared in the January Forum, Mr. Handforth has captured the essential spirit of an old and drowsy land.

Should Radicalism Be SUPPRESSED?

A DEBATE



Woodcuts by Gan Kolski

I — Democracy's Safety Valve

by ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

SOMEONE once said: "He that will not reason is a bigot; he that cannot reason is a fool; he that dares not reason is a slave." I presume that my opponent will agree with this statement. I assume that the foundation of all reasoning is the right to express, without restriction, any opinion, however violent, radical, or blasphemous it may appear to be. That is the issue to be debated. It refers to the expression of opinion. It has nothing to do with direct incitement to violence; it has nothing to do with libel or slander.

It seems strange to me that in this day and age anyone anywhere in the United States could suggest that the expression of opinion should not be completely free. Yet the suggestion is not only made, but freedom of speech is actually denied, and men have been and are sent to jail to-day in all parts of the United States for no other crime than that of expressing opinions with which the civil authorities disagree.

When there is a strike in New Jersey, such as that at Passaic, union men are denied the right to meet and express their opinions. In the coal mining sections of Pennsylvania, the union miners are practically prohibited from holding meetings and discussing matters. Only recently, in Pittsburgh, Clarence Darrow and I defended John Brophy and Pat Twohey who were charged with rioting and inciting to riot because they attempted to hold a public meeting of which the police disapproved. The police broke up the meeting when Twohey denounced the attitude of the United States toward Nicaragua. In Boston they prevented meetings of the minority to discuss the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Down in Arkansas they recently arrested Charles Smith, an atheist, for combatting the anti-evolution law. These are merely illustrations. They indicate that you can talk about anything you please except those subjects that are closest to the hearts of the people — the very subjects which most warrant full and free discussion.

Not only do the police break up public meetings in this fashion, but all over the United States cities have passed municipal ordinances forbidding citizens to convene without a permit from the mayor. The result of this is to make of the mayor a kind of public censor. Thus the right of free speech is lost, for the mayor's permit is granted only to those whose views he either approves or deems harmless.

In all parts of the country, and at all times, one is met by federal and state injunctions which forbid public meetings. Sometimes they go so far as to prevent miners' relief committees from distributing relief, from getting together and raising funds, and, in one recent instance in Pennsylvania, from singing hymns outside of a church which was one hundred and fifty feet from a mine — apparently on the supposition that the hymns might incite the non-union miners. All over the United States laws are being passed, or regulations enforced, or false charges framed — to prevent men from doing what? Not from directly inciting to violence, but from freely expressing their opinions.

One may say, of course, that to voice certain opinions in time of stress might lead to violence. That is true. Mr. Justice Holmes of the United States Supreme Court has commented on the possibility. "Every idea," he has said, "is an incitement. It offers itself for belief, and if believed, it is acted upon, unless some other belief outweighs it or some failure of energy stifles the movement at its birth." This I admit; but under our system of government — under any democratic system of government — I hold that people should be punished for their acts, not for their opinions. Democracy has dangers. Freedom has dangers. Free speech has dangers. But history has shown that those dangers are not nearly so serious as the dangers of repression.

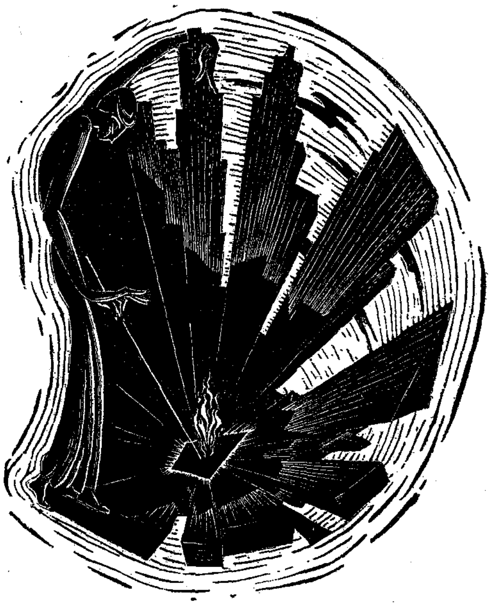
War is a disease, and, like scarlet fever, it may be followed by serious complications more threatening to the well-being of the nation than the horrors of war itself. Thus those frenzied years of radical-baiting engendered by the war have left many Americans with the uncomfortable suspicion that the land of the free is no longer as free as it once was. The annual report of the American Civil Liberties Union shows that "free speech prosecutions and police raids on meetings were more common in 1928 than in any year since the Palmer 'Red raids.'" Is this a healthy condition in a democratic nation? To aid public-spirited citizens to think back to first principles on this highly important matter, THE FORUM presents the accompanying debate between Mr. Arthur Garfield Hays and Mr. Archibald Ewing Stevenson.

I believe in the fundamentals of democracy. I believe that we can safely risk the expression of any kind of opinion by anybody. Democratic institutions are safe as long as we retain two privileges: one is the right freely to persuade others to any idea, no matter how wild or radical it may seem; and the second is the right of the people to vote. So long as these remain, there are peaceful methods under democratic government for working out all problems. When either of these rights is denied, the minority which demands change can resort only to force — and force on one side begets force on the other. That is the reason why freedom of speech has proved in the history of government to be safer than repression.

Governor Smith, in pardoning James E. Larkin, who had been convicted of criminal anarchy, said: "Political progress results from the clash of conflicting opinions. The public assertion of an erroneous doctrine is perhaps the surest way to disclose the error and make it evident to the electorate; and it is a distinct disservice to the state to impose for the utterance of a misguided opinion such extreme punishment as may tend to deter in proper cases that full and free discussion of political issues which is fundamental to democracy." I agree with that opinion.

I also agree with Governor Smith in the reasons he gave for vetoing the Lusk Laws — laws whose passage I believe Mr. Stevenson favored. At that time Governor Smith said: "The test established by these laws is not what the teacher teaches, but what the teacher believes, and the effect... would be to make the Commissioner of Education the sole and arbitrary dictator of the personnel of the teaching force in the state in its public schools." The result of such legislation would be to keep certain teachers out of the schools, not because of what they teach, but because of their individual beliefs. In the end we would have a flock of regimented instructors, none of whom would dare to voice his own opinions. In Tennessee the state is afraid of the teaching of evolution, whether it happens to be true or not; in New York the state is afraid of certain economic doctrines and thinks it dangerous to employ men and women who happen to subscribe to those doctrines.

A parallel case was the attempt to expel from the New York Legislature five properly elected Socialist members. As Socialists these members held opinions of which the majority did not approve, and a small group of people thought this was warrant enough for upsetting the principles of representative government, and especially that cardinal principle which defines taxation without representation as tyranny. On that occasion Governor Smith said: "Our faith in American democracy is confirmed not only by its results, but by its methods and organs of free speech. They are the safeguards against revolution; to discard the methods of representative government leads to the misdeeds of the very extremes we denounce, and serves to increase the number of enemies of orderly free government."



Freedom of speech and freedom of opinion go back to Magna Charta. These rights were reaffirmed in the British Settlement Acts of 1688. They have become a part of the American tradition; guarantees of them were written into the Constitution of the United States, as well as into the constitution of practically every state in the Union. These rights have been upheld by all the great men who have had a share in shaping the institutions of this country, and it seems a great pity that Mr. Stevenson could not have debated the issue with them rather than with me.

In the Act of Virginia, establishing religious freedom, Mr. Stevenson will find these words: "To suffer the civil magistrate to intrude his powers into the field of opinion, and to restrain the profession or propagation of principles on supposition of their ill tendency is a dangerous fallacy which at once destroys all liberty." Thomas Jefferson said: "If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it." Daniel Webster, speaking of freedom of speech, said: "It is not to be drawn into controversy. It is as undoubted as the right of breathing the air and walking on the earth; belonging to private life as a right, it belongs to public life as a duty. This high constitutional privilege I shall defend and exercise in all places, in time of war, in time of peace, at all times."

Now I assume that Mr. Stevenson, who undertakes to restrict the freedom of speech, will agree that if Daniel Webster would exercise that right, so may anybody else — no matter how pitiful or how wild his opinions may seem to be. In fact, free expression of opinion assumes that other people have as much right to utter their foolish opinions as Mr. Stevenson has to utter his wise ones.

Other examples of historic and of democratic views on this question may be cited. William Ellery Channing has said: "If men abandon the right of free discussion, if, awed by threats, they suppress their convictions, if rulers succeed in silencing every voice but that which approves them, if nothing reaches the people but what would lend support to men in power — farewell to liberty. The form of a free government may remain, but the life, the soul, the substance is fled."

Theodore Parker, talking of the Mexican War, said: "Your President tells us it is treason to talk so. Treason, is it? Treason to discuss a war which the government made and which the people are made to pay for? Why, if the people cannot discuss the war they have got to fight, who under heaven can? Whose business is it if it is not yours and mine?"

Wendell Phillips said, "If there is anything in the universe that can't stand discussion, let it crack." And Abraham Lincoln said, "The man who will not investigate both sides of a question is dishonest" — and I assume he meant any question, whether of economics, religion, morals, law, politics, or anything else, and no matter how radical or blasphemous the opinion, or how much one may disapprove of the opposing point of view. Woodrow Wilson, holding the same conviction, said: "If there is one thing we love more than another in the United States, it is that every man should have the privilege, unmolested and uncriticized, to utter the real convictions of his mind. Difference of opinion is a sort of mandate of conscience."

Now, assuming that these statements represent the principles upon which this government was founded and under which it is supposed to be conducted; assuming that they are the vital principles of American democracy: I do not suppose that Mr. Stevenson, who is an able and intelligent lawyer, will disagree with them. He may, however, take this position: that while we are guaranteed the right to express our views freely, yet, under the Constitution, we are responsible for the abuse of that right. This brings us again to the question of whether an expression of opinion should be regarded as an incitement to violence, or whether one should be held responsible merely for overt acts.

Mr. Justice Holmes, whom I again quote, believes that "we should be eternally vigilant against the attempts to check the expression of opinions that we loathe and believe to be fraught with death, unless they so imminently threaten immediate interference with the lawful and pressing purposes of the law that an immediate check is required to save the country." I think that no situation has ever arisen, in the United States at any rate, where an immediate check of this nature has been required. Nothing short of that, according to Justice Holmes, whose philosophy I adopt, can possibly warrant restriction of any kind.

"When," as Justice Holmes has said, "men have realized that time has upset many fighting faiths, they have come to believe, even more than they believe the foundations of their own conduct, that the ultimate good desired is better reached by free trade in ideas, that the best test of truth is the power of a thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market, and that the truth is the only ground upon which their wishes safely can be carried out. That, at any rate, is a theory of our Constitution. It is an experiment, as all life is an experiment."

If we intend to make this experiment, if we are willing to take the chances of a democracy, if we really believe in freedom, and not merely do lip service to it — then we should permit the expression of any opinion, no matter what we ourselves may think of that opinion, and, I repeat, no matter how radical or how blasphemous it may seem to us.

II — The Limits of Liberty

by ARCHIBALD E. STEVENSON

At the beginning of this discussion it is necessary to distinguish sharply between unlimited freedom and civil liberty. If any one person were to enjoy complete freedom of action, the rights of all others would be subject to his caprice. Governments are instituted to compromise the clashing interests and desires of individuals, so that each member of society may enjoy an equal share of freedom. To achieve this result, each individual must surrender a considerable portion of his personal liberty in exchange for the government's protection of that freedom which remains to him. This residuum of his freedom is his civil liberty — his right to do, say, or be anything his temperament suggests, provided he does not interfere with the similar rights of his fellows.

In every organized society, however, some people overstep the bounds of civil liberty. Governments are therefore vested with authority to check such incursions upon the rights of others, and we have laws in many fields curtailing the freedom of individual conduct. The very existence of governments is evidence that these restraints are needed.

I believe quite as firmly in the principle of free speech as does Mr. Hays. I have always exercised it in dealing with both liberals and radicals, and I shall continue to do so. But I also believe — and with equal sincerity — that society cannot exist without reasonable restrictions upon freedom of expression. Experience has shown that words — written or spoken — may injure one's reputation or property, threaten his life or person, or otherwise interfere with his civil liberty. It follows from this that no one can enjoy his full civil liberty unless others are restrained from uttering words which may work him injury.

These conditions lie clearly and explicitly at the foundation of American law on this subject. Guarantees of the freedom of speech have been written into almost all the state constitutions, and that freedom is one of the main bulwarks of civil liberty. The usual phrasing is that found in the Constitution of the State of New York:

> Every citizen may freely speak, write, and publish his sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that right.

That sentence covers both sides of the question. Every citizen is guaranteed in his right to say what he pleases, but other citizens are also guaranteed protection against any injury that might result to them from an abuse of this right.

The Federal Constitution mentions freedom of speech only once, in the First Amendment, which says:

> Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

This is a prohibition upon Congress, and upon Congress alone; it is not a guarantee to individual citizens. It was adopted because it was feared that the new Federal Government created by the Constitution might usurp the powers of the states and limit the freedom of their citizens. The states intended to retain exclusive control over freedom of speech, and their power in that direction is still unlimited, except in times of war.

The state constitutions do not attempt to define abuses of the freedom of speech. That task is left to the legislatures, and since these bodies are made up of the elected representatives of the people, there could be no method more democratic in its operation for defining such abuses. Roughly, the legislatures recognize three categories of these abuses: those which threaten the stability and peace of government, those which injure the reputations or property of individuals, and those which offend common decency.

In the first group are those statutes which define criminal anarchy or criminal syndicalism. The New York statute reads in part as follows:

> Criminal anarchy is the doctrine that organized government should be overthrown by force or violence, or by assassination of the executive head or of any of the executive officials of the Government, or by any unlawful means. The advocacy of such a doctrine, either by word of mouth or writing, is a felony.

In many states the crime is known as criminal syndicalism and is enlarged to include the advocacy of the commission of crime. These acts do not restrict any rightful expression of opinion, but they do provide punishment for those who, by words, would induce others to commit crimes.

Some liberals assert that statutes in this category are designed to maintain a *status quo* in government. On the contrary, however, they do not check or retard changing concepts of government; they simply guarantee that such changes shall await the assent of a majority of the people before they are put into effect. The structure of American government — both state and national — is sufficiently elastic to permit constitutional changes when the people actually demand them, and these state statutes protect popular government against premeditated attacks by an organized and militant minority. They are an aid to orderly progress, and few citizens of the United States have ever fallen foul of them. Most of those prosecuted under them have been aliens or of alien origin — people who have not appreciated the true meaning of civil liberty, and whose egotism has led them to think they could impose their will upon American citizens by force.

Mr. Hays cites a case of this type when he mentions James Larkin. A similar case was that of Benjamin Gitlow, who was convicted on precisely the same grounds as Mr. Larkin, and it may help clear up this point to give a brief summary of the facts in the case. In the late winter and spring of 1919, a large group in the Socialist Party of America, wishing to emulate the tactics of the Russian Communists and bring about an immediate revolt against the Government of the United States, created what they called the "Left Wing Section of the Socialist Party." After several conferences they chose a national council, of which Mr. Gitlow was a member. This council drafted a manifesto setting forth the revolutionary purposes and methods of the Left Wing and appealing for recruits. The manifesto was adopted by the council on June 26, 1919, and on July 5 was published in the *Revolutionary Age* — the organ of the Left Wing. Mr. Gitlow was the business manager of the paper, and the article which he published and circulated held that the United States Government was oppressive, that the political reforms urged by the Socialist Party were inadequate, and that the government ought to be destroyed by a mass strike of the proletariat. The method suggested was that of the One Big Union in Winnipeg in 1919, which seized the municipal government and drove out the public officials who had been elected by the people.

Mr. Gitlow was convicted on the strength of this article, for although Mr. Hays would describe it as only an expression of opinion, it was a positive incitement to revolution. Does Mr. Hays mean to say that a publicly expressed opinion of this kind should go unpunished? He draws a subtle distinction between mere opinions and overt acts. But what could be more of an overt act in the furtherance of crime than inducing someone to commit it? It is the first step in crime. And if an expression of opinion is employed in such a way as to incite crime; if its purpose and intent is to bring about a criminal course of action: then the written or spoken words are themselves an overt act, and one which rightly brings upon an offender the penalties of the law. The Gitlow case was reviewed by the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court, by the Court of Appeals, and finally by the Supreme Court of the United States. All of these courts not only confirmed the state's right to enact the statute against criminal anarchy, but upheld the conviction.

The second category of statutes defining abuses of free speech includes those which punish libels and slanders. Although they impose rigid restrictions upon the expression of opinion, these laws, curiously enough, are rarely criticized by those who call themselves liberals or radicals. Many who are loudest in opposing such restrictions are perfectly willing to avail themselves of these laws when their own reputation is injured by the unrestricted speech of others.

Finally there is a group of miscellaneous statutes designed to punish the use of blasphemous and indecent language in public places and the publication of pornographic literature. These laws, which were intended to protect public morals and decency, are vociferously opposed by those who assert that great moral lessons are best taught in licentious settings, and who find such missionary work profitable. These statutes have been on the books a long time and have not been repealed. In each instance they have stood the test of searching criticism in the courts. These facts lead me to believe that they express the views of the vast majority of our citizens, and therefore should be vigorously enforced.

The great principle established by all this legislation is that the person who speaks or writes is not the only one to be considered. His liberty ends at the point where the exercise of it begins to endanger the liberty of others, and at that point it becomes an abuse of liberty — an abuse which not only is *not* protected by constitutional guarantee, but on the contrary is properly restrained by statute. The question involved in all cases of this kind is one of fact, and under our legal system facts are determined by juries through a well recognized procedure. Whether or not an expression of opinion falls within the prohibitions of the law depends entirely upon its object and probable effect, not upon the form in which it is presented.

Mr. Hays describes vividly the brutality of the police in breaking up meetings, suppressing freedom of speech, and curtailing the liberty of the people during industrial disputes. What he does not describe are the maimed and mutilated strike breakers, wrecked machinery, incendiary fires, and other acts of violence which give rise to the excesses he condemns. Men do not always act wisely in moments of excitement.

Our courts, however, are designed to administer justice. Naturally enough, they sometimes fail to do this and appeals may be taken to a higher court. I know of no instance in the United States where a high court has sustained a conviction for the mere expression of opinion. In each case the verdict has been based upon the *use* of words in counseling the commission of a crime.

With this meager outline of the American law on this subject and the philosophy back of it, let me turn briefly to the consideration of some of Mr. Hays' remarks. He refers to the ouster of five Socialist Assemblymen from the New York Legislature. This reference is entirely irrelevant, because the question of free speech was in no way involved in that proceeding. He condemns also the so-called Lusk Laws, which required all public school teachers to be of good moral character and loyal to the constitution and laws of the state. The issue here was not one of freedom of speech but of so-called academic freedom. It is frequently asserted, for example, that a teacher has the right to draw pay while refusing to teach something he is required to teach, or conversely, for teaching something he is forbidden to teach. This was the inherent question in the Scopes case, which Mr. Hays refers to. I do not pretend to defend Tennessee's anti-evolution law, because I think it exceedingly foolish and ridiculous; but, on the other hand, if any authority has the right to determine how public moneys are to be used in the public schools, it is undoubtedly the legislature which creates them and provides for their support. Mr. Hays weakens his position materially when he drags in cases of this kind, because they can have no bearing upon the larger question of free speech unless one assumes that a teacher possesses all the rights and that those who foot the bills have no rights at all. The mere statement of such an assumption is its own refutation.

Mr. Hays quotes several distinguished persons as maintaining that the expression of opinion should be exercised freely. From this he attempts to deduce that there should be no responsibility attached to such expression. The simple truth, of course, is that every right carries with it a corresponding responsibility. You cannot have one without the other. Lincoln said at his first inaugural: "You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government, while I have the most solemn one to 'preserve, protect, and defend it.'" Thus the officers of government have a definite duty to perform, and if the use of words — written or spoken — tends in any manner to threaten the stability of government, it becomes a crime and should be punished as such.

Mr. Hays frequently quotes the opinions of Mr. Justice Holmes of the Supreme Court; but Mr. Holmes has been very explicit on this subject. Referring to the constitutional provisions guaranteeing free speech, he has said: "The main purpose of such constitutional provisions is 'to prevent all such *previous restraints* upon publications as had been practiced by other governments,' and they do not prevent the subsequent punishment of such as may be deemed contrary to the public welfare."

If I think any act of this government is improper, invalid, or unlawful, I reserve to myself the right to express my opinions fully and completely on that act. In fact, it is the positive duty of every citizen to do this — forcefully and without fear. Even if I should believe, which I do not, that the soviet form of government is far better than that of the United States, I have, under our laws, a perfect right to say so publicly — provided I do not advocate a change by violent or unlawful means. If, however, I violate any laws, overstep the boundaries of my civil liberty, or conduct myself in a manner, as Justice Holmes has said, "deemed contrary to public welfare," then I shall expect to be punished for it.

III — Rebuttal

by ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

MR. STEVENSON concluded by saying that the duty of a citizen is to express himself without fear and without reserve. He also insists that the citizen, although having the right to criticize the government, must be willing to risk the chance of trouble if, in his protests, he violates the law. The only difference between us is that I fail to see how a man, under a *free* government, *can* violate the law merely by expressing an opinion.

Mr. Stevenson also said that one may publicly proclaim one's preference for the soviet form of government. Thank heavens he admits that! He adds, however, that one can't say how a change should be brought about. But why shouldn't one say how a desired change should be effected? Surely Mr. Stevenson would not wish that particular opinion to run underground, to fester in darkness. Open argument would be much safer. If there is a group of our citizens itching for a revolution, I'd much rather have them talk about it than arm secretly. I should much prefer to have them adopt the theory of Abraham Lincoln, who said, in his second inaugural, that this country belongs to the people who inhabit it, and that whoever grows weary of existing institutions may exercise his constitutional right to amend them, or his revolutionary right to overthrow them.

To go back to the Lusk Laws — I do not object theoretically to any law which demands that a teacher have a good moral character and that she be loyal to our institutions. But who shall determine whether she has a good character or whether she is loyal? Is she loyal if she thinks elected Socialists should be permitted to remain in our legislatures? Or is she loyal if she believes they ought to be thrown out? I think those who favor the latter opinion are disloyal; Mr. Stevenson and others do not. Who, then, is right? In one case the determination will rest with the Commissioner of Education, in another with a court, in another with some board of a university. The objection to such laws is that someone will always claim the right to determine whether you are within the law.

Mr. Stevenson recited the case of Benjamin Gitlow. I should have allowed Mr. Gitlow to express his opinion, and I should have had no fear of any danger arising therefrom. If any small group tried to seize the government, as was done in Winnipeg, I suppose we have laws to deal with such a situation. As soon as the dissenters endangered the government by their acts, I should have enforced the law; I should not have enforced it merely because of an expressed opinion. Apparently Justice Holmes agrees, for he said of the Gitlow document: "Whatever may be thought of the redundant discourse before us, it had no chance of starting a present conflagration." When an opinion has no likelihood of starting a conflagration, there is obviously no reason for suppressing it.

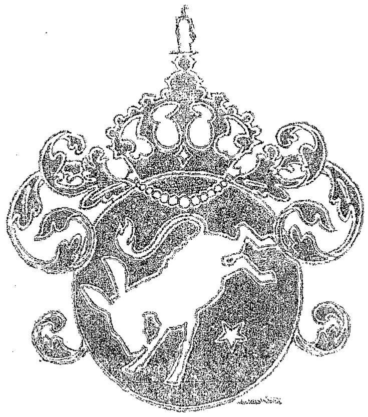
Besides the so-called criminal anarchy statutes (ordinarily used to "get" people of radical views), Mr. Stevenson refers to laws relating to libel and to indecent and pornographic language. These have no more to do with the right of free speech than have those laws which make it a crime to obtain money by false pretenses — and this is and should be a crime, even if it is accomplished by words. It does not involve the expression of opinion. The suppressions upon which I base my argument are not of this kind.

Mr. Stevenson's reference to the right of a legislature to pass anti-evolution laws shows he has not studied the question. The legislature undoubtedly has the right to determine what subjects should be taught; but having prescribed the subject, it may not provide that it be taught falsely. If the subject prescribed is astronomy, the legislature could not insist by law that children be taught that the sun moves around the earth; if physiology, that men and women have the same physical characteristics. Of course, the suppressive laws we find in the North, and the suppressive action — whether lawful or unlawful — of police officials, exhibit the same state of mind, the same fear, that is shown in the South where they think religion is endangered by knowledge. The difference is that the North is afraid of things of this world, while the South is interested in salvation.

Those who are afraid of free speech are the nervous, timorous souls who think it is dangerous for the state — in spite of the fact that history has shown that the state is safer when it doesn't exhibit that particular kind of fear. To-day and in the past the government has, I think, been exhibiting such fear. It shows itself whenever an issue excites people. It was exhibited in all the instances I mentioned at the beginning of my argument — in Massachusetts, in Pennsylvania, in West Virginia, in New Jersey, in Arkansas, in Tennessee. It is exhibited in the deportation and exclusion of men and women who might bring to America ideas that would somehow influence public opinion. And when officials come to feel that ideas are dangerous, and use their power to restrict free expression of opinion, whatever the subject, we shall no longer live under a free government.

Our Muddling World

Mules and Frontiers



by SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

As for the rôle of mules in international relations . . . yes, mules — why not? Is not history full of horses? From Attila's steed, whose feet struck with barrenness every inch of land they trod, to Napoleon's charger, whose trottings and gallopings sowed the seeds of the French Revolution in the battlefields of Europe, history records the feats of so many horses that it might have been written by a cavalry officer. Nor are donkeys altogether absent from its illustrious pages — be this said without the slightest attempt at concealing flippantly conceived allusions behind a hackneyed metaphor. Statesmen, and even pseudo-statesmen, may read on without qualms. We are strictly limiting our remarks to donkeys as quadrupeds.

As quadrupeds, donkeys have a definite place in history. It is a less exalted place. Nature has shaped the donkey for humbler though perhaps more persevering tasks than those performed by the aristocrat of the equine family. The elegant forms of the swift yet powerful animal which Buffon described as the noblest conquest of man (man, in his turn, I presume, being the noblest conquest of woman), clearly marks the horse for a position of leadership. In essentials, the form remains the same in the ass. Yet, the elegance is gone — the personality, the dash, the go — and in their stead is a resigned determination to do something, without much certainty as to what.

His qualities make the ass a faithful symbol of well-disciplined crowds. It is indeed remarkable — considering the pronounced tendency of peoples to symbolize themselves by means of animals — that no contented democracy, no well-pleased national herd thriving under a dictatorial shepherd, has ever thought of adopting this admirable quadruped for its 'scutcheon and shield of arms. Everything would seem to recommend the ass for heraldic purposes, for its industry and patience make it an appropriate representation of economic activity; and its endurance, its addiction to gray and neutral coats, its trumpeting voice also fit it admirably for military symbolization. Yet, for some obscure reason, perhaps to be found in its excessive utility, the ass has been neglected by kings at arms and its rôle in history has been limited to the more utilitarian purposes of transportation.

BUT WHAT about the mule? As if nature had not done enough in the way of equines, man took a hand in the matter and created the mule. Nature avenged herself with particular gusto. A story is told of one of the greatest wits alive, who received a letter from an unknown lady explaining that since she was the most beautiful woman in the world and he the most intelligent man, they were in duty bound to procreate in pleasant coöperation the most admirable and complete creature that would ever see the light. The wit answered that he could not face the risk of an offspring which might choose the beauty of its father and the intellect of its mother. Such is precisely the course nature took with the mule to avenge man's interference with her handiwork. She bestowed on the mule the ugliness of the donkey enlarged to the size of the horse. And she further intimated her disapproval of the whole thing by denying the mule any powers of reproduction. The mule, therefore, is ugly, stubborn, and sterile.

Such, perhaps, are the defects which conquered for it a place in history. A few months ago, a Roman sepulchre was found in plowing a field in Spain. The owner of the field decided to bring the matter to the notice of the municipal authorities. But which authorities? It so happened that the field thus hallowed by antiquity lay in a border zone between two communes which had from time immemorial provided to the inhabitants of the whole district a handy subject for division and dispute. Had the sepulchre been found clearly within the jurisdiction of either the one or the other commune, the authorities would have left the venerable relic to the tender cares of the unsoaped urchins of the locality. And what a ship, palace, engine, automobile, tramcar, or bathing pool they would have made of it before they discovered that it could be disintegrated into ammunition for open fights! However, since the ground was debatable, the fathers took up the matter with the utmost earnestness, as if the future of classical scholarship depended on the salvaging and safe-keeping of the precious relic by either one or the other of the two councils. Neither side would yield an inch. The situation looked singularly grave.

Fortunately, a local Solomon turned up. He did not suggest splitting the sepulchre in two. That would have been a rather slavish imitation of the most famous trial in history — before Dayton. He came forward with a truly original proposal. Let each municipality provide a mule; let both beasts be tied to the sepulchre with their heads in opposite directions; and let the sepulchre go with the mule that would win the heavy thing to its own side. The advice caught the imagination of both sides; each went in search of its finest animal.

On the appointed day, each animal, in charge of a familiar and trusted leader whose voice — and whip — it knew well, was chained to the sepulchre, its eyes resolutely set toward the steeple of the fatherland, its nose, therefore, no less resolutely set toward the stable in which the fragrant native barley was waiting. Then, in the midst of tense expectation, the umpire clapped his hands, the leaders shouted and whipped, the crowds on each side vociferated patriotic encouragement to their own animal, the mules strained every muscle, striking sparks from the earth with their hard-working feet, until one of the animals fell and the other one dragged sepulchre, adversary, and all to its side of the border line. The countrymen of the victorious animal, drunk with elation and pride, led it to the stable in triumph; the countrymen of the losing mule helped it to its feet again and, downcast, went away in sullen silence;

and everybody forgot all about the sepulchre.

This incident took place in Sos, the birthplace of one of the founders of Europe and America — Ferdinand the Catholic. In thus choosing so significant a place for so symbolical an event, the secret genius who presides over our history even to its minutest details, bids us pause and meditate on its import. What is in a frontier? Had the sepulchre been found well within either territory, we would not have heard about it. And so with most territorial conflicts which history records. What makes frontier lands precious is that they lie in disputable zones, and therefore provide apt circumstances for quarreling.

SEVERAL YEARS ago I asked a diplomatic representative of one of the smaller nations remaining outside the League, why such an anomalous situation was justified in his country.

"We have," he answered, "a long-standing frontier dispute with X (a neighbor state), and we fear we should have to arbitrate if we joined the League."

"How big is the disputed zone in proportion to either country?" I asked.

"Only a trifling percentage."

"How easy of access?"

"Amost inaccessible."

"How developed?"

"Still virgin land."

"How densely populated?"

"A few stray Indians."

"Have you the capital, the men, the technical skill to develop it?"

"No. Nor have our adversaries either."

"Then why so much fuss about it?"

My diplomat friend smiled in powerless silence. The disputed zone was in a frontier region.

We are still in the thick of a controversy between Bolivia and Paraguay over a similar case. What is in a frontier?

There was a time when a frontier was a serious thing. It was nothing less than the line which separated friends from strangers (that is, from enemies), which amounted to separating life from death. A change in the frontier might mean that a wall became a gate, or a ditch a bridge. Frontiers were closely watched for their military value. Then, of course, in the period when nations were still in the making, a frontier was a line to be shoved forward under the growing impulse of the strong. Later on, nations settled down to exploit their acquired territories, and frontiers became economic barriers, defining the limits of the wealth-unit which every nation incarnated. Such is the double rôle which frontiers still play in our day. They are lines of fortresses and lines of customs houses.

But — such is the law of man's life on earth — no sooner has a balance been established between requirements and arrangements, than life, in its ever-creating evolution, upsets it by raising new requirements which make the old arrangements obsolete. Frequent as such crises are likely to be, men do not seem to adapt themselves to new circumstances as rapidly as might be anticipated. Not unusually, the old forms overlive their utility and linger on amid the new substances, like those old people whose prolonged decrepitude is a burden to younger generations in whose midst they remain, useless yet respected. Everyone will recall how slow and difficult it was for the motor car to shake off the shape inherited from the horse-drawn vehicle. Architecture, stone, steel, and concrete have not yet succeeded in emancipating themselves from the shapes which Greek builders copied from the timber artisan. The present lingering faith in navies is another example of obsolescent life which holds the fortress with true naval gallantry; but that is another story, and we had better come back to our frontiers.

Here they are, rigid like walls to block the passage of individuals' goods and thoughts, as in the days of old — the days of old when the smith hammered out his home-made iron with his home-made tools, making plows for the home-made boys. House and market, capital and labor were all familiar. And, just as in those good old days, the frontier protects — what? The energy of the new smith comes from foreign coal, unless it passes over the frontier in the mysterious vibrations of copper wires in the form of electricity made by a waterfall. And whose is the water that falls? Where born? To which king loyal? The smith's capital is God-knows-what — probably American. His raw materials come from half a dozen nations. His markets are at the other end of the world. Every one of the manufactured products he needs may, and probably does, cross one or more frontiers before it comes to him. His own product itself will cross many a frontier before it reaches its consumer. But frontiers remain, half-obsolete fossils from a past which refuses to die.

The frontiers between Illinois and the other states bordering on the Great Lakes are all neatly marked on the map — abstract, absurd frontiers, made by and for puerile men who like to play with colored drawings. But Chicago tries to divert too much water from Lake Michigan in order to cleanse its body, and soon discovers that there is no such thing as Lake Michigan, no such thing as the State of Illinois, but that there is simply an organic whole composed of many states, all linked together and made one by the waters of all their lakes, so that a pull at Lake Michigan in Illinois is felt in Lake Erie and in up-state New York, just as a chill in one's feet is felt in one's stomach.

The frontier between France and Germany is a nuisance to both countries. The French own the iron, the famous "Minette" of Lorraine; the Germans have the coal; and the problem is how to bring about the marriage of Mademoiselle Minette with Herr Kohle when they hold to a different national creed. The frontier between Poland and Germany in upper Silesia is a jig saw puzzle. The League worked at it for a year and was successful enough to displease both sides equally — which is one of the safest tests to go by in bitter international conflicts. Whichever line was tried was found to leave people on the wrong side of their allegiance — Poles in Germany, Germans in Poland. Again, in Roumania, there are pools of Germans and of Hungarians hemmed in by Roumanian soil, and no ingenious map-juggler, no American gerrymanderer, could try to apportion them without risk of lunacy. Why, then, in the world's growing inextricability, do we insist on rigid frontiers? What is in a frontier?

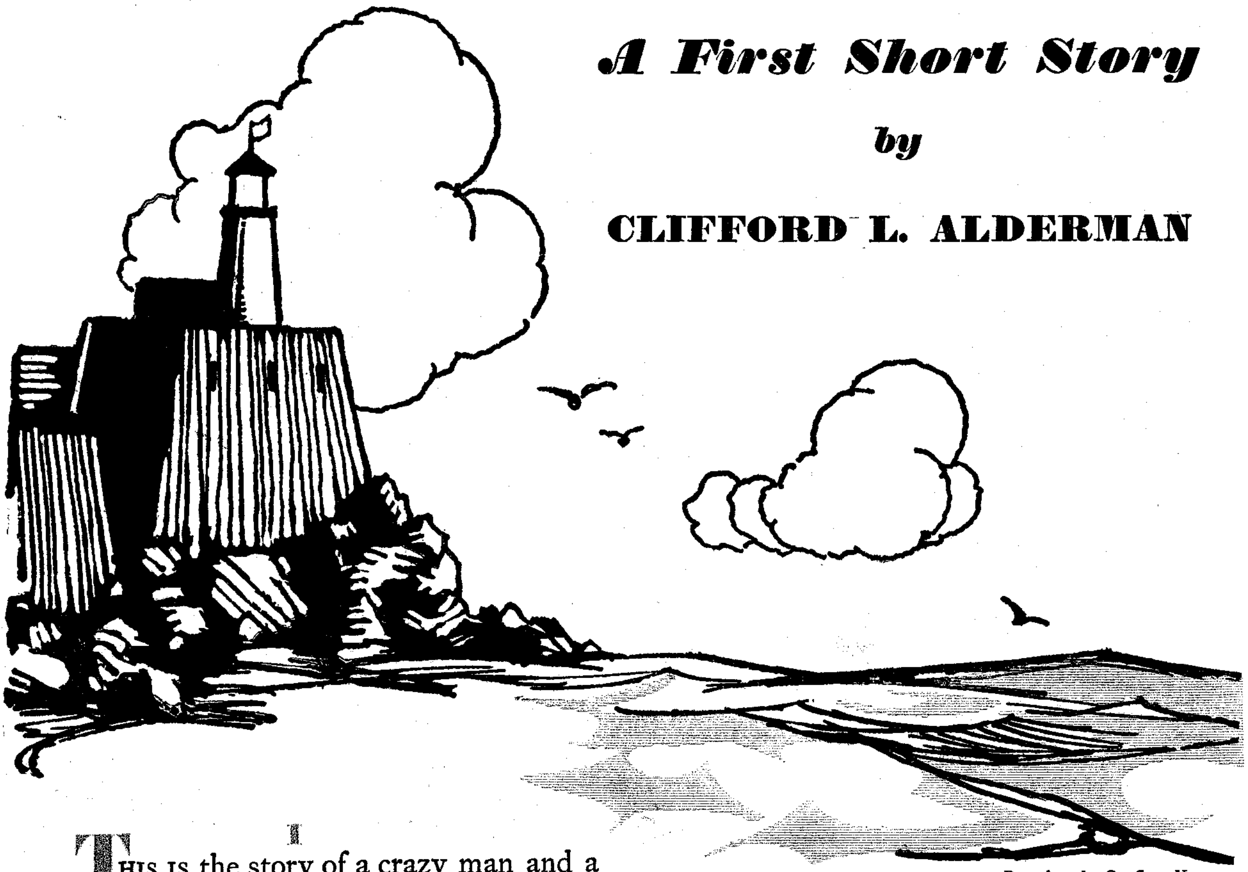
As THE VICES of the soul poison the blood and show on the face, so the face of the world is scarred with frontiers because its soul is ill. Frontiers are the marks of our *insolidarity*. I do not know whether there is such a word, but since the thing exists, the word had better be commandeered. As a land bereft of water by a cruel, hot sun parches and cracks, so the world, bereft of its solidarity, cracks and shows lines of cleavage which we call frontiers. An economic necessity in order to maintain the nation's military independence, they are a military necessity in order to maintain the nation's economic autonomy. Thus the soldier works for the custom's official and the custom's official for the soldier, and neither knows for whom they both work.

But the pressure which frontiers have to withstand contains two elements, one of life and one of death — one which justifies their existence and one which will gradually rub them off our maps. There is, first, the pressure of the other nations seeking to conquer our nation's wealth and to take advantage of the weak points in her economic armor. It may take the form of free trade or the form of protection. Pressure it is as long as it is rivalry. Then there is the pressure of the inherent solidarity of the world, the fact that commercial, industrial, and personal relations are weaving a cloth of interests into which the threads of capital, labor, materials, transportation, markets, and leisure-enjoyment interweave so closely that the old national patterns tend to be obliterated. Here, thanks mostly to the robust optimism which animates the industrial leaders of the United States, a saner view of economic life is being developed — one which sees poverty as infectious, and the prosperity of the whole as indispensable for the prosperity of any of its parts.

The wave of world-solidarity, then, is beginning to batter against the frontier walls. When their economic utility is gone, should we allow them to linger on in their present rigid state? Can we not look forward to a more fluid understanding of the idea of a frontier which would safeguard the cultural and spiritual unity of the nation without necessarily locking up the spirit in a rigid circle of material interests?

The perspective open to world evolution, by a gradual rise of mankind from its present stage of economic and military barbarism, is almost unlimited. And we can thus dream of the day when the memory of two peoples obstinately fighting for a frontier will seem to us like the tragi-comic sight of two stubborn and sterile mules pulling to and fro at an empty sepulchre.

The RETIREMENT of Captain Miller



A First Short Story

by

CLIFFORD L. ALDERMAN

Drawings by Geoffrey Norman

I

THIS IS the story of a crazy man and a ship; and of the two, the ship is more to be pitied. You've seen decent, contented old couples living their placid wedded lives in a way to mock our modern divorce mills — until the husband clears on his last voyage. And afterwards the old wife sits there in her armchair all day long in a helpless sort of way — waiting. That's what the *Sonora* is doing, over in the Erie Basin, tied up with the rest of those pitiful old things that were ships — waiting.

For Captain Armistead Miller was master of the *Sonora*, and a decent old couple they were. She served him well — the word "obey" stood foremost in their marriage contract — and he loved her well, though he did not admit it in public and was wont to refer to her as an old bumboat.

"I'd jest as soon they give me a honey barge to sail in," he would grumble, but if anyone else had compared his ship with a garbage scow, he would have thrown forty fits. And he fooled no one; he might as well have spoken his actual thoughts and said, "My ship is bigger than the *Leviathan*, faster than the *Aquitania*, better than both of them, and more permanent than the ferryboat on the Styx."

The *Sonora* might not have justified such a comparison, but she was all ship from houseflag to keelson, from cutwater to propeller struts, from fuel tanks to thrust bearings. She made her runs on time; they called her "Old Faithful" both in New York and in Havana. They never found a cargo too big for her. And those who wintered in Havana always called the ticket offices and asked about passage on that boat with the name like a loudspeaker.

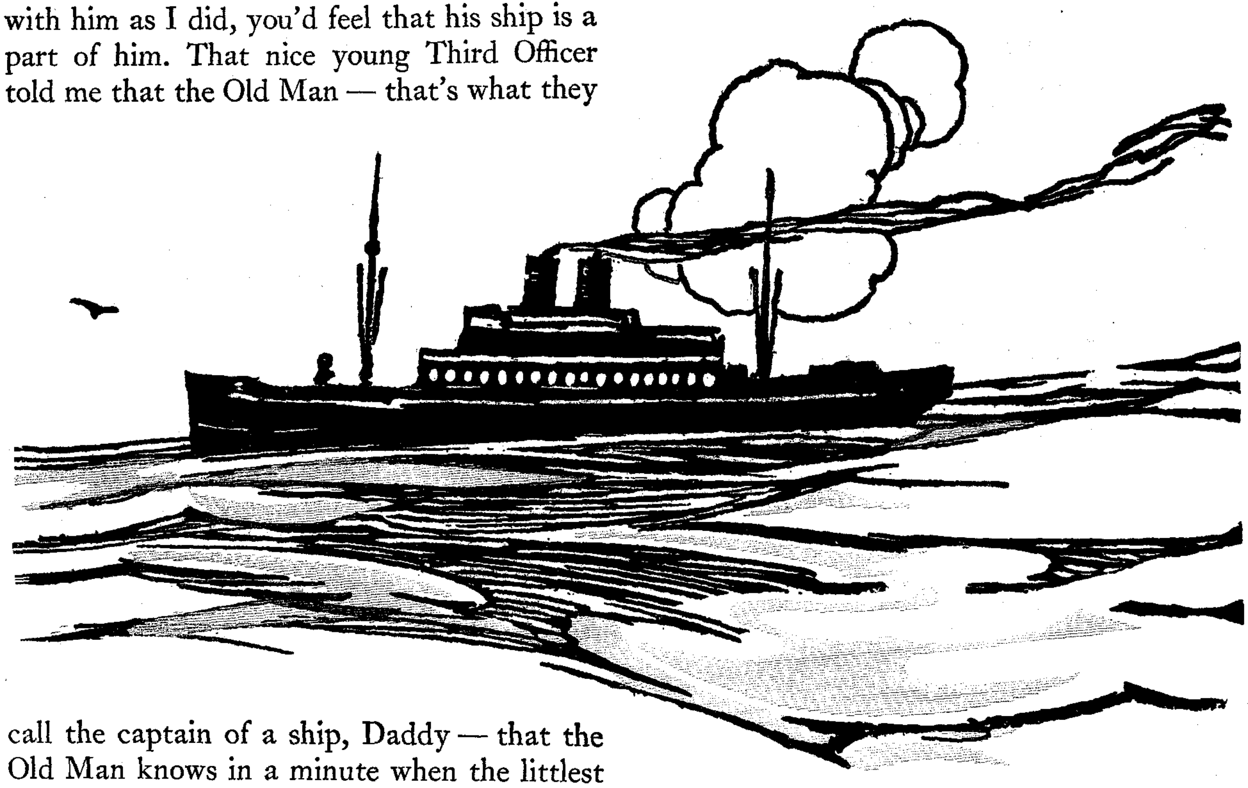
People also liked Captain Armistead Miller, though alongside the master of the *Leviathan* he would doubtless have cut a sorry figure, standing there in his faded, misshapen uniform with its greenish gold braid and atrocious cap.

"Looks like a moth-eaten old grizzly, doesn't he?" remarked a passenger one day, observing the captain on the bridge wing.

"Oh, but he's a darling, Daddy," said his daughter. "He took me up on the bridge this morning and showed me all the fascinating things that make the ship go. He chews his funny old gray mustache and his eyes, so bright and squinty, just bore into you. He saw a ship this morning fifteen minutes before I could even pick it out through a big telescope." The girls all adored the *Sonora's* skipper.

"Oh, he'll get us to Havana safe and sound all right," said her father.

"Of course he will, Daddy. If you'd talked with him as I did, you'd feel that his ship is a part of him. That nice young Third Officer told me that the Old Man — that's what they call the captain of a ship, Daddy — that the Old Man knows in a minute when the littlest thing goes wrong, even at night when he's asleep. The Third Officer says that he sleeps with one eye open, like a dog."



"An old sea dog, I'd say," said her parent. "I wonder how long he's been going to sea?"

"He's sixty-nine years old, Daddy," the girl went on, "and he was supposed to be retired at sixty-four. The Third Officer says he thinks no one has the heart to make him retire, because he wouldn't know what to do with himself without a ship. He says everyone aboard the *Sonora* would do anything in the world for him."

True, no one had the heart to retire the Old Man. It was pitiful enough to see how he took the occasional vacations which were forced upon him by threats of the very retirement he dreaded. During these periods of well-earned rest, Captain Miller haunted the company's East River docks and blocked traffic in South Street. Once he engaged passage, incognito, and went to Havana on his own ship; but they put a stop to that. His presence on the bridge twenty hours out of every twenty-four was too irksome to the *Sonora's* substitute skipper.

So the question of the Old Man's retirement was discreetly pigeonholed until the day when a new General Manager came to sit in the front office on South Street. Pince-nez and importance bore heavily upon his intrusive nose. He saw the Old Man on the dock one day, did some poking into files, and summoned him in. Looking at the slouching figure before him, with its baggy knees, frayed insignia, and wrinkled coat, his lip curled a little. And Mike Grady, the dock foreman, who was waiting in the anteroom just outside, repeated the conversation, with descriptive trimmings, to the boss stevedore as soon as he could hasten back to the pier.

"'Kindly remove y'r cap in this office, Cap'n,' says the snake, as polite as you please, but ver-ry nasty. The Old Man takes it off an' I guess he was thinkin' plenty. The new G. M. sits there with his dam' little nose-pinchers, like he was thinkin' up the meanest way to begin, an' he says, 'What is y'r age, Cap'n?'

I s'pose the Old Man's knees was tremblin' a little at that, but you'd never ha' known it, with his voice as smooth as them thievin' stevedores o' yours — "

"As the gang o' sneaks on y'r stinkin' dock, y' mean, Mike!" said the boss stevedore, indignantly.

"Shut up — well, the Old Man gave his age and Nose-pinchers says, 'H-m-m!' — like he was really surprised — an' then he says, 'You realize, o' course, that you are past our retirement age?' — 'I'm as hearty as I ever was, sir,' the Old Man tells him. 'You won't find no sick days on my record. Good for a long time yet, I am, sir.' He's right, too, John, but that didn't cut no ice with the new G. M."

"Let him out, did he, Mike?"

"That he did, the weasel."

"God pity the poor old guy. Some snappy lad with a crease in his pants'll get the *Sonora*, an' when he ought to be navigatin' the old hooker, he'll be mixin' socially with the passengers an' awskin' some bleatin' female for another dawnce. An' the old Cap'll be ashore just eatin' his heart out a-thinkin' o' takin' her through one o' them West Indian hurrycanes with the wind a-roarin' an' the rain tryin' to beat his eyes out."

II

Captain Armistead Miller said nothing about this interview and his approaching retirement. He had one voyage left to him, and while the *Sonora* loaded, he preserved a refractory brick exterior that never cracked. His voice thundered as usual about the ship, but he looked like an animal that does not understand. Sailing day was the hardest. The familiar sights and sounds tortured the Old Man that morning. The Blue Peter, banner of a ship's departure, flopped dismally at the halyards as if it hated to announce the last voyage of Captain Miller. The clanking shut of the hatch covers might have been the closing of a finished book, and the clattering drays on the dock seemed to be jeering.

"You're done!" they mocked. "You're through! Get out — you're old!"

"Old! Old! Old!" echoed the squawking taxis.

Sailing day. It meant bustling porters and scurrying stewards, flowers and telegrams. There would always be crowds, handkerchiefs, tears, pretty girls. Next voyage would be the same, and the next — for everyone but the Old Man. He wondered, a little desperately, where he would be. He seized the whistle cord and gave her a long, trembling blast. A snarling tug-pack, like dogs at a bear's flank, worried the *Sonora* out into the river. She roared three times at them; then they loosed their grip and slunk away. Captain Armistead Miller's last voyage had begun.

It was an ordinary, dull southward run — white, monotonous New Jersey sand in the afternoon sunlight; a hideous little red lightship in the eternal bleakness of morning off Hatteras; the lights on the Florida keys winking insolently at the *Sonora*, each one a little bolder. Hillsboro, one quick wink; Fowey Rocks, two quick winks; Carysfort Reef, three; Molasses Reef, four; Sombrero Key, five. As if to say, "Ha! ha! You'll be a widow soon, old lady!"

Familiar sights, and each like a knife turned in the Old Man's breast. He craved no words of sympathy in his misery. He could not have had them if he wished. The skipper of a ship is a man who walks by himself. He could only feel the hearts of his crew going clumsily out to him, and if it hurt him the more, he would not have had it otherwise. He had only to give an order and its whiplash execution spoke better than fine phrases.

He saw a new alertness in his watch officers as they took the bridge. Did the *Sonora* yaw a little in a tide rip, he saw grave annoyance in his quartermasters' faces as the compass swung a hair off the course. Down below, when the bridge called for more revolutions, the Chief Engineer forgot to say hard things about the Old Man; the turbines purred like great, contented cats and the boilers steamed slick as the oil they burned. The stewards fell over each other to serve the skipper and the cabin boy achieved things in those quarters marked "Captain" that astonished his own slipshod soul as he regarded his handiwork. Though he who spoke it would have been silenced by jeers, the thought was everywhere, from forecastle to glory hole, by way of the officers' quarters, "This is the Old Man's last voyage. Make it his best one."

It was on the second night of the Old Man's last voyage that the Second Officer, yawning his way to the bridge at the eerie hour of four, was met at the ladder head by the Third, whom he would presently relieve.

"Come over here a moment, Mr. Stribling," said the Third Officer, and led his senior to the far end of the bridge wing. "The Old Man's been poking around up here on my watch," he continued in low tones. "Acted kind of queerlike."

"What do you mean, queer?" asked the Second.

"I didn't get all of it, but he mumbled something about eliminating latitude during your watch."

"*Eliminating latitude?* Say, you must have been pretty sleepy this watch, Mr. Henderson!"

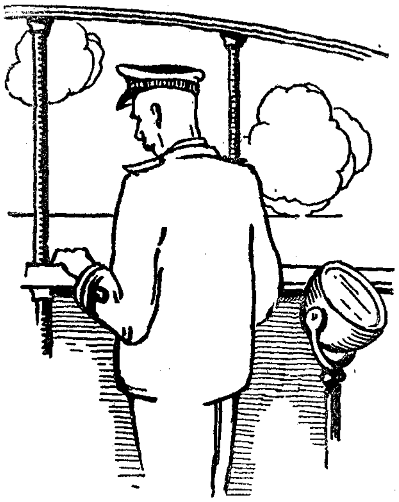
"No sir, I was wide awake and heard it plainly. I thought you'd like to know, in case —"

"In case — you don't think that — ?"

"I don't know, sir. The Old Man's aged ten years since this trip started. Course is sou' sou' west, quarter west, sir."

"Very well, Mr. Henderson."

It was midmorning when Mr. Henderson saw the Second Officer again. "I'm all balled up on my morning position, sir," he said, entering the Second's stateroom. "— Unless the D. R. position is wrong."



"It *is* wrong," said Stribling. "We eliminated some latitude last night."

"I see," said the Third. "I was right then."

"You were," said Stribling. "The Old Man came up about four-thirty, mumbling to himself, just as you said. Pretty soon he told the quartermaster to give her a little starboard helm and let her go."

"You don't mean we ran in circles?"

"Just one, Mr. Henderson. After we'd cut a perfect circle about five miles in diameter, he put her back on the course again. He explained the maneuver to me in the chart room. He was crazy as a loon and the wild look in his eye I'll see to the last day I stand a watch. 'We have gone an equal distance north and south, Mr. Stribling,' he says. 'The northing and the southing neutralize each other, so we have eliminated that much latitude. We'll get there much quicker, you see.'"

"What did you say to that?" asked the Third Officer.

"I could have laughed in his face, but I agreed with him, and his wild look went away suddenly and he looked surprised to find himself on the bridge. 'What was I saying, Mr. Stribling?' he asked. I told him he had said to call him if the weather changed. He's perfectly normal this morning."

"What's to be done about it, sir?" Henderson asked.

There was no reply for a minute. The two men were both occupied with the same thought.

"It's our duty to report it to the Chief Officer," said Stribling, slowly, "though it's a shame."

"'The letter of the law killeth, but the spirit keepeth alive,'" quoted the Third. He was young, and duty was his ruler — but not yet his despot.

"The Old Man will never finish his last voyage if we tell the Chief Officer," said the Second. "He'll radio New York and they'll authorize him to take command. We'll let things go as they are, and trust to luck."

The *Sonora* steamed serenely southward, chasing a silver moonpath at night and myriads of little, iridescent flying fish by day. Nearing Cuba, the Old Man always saw the blue dome of the Pan de Matanzas some two hours before it was humanly possible. "There it is, right off there," the Old Man would say querulously, as the Fourth Officer scanned the horizon vainly. "There's your landfall, Mister." And later, when the Pan was really there, a gossamer line in the midday haze, he would sing out triumphantly: "Something the matter with your eyes, Mister. It's right where I told you."

But this time the Old Man let the Fourth make his own landfall, though this time there would have been no chuckle from the Fourth when the Old Man's back was turned. There would have been none had the Old Man followed his usual procedure as the *Sonora* hove to under the scowling bastions of old Morro Castle and the swarthy pilot clambered puffing up the Jacob's ladder. But to-day the skipper

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did not hail him in what he considered the purest Castilian.

"*Buenos dios, piloto,*" he had always roared. "Vamoose in el chart room and have uno cupo de cawfee, *si senor?*"

But this time there was no mention of coffee, no greeting in pseudo-Spanish. Captain Miller was gazing at a city of gleaming pearl, set in a turquoise sea, which is Havana. He might have been trying to fix it in his mind's eye forever.

III

In the cool of evening, with the rattling winches still and the last jabbering stevedore out of the holds, the Second and Third Officers of the *Sonora* sat high up on the boat deck in purloined steamer chairs. A rose-colored city lay before them in the afterglow — a city whose clatter had vanished with the sun. The occasional jangle of cathedral bells served to accentuate the stillness. The two men sat smoking silently, and there was nothing strained in their silence. It was like a conversation without words, and each understood the other.

The dark came, and as if it gave him courage, the Third broke the silence. "He had another bad spell to-day, sir," he said.

It seemed as though the other would never reply. "On the bridge?" asked Stribling at last.

"Yes. While we were docking her. You were back aft, standing by the lines. We had a line out forward and were about to spring her bow in. She was heading almost square into the dock. He ordered both engines full ahead and before I realized what was up, she had way enough on her to drive her bow through a yard of concrete."

"We never hit though, Mr. Henderson."

"It was uncanny, sir," said Henderson. "All of a sudden the Old Man ordered both engines full astern, and I'll swear we were no more than three inches from the dock when they took hold and we backed away. And I saw his eyes, this time."

There was another long silence, in which their pipes glowed red.

"The Chief Officer was on the forecastle head," continued the Third Officer. "He asked me about it afterwards and I said I misunderstood an order."

Silence.

"We'll have to report it, Mr. Henderson. It's the only way. We've got to think of three million dollars worth of ship and a million in cargo, not to mention the lives of our passengers when we go north."

Then Fate played her trump. There were voices on the dock and the two officers saw that it was the Old Man, returning from his customary evening trip to the movies. With him was a passenger, a "round tripper" staying aboard the ship while she remained in Havana. They came through the gate and stopped on the dock. The Old Man's voice was easily audible on the boat deck. He was indicating the *Sonora's* ponderous black bulk with a sweep of his hand.

"There she is," they heard his voice quaver, "jest an old bumboat and needin' an overhaulin' bad. She'll see the boneyard one o' these days soon. I'd jest as soon they give me a honey barge to sail in, sir, that I would."

That was bluster.

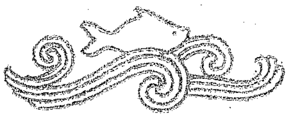
"She's got nice lines, though," the Old Man continued. "Look at her big, nice, curvin' bow and the rake o' them stacks." He fumbled in his pocket and carefully brought out a two-pound gold watch on the end of what resembled a shot of anchor chain. He opened its back. "There's a pictur' of her," they heard him say. "Ain't got wife nor child, so I jest carry *her* pictur' in here. You can see her better this way — I took this off'n the end o' the pier, one o' my . . . my vacations, when she was in the stream. She ain't so bad lookin' in the pictur' — jest look at that bone in her teeth. . . . Speed, sir? Why, she'll lick the tar out o' anythin' in the West Indian trade. . . . Nope, never married — my ship's took all the time I've had. . . . She ain't so small, either — fourteen thousand displacement. Somethin' wrong with the look o' most every boat, sir, but not *her*. Most of 'em are too long or too short — look like they was about to buckle 'midships, or the bow part comp'ny with the stern. Lot of 'em top-heavy, too, if you've noticed? . . . Easy handlin'? Like a motor boat — wouldn't never use a tug to dock her if the comp'ny wan't so fussy. She ain't crank, neither — take f'r instance in one o' these West Indian hurrycanes we get along in September — the big waves don't get no chance to pound her. She jest relaxes, like, an' takes 'em as easy as can be." That was pride.

"I've had her since they busted the champagne bottle on her, you might say," said the Old Man, "— leastways since her maiden trip. Her and I've got pretty well used to each other in all that time. . . . Yes sir, I'm sixty-nine. This is my last voyage. . . . They — they think I'm gettin' old. I guess — they think — they're afraid I might run her into somethin'. Her keel ain't never felt the mud nor kissed coral yet — she ain't never fouled a dock — but they want young blood these days, sir. I'm no hand to amuse lady passengers and my clo'es get pretty seagoin' from gettin' soaked on the bridge. I've always b'lieved in runnin' a ship and not no yacht. But they've got so many gadgets on a ship's bridge nowadays, she don't hardly need a skipper at all. Iron Mikes to steer her automatic, radio bearings so you can throw your sextant overboard, closed in bridges with windshield wipers — my kind don't fit on these new ships, sir. I don't ask no more than to finish up this last voyage and hand her over all shipshape to my successor. I — I'd kind o' hate to have somethin' happen before — before she ties up at her pier in the East River."

That was yearning.

When the Old Man was gone, the Second and Third Officers sat quietly on the boat deck for a long time, and each was afraid to trust his voice. When the Second Officer spoke, it was as if the thing had all been decided.

"If his brain gets off the course again, Mr. Henderson," he said, "we'll do this: we won't execute his orders at all, but we'll fool him into thinking so. We'll just yank the engine telegraph levers over and back again to their original signal. If I can swing the Chief Engineer over to the plan, the engine room will ring up without touching the throttle. The Old Man will hear the bell jingle and think it's all right. We'll trust to luck he won't realize what the ship is doing."



"What about the Chief Officer and the Fourth?" asked the Third Officer.

"The Chief stands no watch; there'll be an even chance he won't get wise. You tell the Fourth about it. And if the Old Man gives a helm order, we'll tell the quartermaster not to obey it. I'm off to see the Chief Engineer."

The Chief frowned over Stribling's proposal. "Look here, Chief," said the Second Officer, desperately, "do you want to see this ship tie up in New York without the Old Man's name at the top of the log? You were with him the first time she went out of that dock. You know how he feels, this trip. For God's sake, Chief, it'll kill him if he doesn't bring her in. These spells are only temporary. Give him a chance!"

The Chief gave the Old Man his chance and he gave Mr. Stribling his hand, and three fingers of Bacardi, neat — which is something for a Scotch engineer to give all at once to anyone, let alone someone from the deck force.

IV

THE *Sonora* went out with hatch covers abulge, Plimsoll marks awash, and a passenger list to warm the heart of a society editor. She passed the insolent lights on the keys and she lost the sapphire Gulf Stream in sight of the hideous little red lightship off Hatteras. That night she ran into fog that wasn't fog at all; it was a great gray door that shut down and left the *Sonora* in a gray-walled vault which the keenest eye could not drill.

"Dark?" said the Third Officer afterward, when he told about it. "Why, we'd have run right through a lighthouse if there'd been one on our course. We couldn't even see our own masthead light!"

"Oh, stow that!" said Mr. Stribling, indignantly. "I'm not looking for deep-sea yarns. Save that one for the passengers. I know it was dark."

"Well, all we could see was the fog drifting into the beam of the thing, anyway. The Old Man came up and began sniffing around, the way he does, you know — trying to smell something out there in the darkness. We were only making half speed and I had the old whistle snorting and the passengers snorting, too, I guess, about being kept awake.

"'It's a nice clear night, Mr. Henderson,' says the Old Man. I thought he was having his little joke, but then he went into the chartroom and I could see him in the light. I didn't need a second glance to tell I had a madman up there with me.

"'A good night for a good deed, Mister,' the Old Man said then, and his voice brought goose flesh out all over me. 'See that ship out there?' he asked me.

"'Where, sir?' said I.

"'Right there, broad on the starboard bow and about a mile away. You've got to learn to pick up a light quicker, Mr. Henderson.' — A mile away! We couldn't have seen a ship a tenth of a mile away!

"'I've jest had a message,' says the Old Man, '— a message from the devil. That is the good ship *Hardship*, bound to hell for coal, and our friend the General Manager is aboard. We're heading dead for her and we'll cut her in two!'

"He went over to the pelorus and began to take bearings on his phantom ship. If he meant to keep her on the course, I thought, well and good. I heard no fog warning, so I didn't worry about that ship of his. Then he yelled at me — it was unearthly. 'Hard a-starboard!' he screeched. 'Full ahead, starboard engines! Full astern, port! Quick, we'll miss her!'

"And then I broke out in a cold sweat. Somewhere out in the blackness a steamer's whistle moaned. Had the Old Man really known she was there? I knew his order would have the effect of swinging the *Sonora* sharply to port with the full force of engines and helm. I motioned the quartermaster to keep her steady on the course.

"'Here's one ship you don't cut in two!' I said to myself. I put the telegraphs over and then threw them right back again to 'Half Ahead.' The engine room answered according to our agreement."

The Third Officer did not remember anything after that. He did not see the Old Man slip up beside him with the cunning of a cat. He did not see the skipper's mauled fist strike out like a cobra. After that he did not feel anything, but sank quietly to the deck. Only the quartermaster saw the Old Man yank the telegraphs over to "Full Ahead" on the starboard and "Full Astern" on the port, and felt the wheel wrenched from his hands as the Old Man spun it hard over.

Straight ahead of the *Sonora* the Old Man's phantom, now a real ship, shrieked a frenzied, staccato warning. The *Sonora* shuddered as her engines took hold. Her bow swung to port . . . slowly . . . slowly. . . .

"Right up on our front porch, she was," the Second Officer said later, "And her port running light shone red on my bunk through the porthole. I saw she was a night boat into Philadelphia. Holy dogfish, I thought we'd *never* clear her! Her bridge was bawling at us through a megaphone. I guess he thought his hour had come. Perhaps I wasn't glad when we began to swing! Ran right parallel to her for a minute. So close it's a wonder we didn't suck her into our side."

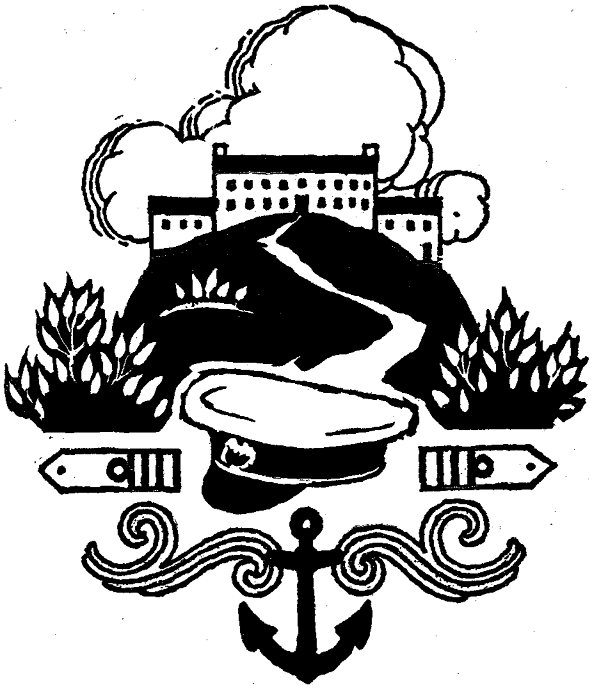
"Would we have hit her if the Old Man hadn't taken things into his own hands?" someone asked.

"*Hit her!* Man, we'd have cut her square in two. Those devils asleep aboard her wouldn't have had so much as a chance to wake up."

"Yes, I understand it, Mr. Henderson," the Second Officer said, in the privacy of the Third's stateroom. "In the first place, the Old Man's hell-bound ship was probably all in his crazed brain. The real ship was probably not using her fog warning as the law requires — these night boats hate to wake their passengers up. Or else the fog deadened the sound, as it often does."

"Do you think the Old Man really intended to ram her when he did see her, sir?" asked Henderson.

"I don't think, Mr. Henderson, I *know*. His brain intended to ram her, but he *couldn't do it*. He couldn't any more run this ship of his into anything than he could walk from here



to England. He saved the ship and that night boat in spite of himself."

Which was correct, no matter what the alienists want to say about it. Love beats psychology every time.

When the snarling tug-pack worried the *Sonora* into her berth again, Captain Miller was not on her bridge. But if you search into the dusty records of the Lord Steamship Line, you will find that the *Sonora* docked in her regular berth that day with Captain Armistead Miller commanding. The officers of the *Sonora* had seen to that.

And, when his ship is in port, you may sometime meet Chief Officer Stribling, of the Lord Steamship Line's shining new flagship, *Sonora*, coming away from a certain hospital for mental diseases. If you ask him, he will tell you that he has been visiting Captain Armistead Miller, of the *Sonora* — the old *Sonora*. He will tell you how the Old Man lives there aboard a *Sonora* of his imaginings; how he takes her out on her regular run and brings her in again, all shipshape; how he still compares her to a honey barge and thinks she's bigger than the *Leviathan*, faster than the *Aquitania*, better than both of them, and more permanent than the ferryboat on the Styx.

The New Morality

by WILL DURANT

In my article last month* I attempted to show that there is one criterion of morality which seems to hold good at all times and in all places. Underneath every passing and local moral code the final basis of ethical judgment is the coöperation of the part with the whole. Let us take this simple test and apply it to the changing problems of our day, remembering always the relativity of standards and the fallibility of thought. What does the moral principle concretely mean in the face of the actual problems of contemporary life?

We might describe our age in terms of fragmentations. The war broke down the habits of coöperation and peace which had been formed under the reign of industry and trade. It accustomed men to brutality and promiscuity, and returned thousands of them to their countries as centers of moral infection. It cheapened the value of life by its wholesale killing, and prepared the psychology of gangs and crime. It destroyed the faith of millions in a benevolent Providence, and took from conscience the prop of religious belief. After the idealism and unity of Armageddon, a disillusioned generation reacted into cynicism, individualism, and a reckless unmorality. Youth found itself endowed with new liberties, protected by invention from the ancient consequences of amatory adventure, and assailed on all sides by a million erotic stimuli — in literature, in the theatre, and in life. The sexual instinct escaped from the jail in which Puritanism had imprisoned it and ran amuck in the streets.

It is the custom to associate this riot with youth, but it runs through all ranks not yet exhausted by the pace. The deferment of marriage has flooded our cities with men and women who struggle to replace the engrossing tasks of parentage and the home with the external stimulations of variety; it is this type that feeds the night clubs in which lonely gullibles allow themselves to be stupefied with liquor, in order to be fleeced by fair beasts of prey in whom they thought to find some substitute for love. Rapidly the habits of this class have pervaded every class, and it becomes fashionable to be promiscuous. It is tired middle age, rather than youth, that sets the tone of the day.

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* "Our Changing Morals," The Forum, April, 1929.

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One source of the changes in morality is the late age of marriage; and here, too, it is the parents who are to blame. The instincts of youth are sound, and would lead a lad to the halter soon enough; it is the cautious father and the jealous mother who ask the boy, indignantly, how much he is earning to let himself in for this madness of love. The wisdom of the pocketbook seems to form the essential philosophy of parental middle age; it forgets its own dead ecstasies and never suspects that the youthful heart may have reasons which the old head cannot understand.

It is the older generation, then, that is the more fundamentally immoral. Careless of the good of the community or the race, they frustrate the categorical imperative of nature, and, in effect, counsel years of promiscuity as preparation for a happy marriage and healthy children. Parents with larger perspective would see how secondary finances are as compared with individual and social happiness and health; they would coöperate with nature and make some sacrifice to render the early marriage of their offspring possible. Until that parental perspective comes, we shall be warranted in tracing the "immorality" of youth to the commercialism of middle age.

There is still worse to say in this analysis of our "moral" elders. It concerns the parasitism of many women. No insult is offered here to the woman who works as a producer of human life or of humanly valuable goods. The insult is offered to the woman who commercializes her beauty, who drives hard bargains in luxury and finery for her love, who spends her days in resting, primping, powdering, curling, and (at last) dressing, and her nights in amusement and flirtation. These women have no children, but they need many maids; they have no function, but they have endless needs; they specialize in the art of doing nothing in a thousand ways. The effect is to drive the man to a nerve-racking pace of toil and to a bitter consciousness that his significance in the family is merely that of a commissary clerk. Here, and not in the bobbed hair or short skirts of youth, lies the immoral monstrosity of our time.

One of the suggested remedies for the deferment of matrimony is companionate marriage. Hysteria defines this in various shocking ways, but when we discover that its doughty protagonist defines it as "legal marriage, with legalized birth control, and with the right to divorce by mutual consent for childless couples, usually without payment of alimony," it does not seem so very terrible. There is nothing in it that does not already exist in the practice of presumably respectable families. What people fear in the plan is the thoroughness with which, in a new sense, it establishes the equality of the sexes. For companionate marriage provides that until maternity is in the offing, the wife shall go forth and work. Here hides the joker by which the emancipation of woman shall be made complete. The Industrial Revolution is to be carried out to its logical and merciless conclusion: woman is to follow into the factory the work taken from the home by invention. Instead of remaining idle in her bower, compelling the man to produce doubly as a balance to her economic sterility, she shall become his honored equal in toil as well as in reward, in obligations as well as in rights. Such is emancipation.

RESTORING THE FAMILY

Behind "divorce by mutual consent" women reasonably see another move in favor of the rebellious male. They distrust the animal as secretly polygamous; they believe that the lust for experiment and variation is so strong in him that only the fear of the law can hold him to his responsibilities. Give him a form of marriage in which he shall be free to leave his wife as soon as she has lost for him the lure of novelty, and he will itch for alien charms. It does not help companionate marriage to say that the consent of both parties will be required for divorce; a man can make matters unpleasant enough to drive his wife to consent a thousand times over to their separation. And then the woman is flung again upon the thorns and spikes of the world, immeasurably more depreciated than the man.

Nevertheless, since life is full of crude solutions that ignore the nuances of justice and chivalry, we may expect the rapid spread of companionate marriage in practice, even while morality and law retain their old countenances unchanged. It will bring its own evils and problems, but it will not be worse than that spreading promiscuity which has come with what Shaw once called the most revolutionary invention of the nineteenth century — mechanisms for making the productive instinct unproductive. Women who fear the new dispensation will find in it a loophole through which they may return, if they wish, to a form of marriage stable not only in law but also in human nature. Let a child come, and the obligations of the male are to be held as sacred and permanent as before. A woman, as Nietzsche said, is still a riddle, whose solution is a child.

The modern girl will turn up her nose at this old-fashioned suggestion, and will remind the world that the day is gone when she can be used as a maternity machine. Yet no one with a sense of history could think of asking a woman for the large family which was her lot on the farm; everyone understands that the multiplication of machines and the reduction of the death rate have put an end to the need for the mass production of children. If community good seems to require a large population, it is because we delude ourselves by thinking in terms of quantity, or aspire to imperial and militaristic expansion, or vision a fertile China overflowing upon the West. But quantity never won a battle; it is brains and tools that win. There is no communal need, no moral claim, for large families any more; and if one suggests that women should still retain, in moderate measure, the function of motherhood, it is rather with a view to their own self-fulfillment than for the sake of the group.

The Larger Morality

"*La petite morale est l'ennemi de la grande,*" said Mirabeau. "The lesser morality is the enemy of the greater." There is a morality of industry and politics as well as of love and marriage; and those who fret about the vagaries of modern sex may be just the men who are filching profits or betraying states. When we say that "business is business," we mean, presumably, that there is no morality in business; that the industrial process, through large-scale production, absentee ownership, and cutthroat competition, has become inhuman and impersonal, a mechanism for buying cheap and selling dear, a machine that turns schools into apprentice shops and soldier factories, that employs women in preference to men, and children in preference to women, that ruins the national physique and character — *but makes profits.* And this conception of the economic life is true of the proletarian as well as of the manufacturer; he thinks of his own good, or the good of his class — never of the good of the whole. Each has "ideals," but an ideal, in industry or politics, is usually the suppressed desire of a class, dressed up in the dignity of reason. Most theories of ethics are merely our notions of how other people should behave. "Now you're going to be moral," says the lady in *The School for Scandal,* "you forget you're among friends."

"Economics," said Nassau Senior, "is a science of wealth, not of welfare." That is, industry should concern itself with the production of the greatest possible quantity of goods, regardless of the results to the producer. The older science, which Carlyle called dismal, was better; it called itself "political economy," and recognized that economics had something to do with the body politic, that there are some demands which an individual or a class may make upon society that would, if met, make for the good of the whole. Such a demand may reasonably be called a "right." If, for example, agriculture is essential to a nation's safety from blockade and starvation, then farmers have a "right" to such governmental aid as may be needed to keep them moderately alive. If chemicalized industries ruin the health of workers, those workers have a right to whatever protection the state can give them, for the health of citizens is a proper concern of the state. If women are being made unfit for motherhood by the occupations they pursue, it is right that governments should intervene. If investors or traders pursue methods likely to arouse foreign hostility to America, we are again within our rights in subjecting such investments and such trade to national control. At every step the economic process affects the community and impinges upon morality.

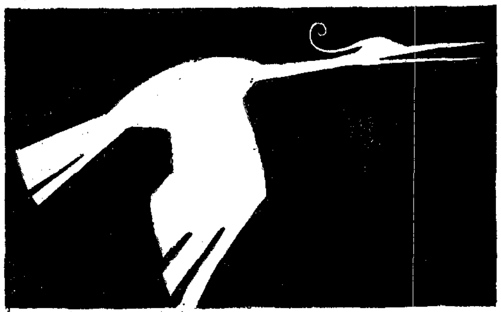
But alas, the only instrument now open to us to bring about control of industry for communal good is the state; and the state is not a moral entity, but a perpetually changing assortment of elected persons. The Socialist longs for an omnipotent government, forgetting that this merely means omnipotent politicians. Better a hundred times that men should build up their own methods of coöperation and control than that they should rely upon aldermen and policemen! Perhaps a new order of society is being born quietly in the unheralded lower strata of distribution, in the coöperatives that yearly form, and almost yearly fail, to bridge the widening gap and escape the growing army of intermediaries between producer and consumer. Here economics touches morality again, and the moralist warms at the thought that another century of effort and experiment may replace with coöperation the individualistic competition upon which we must now rely for the business of the world.

Our instincts are ultimately individualistic, but our institutions and our social necessities mold us more and more to coöperation. Already industry is kind compared to the horrors of the factory system one hundred years ago. Welfare becomes a part of every modern establishment, and industry finances — with a goodly portion of its profits — hospitals, colleges, libraries, and scientific research. Trade divides us with war, and will unite us in peace; the whole to which we must belong to be even physically saved becomes larger and larger as invention, commerce, and communication grow.

Saints are still born among us, kindly men meet us at every turn, modest girls can be found if we like to find them, patient mothers hide in a thousand homes, and heroism rivals crime in the daily press. A flood comes, and a thousand people go to help, and a million men contribute financial aid. A nation starves, and her enemies succor her. Explorers are lost, and others give their lives to rescue them. No one has yet fathomed man's potentialities for good. Behind our chaos, our riot, and our crime lies the fundamental kindliness of the human soul. It waits till the riot is over, and another moral order emerges by trial and error to lift it to nobility. The old world is dead; long live the new!

Record

THIS WAS a good day. Suddenly there was a blue heron
Flying low up the creek
Trailing dusk, trailing a soft, slow shadowiness
Like folds of gauze in its beak.



Drawing by Johan Bull

And after dusk from the car on the mountain road
I saw a deer
That froze to bronze in the circle of pouring light,
So legendary, so near,

I could believe and not believe I saw it
All in the same breath:
Just as my body intends to go on living
And my brain reckons with death.

Wildness flowed over me like cold brook-water.
Don't be afraid, don't tremble, don't go away. . . .
Then, gone! Well, whatever happens tomorrow,
This was a good day.

—**Grace Hazard Conkling**

Are Sports HARMFUL to Women?

Drawings by Johan Bull

IF YOU ASK that great authority on all questions — the man in the street — what he thinks of athletics for women, the chances are he will answer: "Oh, it's fine enough for the girls *now*, but just let 'em wait a few years. When they begin having children, they'll wish they'd never put such strong muscles in their pretty bodies!" To test this notion about the harmful effects of sports upon women, THE FORUM conducted an investigation among the graduates of Smith College, and the facts collected are now presented by Dr. Roth in the accompanying article.

by LINDA GAGE ROTH, M.D.

I

DISCUSSION of women's participation in athletics no longer revolves around such terms as "unladylike" and "immodest." This particular phase of the problem (if the views of a dissenting minority can be said to create a problem) has waned with the advance of enlightened opinion and with the renunciation of "Victorian" prudery. But in its stead we have another and a more serious charge — a charge which vitally concerns the welfare of thousands of girls and young women, both in college and out, who are taking part in various kinds of physical exercise. To meet this challenge, there are certain questions we must attempt to answer if sports continue to attract women, and if we are to be satisfied that the girl athlete is a healthier specimen than her more sedentary sisters.

Is such activity beneficial or dangerous? Does it interfere with the physiological functions of women, so important in the perpetuation of the race, by misplacing vital organs, narrowing the pelvic outlet, or causing a muscle-bound condition? And — more important still — is there any way of determining the actual effects of athletics upon women?

Investigation of these questions is not entirely of modern origin. As far back as 1886 Dr. Charles Caldwell, a professor of medicine at Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky, wrote that "some of the violent gymnastic exploits practiced occasionally in seats of learning are better calculated to do harm than good." He recommended "moderate and graceful" gymnastics, such as small-sword play and dancing, in preference to foot races, sparring, and fencing. The women's sports which were called "violent" in Dr. Caldwell's day would now be universally regarded as tame and innocuous, and yet the alarmists have always been ready, then as well as now, to draw up a blanket indictment of athletics for women. Even to-day, in the absence of proven facts to the contrary, parents are generally disposed to play safe and caution their daughters against college sports.

Even a few of the women most favorably inclined toward athletics have had doubts on the question. Some with a show of authority, others merely with prejudice, have been too ready to condemn athletics in general, and not merely the more violent and nerve-racking sports. Whether they are right or wrong, the problem is a serious one, for in its solution consist not only the happiness of the modern woman, but also the health and welfare of her children.

II

In order to understand the opposition to the universal and vigorous participation of women in athletics, it may be helpful to outline briefly the history of the question. It is apparent even to the most casual observer that the modern girl possesses an attractiveness and charm which vitality, energy, and general good health have aided in creating. The milk-white complexion is no longer the ideal of feminine beauty; the healthy glow, often mixed with tan, has supplanted it in popularity — in fact, tan has become fashionable enough to dictate the cut of evening gowns. Bustles have departed, and with them, corsets. For a time the excessively boyish figure dominated — probably as a reaction against overemphasized curves. But at present the popularity of the flat-chested figure is on the wane and the modern girl has adopted as her ideal a less plump replica of that womanly symmetry which the Greeks immortalized in their sculpture.

As it happened, the center of Greek sculpture — Athens — paid no particular attention to the education of women, either physical or mental. In Sparta, however, where an effort was made to build up a sturdy race of citizens, a course in gymnastic exercises was prescribed for the girls of the nation. This training included dancing, swimming, running, jumping, throwing the discus and javelin, and even wrestling. After the fall of Sparta and the decline of Greek civilization, there were long centuries during which physical exercise had no recognized place in women's lives. Only with the development of German, Swedish, and Danish gymnastics, little more than a hundred years ago, did such activities begin to be considered truly educational and worthy of a place in the curricula of schools and colleges.

In the United States the importance of suitable bodily exercise for young women, as well as for young men, was emphasized as early as 1830 by Dr. John Collins Warren, who helped in starting the gymnasium at Harvard. At first the activities were limited to formal gymnastics, but the program gradually broadened to include games and sports, and in the better colleges these became part of the required work. This innovation was naturally followed by criticism, but the general opinion was one of hearty approval, and in a wave of popularity athletics for girls spread from coast to coast. And then, in certain quarters, the inevitable reaction set in.

Undoubtedly there were sound reasons for this reversal of feeling, for in the general enthusiasm, women's athletics were being conducted on the "trial and error" plan, with no precedents to guide them and without regard for the nature and character of the participants. Some of the features of highly competitive sports were particularly detrimental to girls. Excessively long periods, as in basketball, brought on strain and exhaustion. Rough bodily contact sometimes resulted in serious physical injury. Too intense emotional excitement in interscholastic competitions produced nervous instability and, occasionally, even hysteria. The exploitation of "stars" and victories, and the intensive schedules of competitive games, often coupled with poor traveling conditions, lack of sleep, and improper food, led to exhaustion and illness. There were no adequate physical examinations — often none at all; consequently, girls with defective hearts or other abnormalities were allowed to do themselves permanent injury. Moreover, most girls' athletics were coached by men, which meant not only excessively intense programs of training, but complete disregard of the functional differences of women.

So menacing was this situation that many far-sighted educators became apprehensive of the consequences, and when a movement toward reform was inaugurated, there was a ready response. The first step was taken by a woman of broad sympathies who possessed initiative and courage and was actively connected with girls' organizations. This woman was Mrs. Herbert Hoover. In April, 1923, she called a conference in Washington of men and women who were either leaders in education or were otherwise lending aid to a program of sane athletics for women. The conference resulted in the formation of the Women's Division of the National Amateur Athletic Federation.

This organization has already done much to correct the undesirable tendencies which I have enumerated, and, in coöperation with medical authorities, it is planning a broad investigation which, in time, should offer conclusive answers to the questions raised at the beginning of this article concerning the effects of athletic activity on women's health. As yet, however, no scientific data have been collected covering a sufficient number of cases to enable us to draw final conclusions one way or another.

III

A SHORT time ago, in an effort to aid intelligent discussion of this important topic, THE FORUM sent out a comprehensive questionnaire to all the graduates of Smith College in the classes from 1910 to 1922 inclusive. Smith College was chosen because this institution has been one of the leading women's colleges to sponsor athletic activities, and especially competitive sports, among its students. The results of any questionnaire must of course be interpreted cautiously, particularly when the inquiry is somewhat subjective in nature. The answers obtained in THE FORUM's investigation cannot be regarded, therefore, as settling the problem once and for all. Nevertheless, the results are informative and may be taken to indicate certain conclusions in broad outline. In order to make this survey as scientific and as complete as possible, no leading questions were asked and the recipients were requested to return their blanks unsigned. The questionnaires returned totaled 1,209, and from these a tabulation of results was prepared.

The first section of the blank was devoted to general questions on athletics. It was found that 76 per cent of these young women had been interested participants in sports before going to college. It is possible that many of the negative answers were from girls who had entered college from schools where athletics were not stressed or were not offered at all; for, in spite of the widespread acceptance of physical education for girls, it has been adopted less in secondary schools than in colleges.

Forty per cent reported that their participation in college athletics had been enthusiastic; 42 per cent, casual; 18 per cent, negative. The sports preferred by these girls while at college are indicated by the following tabulation of their choices: tennis, 509; basketball, 483; hockey, 366; swimming, 179; skating, 169; rowing, 159; cricket and hiking, 151 each. In addition to these more popular sports, there were scattered votes for basketball, gymnastics, riding, volley ball, golf, skiing, football, fencing, track, bicycling, tobogganing, handball, bowling, and soccer.

After graduation 62 per cent of these girls continued their athletic pursuits steadily, 1 per cent only occasionally, while 37 per cent discontinued them entirely. The sports which sustained the greatest interest the first two years after college were: tennis, 417; swimming, 308; golf, 243; hiking, 153; riding, 135; skating, 118; basketball, 114. The sports most frequently mentioned here are those of a more individual nature, which is what one would

ARE SPORTS HARMFUL TO WOMEN? — THE CASE RECORD

	Those Whose Participation in Athletics Was		
Health During Pregnancy	*Enthusiastic*	*Casual*	*Negative*
Excellent	46%	46%	31%
Good	38	33	39
Normal	5	7	8
Fair	7	6	7
Poor	3	4	11
Very bad	1	2	2
Bad at one time, good at another	–	2	2
Ease or Difficulty of Birth			
Easy	43%	45%	42%
Difficult	25	25	25
Normal	22	20	20
Difficult at one time, easy at another	10	10	13
Complications			
Yes	23%	19%	22%
No	76	81	78
Slight	1	–	–

have expected in view of the limitations imposed by private life.

In answer to the query: "Have you ever been forced to discontinue your athletics?" — 63 per cent replied in the affirmative and 37 per cent in the negative. Of those who had been forced to discontinue physical exercise, 41 per cent cited lack of time as their reason; 16 per cent cited illness; 15 per cent, pregnancy; and 9 per cent, lack of facilities. Physical injuries, heart conditions, and operations were each mentioned by 5 per cent, and lack of interest, expense, and strenuousness were listed by percentages of 2, 1, and 1 respectively. That athletic activity was missed when suspended was stated by 84 per cent, and in 65 per cent of these cases it was resumed as soon as possible. Others expressed a desire to resume it as soon as their health permitted.

Rather strangely, 34 per cent of these girls could find no present use for their college training in athletics. Of the other replies to this question, 16 per cent appreciated the value of exercise, 14 per cent thought it promoted better physical coördination, 12 per cent considered it the foundation of good health, and other scattered answers indicated its value in contributing to better posture, good sportsmanship, better breathing, coöperation with others, and the habit of keeping fit.

IV

THE SECOND SECTION of the questionnaire concerned athletics for married women. Of those answering this section, 96 per cent reported that they managed a house, while 4 per cent did not. Fifty-six per cent of these homes had eight rooms or less, and 78 per cent had ten rooms or less. That many did their own housework was indicated by the fact that 27 per cent had no servants. Of those who did, 45 per cent had only one — either on full or part time.

Eighty-one per cent of the 756 married women who answered, reported having children, the following table indicating the numbers:

1 child	208
2 children	222
3 "	120
4 "	56
5 "	5
6 "	3

Regarding health during pregnancy, 44 per cent reported that it was excellent; 37 per cent, good; 6 per cent, normal; 7 per cent, fair; 4 per cent, poor; and 1 per cent each, very bad, or bad at one time and good at another. Including the latter class, there were only 6 per cent whose health was definitely poor during pregnancy. Grouping the excellent, good, and normal together, these constituted 87 per cent of the total. Birth was easy for 43 per cent, normal for 21 per cent, difficult for 25 per cent, and difficult at one time and easy at another for 11 per cent. No statistics seem to be available concerning the proportion of difficult labors in the general population, so it is impossible to draw any conclusions from these figures. The same is true regarding complications. At any rate, 80 per cent of the Smith graduates answering this question reported no complications whatsoever.

That athletics have some bearing on childbirth was the opinion of 63 per cent, while 31 per cent believed not, and 6 per cent were not sure. The effects cited were as follows:

Makes for general good health	87
Makes muscles stronger and more pliable	74
Aids in pregnancy	73
Makes childbirth more difficult	49
Helpful if not overdone	47
Develops habit of keeping fit	12
Improves one's mental outlook	7

The third section of the questionnaire was devoted to athletics for women in employment. Of the 493 women who answered this, 41 per cent had teaching positions, 31 per cent business positions, 12 per cent, secretarial, the remaining 16 per cent being scattered. Thus the larger proportion were doing sedentary work. In answer to the question: "How much time have you lost from any of your occupations as a result of illness or fatigue?" — 31 per cent stated none; 54 per cent, very little; 11 per cent, a great deal; and 4 per cent, a moderate amount. It is significant that 96 per cent of this group could not trace their illness in any way to participation in athletics.

V

PERHAPS THE MOST interesting information obtained from this survey is to be obtained in a cross tabulation of the answers sent in by the 614 women who have children, taking into account the extent of their participation in college athletics. If physical exercise is a cause of difficulty in childbirth, this should certainly be revealed by comparing the health during pregnancy, the ease of birth, and the complications to be found among those whose interest in athletics was enthusiastic, casual, or negative. No such effect could be noted. Although, as I pointed out before, one must not jump to conclusions, it does seem that the women whose participation in athletics was enthusiastic, and who probably, therefore, took exercise most frequently, appear to have a slight advantage, at least in health during pregnancy, over those with whom it was casual or negative. While this advantage may not be large enough to be statistically significant, it is at least a convincing refutation of the argument that athletics are detrimental or disastrous to women. A percentage analysis of this cross tabulation is given in the box on the opposite page.

It can readily be seen from the figures concerning health during pregnancy that of those who took some part in college athletics, either enthusiastically or casually, 89 and 86 per cent respectively had normal, good, or excellent health during pregnancy. Of those whose participation was negative, 78 per cent fall in the same category. Within the limitations of a questionnaire of this nature, such a difference may have a very great significance. No similar difference prevails, however, either in the analysis of the ease or difficulty of birth or in the analysis of complications. Here there seems to be no ground for drawing a conclusion either in favor of women's participation in athletics or against it.

As has already been indicated, this analysis is made from the study of a group from only one college. But this does not mean that the general conclusions are therefore rendered

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valueless. It may be that the extreme developments at many institutions which cast suspicion on athletics for women have been somewhat avoided at Smith by careful supervision. If so, this does not invalidate the conclusions I have drawn from this survey; on the contrary, it rather emphasizes the plea for more rational regulation of athletics for women and a more conscious adaptation of their sports to their natural endowments. It is in this direction that the leaders of the new movement are heading.

If THE FORUM's survey has accomplished nothing more, it has at least made it impossible henceforth for anyone to contend that athletics have a pernicious effect either on women's general health or on childbirth. Instead of this, such conclusions as may be drawn indicate that the sports and games so popular with the modern girl have helped rather than hurt her.

A Great BEGINNING

Continued from page 276

idea had just struck him. He turned to Lunel. "It is a love story, perhaps?"

"A love story, yes, M. le Ministre, but that is not all: it is above everything a play of humanity!" Lunel declared, while he thought, "What am I in for now?"

"Give me an idea of the plot."

Lunel hesitated for a moment. He remembered the play only vaguely, having gone to sleep at the end of the first act when Cavaillon had read it. Besides, did it have a plot? — "I would rather leave this to M. Cavaillon himself," he answered. "I couldn't do justice to his subject."

But the Minister had his own reasons for being curious. "What is the woman's rôle? Is it a good one?"

"Magnificent!" Lunel answered at random, wondering what the other was driving at.

"Do you think it would suit Mlle. Isabelle Arnoux?" asked the Minister.

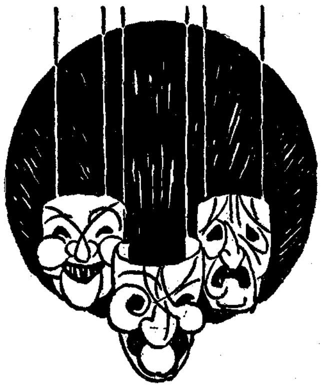
"The cat's out," thought Lunel, suddenly remembering that the Minister was supposed to be personally interested in the dramatic career of this young actress. "Certainly," he answered with enthusiasm — then, fearing to have committed himself too much: "However, M. Cavaillon would have to approve the choice."

"See what he thinks of it," said the Minister, "and come back to me as soon as you have his answer. In the meantime I will have had a chance to speak to the director of the Théâtre Français, and will let you know my decision."

"Holy Moses," thought Lunel as he left the office, "the Minister is a fast worker!" He was beginning to get cold feet, in spite of himself, at the speed with which events were moving.

He returned home where Cavaillon, Huc, and Annot were waiting for him — the poet was not even allowed to go out, and lived a cloistered life at his "secretary's" house — and related his interview with the Minister. At the name of Isabelle Arnoux, Cavaillon started.

"Isabelle Arnoux? Did you say Isabelle Arnoux?"



"Yes, of course," Lunel answered. "What's the matter with you?"

"What's the matter with me? Why, for two years I've been in love with her, have written her passionate letters, and have gone to see every show she's played in. I even named my heroine Isabelle after her! That's what's the matter with me!"

"This is going great," thought Lunel.

"To think," the poet went on excitedly, "that at last I shall meet her, talk to her, be able to tell her that I adore. . . ."

"Never mind about that — just keep your shirt on," Lunel exclaimed. "This is no time for jokes. There are some very important questions to decide!"

"What questions?" asked Cavaillon.

"You don't seem to realize that at the rate things are going your play will be in rehearsal within a month, if I don't do something about it."

"What do you mean — do something about it? You're not going to queer the game again, I hope. What could be better than the Théâtre Français?"

Lunel did not answer. He was thinking.

"First of all," he said at last, "reread the play. Then we'll see what can be done."

He opened a drawer, took out the manuscript of *Man and Woman*, and handed it to its author. After fussing and fuming a bit, Cavaillon began to read.

When he had finished, he lifted his head and looked at his audience. They were in a state of collapse.

"A disaster," murmured Lunel. "If we let that be given, it will be a record flop."

The other two nodded their heads sadly.

"I was afraid so," said Huc.

"We might try to liven it up," suggested Annot.

Lunel shrugged his shoulders.

"What's the use?" he sighed. "No, there is nothing to be done. It is boring beyond redemption."

Cavaillon tried to protest. Before condemning his play, why not ask the advice of someone competent to judge?

"Who?" asked Lunel.

"I don't know. Some good critic."

"That's a swell idea! Then all Paris will know that the anxiously awaited masterpiece is a grand lemon!"

"Thanks," said Cavaillon.

There was a moment of silence.

"We've got to do something, though," Lunel went on. "We've got to get out of this."

"Have you any ideas?" he asked, turning to Huc and Annot.

They shook their heads: they had nothing to suggest. At this moment the doorbell rang. Lunel went out to see who it was and came back at a run.

"Clear out, and be quick about it," he whispered.

"What is it? Who is there?" asked Cavaillon.

"Isabelle Arnoux," answered Lunel, pushing him out of the door. Then he went to meet the actress, who came in, gracious, smart, and sweetly fragrant.

"I know everything," she began with a smile, "and you can imagine how impatient I am to read my part."

"But nothing has been decided yet, Mademoiselle," said Lunel, who was worried by all this haste.

"Of course," she answered with a still lovelier smile, "but there is lots of hope for me, isn't there?"

"How did you find my address?" asked Lunel, ignoring her question.

"Your visiting card was on the Minister's desk. He had sent for me to tell me the great news."

"He didn't lose any time," thought Lunel.

"Tell me quickly, Monsieur," the young lady continued, "when may I see M. Cavaillon?"

"He is not in Paris, Mademoiselle."

"Where is he?"

"Oh, way off in the country."

"That doesn't matter, I'll take a train. A chance to act in a play like this doesn't come every day. It's worth a trip."

"It would be a useless trip," Lunel replied coldly. "M. Cavaillon does not receive visitors."

She opened her eyes wide with astonishment. "Not even his future star?"

"No one."

"Is he a hermit?" she asked politely.

"Exactly, Mademoiselle."

"How curious!" she went on. "I've received several letters from an unknown admirer signed by that name."

"Pure coincidence," Lunel hastened to say, "M. Cavaillon never writes letters."

There was a silence. Then she asked, blushing a little: "He is not . . . married, is he?"

Lunel hesitated for the space of a second. "Yes, Mademoiselle, he is married. . . ."

"Oh," she exclaimed simply.

". . . and he has several children."

Her expression did not change. "Well then, Monsieur," she said, "when will I have some news?"

"I have written. We must wait for his answer," replied Lunel.

"But I'm so impatient!"

He made a gesture of helplessness.

"Couldn't you telegraph him about my visit?" she begged, with a smile which would have softened anybody but Lunel.

"M. Cavaillon detests telegrams," he answered, unrelenting.

She saw that there was nothing to be done with this man, resigned herself with dignity, and sighed: "Very well, Monsieur, I shall wait."

She went out with a slight bow of the head, leaving a fragrant remembrance of herself behind. Lunel, entering the next room, met Cavaillon, purple of face and striving to free himself from the restraining arms of Annot and Huc.

"Damn you!" he cried on seeing Lunel, "I heard every word. I'll get even with you for this!"

"What is the matter with you?" asked Lunel.

"You told her I was married, had several children! That was a rotten thing to do. I'll never forgive you!"

"So that's the trouble," said Lunel calmly. "Well, I couldn't let her chase out into the country for you, could I?"

"I'll go to her to-morrow," Cavaillon raged. "I'll tell her the truth. I'll tell her I love her, that my life is hers!"

"She doesn't ask that much," replied Lunel. "For the moment all she wants is a rôle."

"I'll read the play," Cavaillon continued, "and I am sure she at least will appreciate it!"

Lunel forced him to silence. Then, needing calm and quiet in order to think the situation over, he advised the other two to take the poet out to dinner.

"But what about you?" Huc asked.

"I'm not hungry," Lunel answered.

He sank into deep meditation. Several solutions presented themselves. First he thought of buying a play from some needy author who could be bribed to silence. But besides the fact that the play would probably be no better than Cavaillon's, not one of the four of them had sufficient means to accomplish this delicate task. His next idea was to publish a general confession in the papers, relating the true course of events from start to finish. This announcement was sure to have a certain success, but the joker in Lunel rebelled at the thought of so pitiful an ending to such a gloriously started hoax.

There remained the third solution — the simplest without doubt, since it consisted merely in saying nothing, doing nothing, letting the play be given, and leaving Cavaillon to the ridicule that was sure to follow. The critics would take it out on him for disappointing them in the impatiently awaited masterpiece; for after all, it was his own fault for having written it. "It's a shame, though," thought Lunel. "What a great beginning, if he only had a little genius!"

He was already planning to be away from Paris on the opening night, when a sudden idea struck him. "Wait a bit," he thought, "perhaps there is still another way out. . . ." He rapped his head with his knuckles. "Why didn't I think of it before!"

❦

When the three friends returned, Lunel rushed at Cavaillon and seized him by the shoulders. "Saved!" he cried. "We are saved!"

The other looked at him uneasily. "What have you concocted now?"

"That is my business," Lunel answered. "You will know when the time comes. Now listen to me. You would like to see your play produced, wouldn't you?"

"Yes."

"At the Théâtre Français?"

"Yes."

"With Isabelle Arnoux in the lead?"

"Yes."

Lunel took his time. "All right, I consent," he said at last, "but on one condition. You must go away, leave Paris, lie low somewhere, and stay there until the day after the opening night. After that you will be at liberty to do what you want; you will be free."

"But why?" asked Cavaillon.

"No questions. Answer yes or no."

"But who will look after the rehearsals?"

"I will."

"But that's not the same thing," the writer protested.

"Take it or leave it. If you refuse, I'll send a confession to the papers telling everything."

"You haven't the right!" cried Cavaillon.

"To tell the truth?" asked the other.

"It would be a dirty trick!"

"If you accept," Lunel continued, "I guarantee you — first, the success of *Man and Woman*, and second, the tender gratitude of Mlle. Isabelle Arnoux."

"You swear to it?" asked Cavaillon, who still believed in oaths.

"If you want me to."

It was arranged that Cavaillon should leave for the south of France with Huc, whose official duty was to keep him company, but whose real job was to watch him carefully and see that he kept the pact. The poet tried in vain to drag Lunel's secret from him.

"Trust me," was all he would say, and slapped the other on the back. "When you return to Paris you will be famous."

Two days later Lunel was shown into the Minister's office.

"Well?" questioned the latter.

"M. Cavaillon accepts," replied the "secretary."

"Excellent! I have seen the director. Everything is settled. You will arrange with him for a reading before the committee."

This worried Lunel. Suppose the committee refused the play! "Is the reading absolutely necessary?" he asked.

"Absolutely."

Lunel looked discouraged.

"Knowing M. Cavaillon as I do," he said, "I am sure he will never agree to this."

"Tell him from me that it is only a formality," the Minister answered. "The play has already been accepted. When will he arrive in Paris?"

Lunel shrugged his shoulders in ignorance. "He has set no date. He is not very well at present."

The next day, the newspapers had among the last minute notices the announcement that *Man and Woman* would be given at the Théâtre Français with Mlle. Isabelle Arnoux in the leading rôle. Lunel had not needed to insert this item himself. Cavaillon's play had become the news of the hour, the talk of Paris. The mystery which surrounded the author, his retired life, the rumors which were already spreading in regard to him — all this served to excite the public's curiosity. The first night of *Man and Woman* had become the most awaited event in the theatrical season.

At the reading of the play, where Lunel did his best to represent the author who was kept in the country by the uncertain state of his health, a certain disappointment was evident among the members of the committee, who had expected something better. But the traditional courtesy of the house and the respect for all ministerial decrees saved the face of things, at least. And Lunel, who had been worried, was able to breathe again: the worst was over. As far as Mlle. Isabelle was concerned, she was delighted: she had never had such a long part to play before.

When the rehearsals started, the director was surprised not to see Cavaillon appear.

"His health is still poor," Lunel explained, "but I have all his instructions."

"He is not seriously ill, I trust?" the manager asked.

"We must hope for the best," Lunel answered reservedly. "Unfortunately," he added, looking worried, "he is not a very strong man."

After a dozen rehearsals or so, the rumor spread through Paris that perhaps *Man and Woman* was not the masterpiece it was supposed to be. Significant sneers were to be seen on the faces of distinguished critics and authors. Lunel decided that the time was ripe to send a notice to the papers to the effect that the poet was seriously ill and would not be able to attend his own opening performance. The doctors withheld their diagnosis, but they would issue a daily bulletin of his condition.

People stopped talking of the play for the time being and began to pity the author. Eight days before the dress rehearsal, the daily bulletin announced that the patient's fever had risen suddenly. The doctors were still very reserved. The day before the great event a new bulletin appeared: the sick man was worse. His strength was slowly failing.

"Don't you think it would be better to postpone the opening of the play?" the director asked Lunel.

"I am sure that M. Cavaillon would be the first to oppose it," the latter replied seriously.

That evening on returning home, he found a telegram from Cavaillon: "What does this trumped-up illness mean?"

"Patience. Two more days," was Lunel's brief answer.

VI

The opening night finally arrived. The play was in five acts, in the manner of the classical tragedies. The first act was received with reserve; the second coldly; the audience was frankly hostile at the third. During the fourth act things went badly and a few hisses were heard. In the intermission the lobby was clamorous. Some laughed sarcastically; others protested, indignant. No one could understand how such an absurdity ever came to be given in the first theatre of the nation. One critic vehemently proposed a public protest. Suddenly the crowd began to collect toward the entrance of a door that led backstage. A member of the company was making an announcement:

"It seems the author is dead. His secretary has just received a telegram."

Silence fell. "Respect for the dead," was in everyone's thoughts. The people went back to their seats. The fifth act was listened to in silence; and when, at the end of the play, Mlle. Isabelle Arnoux came out and, with tears in her eyes, spoke a brief tribute to the author, a roar of applause burst forth. There were several curtain calls.

When it was all over, Lunel went to the actress. "Allow me to thank you in his name," he said with emotion, and he embraced her.

The news of the poet's death disarmed the critics, who were magnanimous in their verdict. They rapidly skipped over the play and dwelt on the tragic end of the author, who had died so prematurely at the hour in which his work was being presented to the public. Some were even kind enough to have seen in him a certain dramatic ability, as yet only a promise to be fulfilled, it is true, but ability which would certainly have developed with time and experience.

In short, the press notices were not bad on the whole, and the box office receipts for the first performance were highly satisfactory.

The following morning, Lunel, worn out by the emotions of the previous evening, was still asleep when a threatening figure rose up before him — it was Cavaillon, fists clenched, eyes wild.

"Get up," he shouted, "we're going to settle this now!"

"Have you read the papers?" asked Lunel.

"Yes, I've read them!" the other roared.

"And you're not satisfied?"

"Damn you! What's to become of me now? You've ruined my career!"

"Don't exaggerate," advised Lunel.

"But you won't get away with it so easily! I'll sue you. I'll tell the whole story!"

"You'll make a fool of yourself," said Lunel placidly.

"You dirty scoundrel!"

"Be polite at least," remarked Lunel. "What did I promise you? That you would be famous? Well — are you or aren't you?"

Cavaillon threw him a look of hate.

"And I loved Isabelle Arnoux!" he groaned presently.

"That's all right," soothed Lunel, "she is waiting for you."

"What?"

"I told her that the oldest son of the author would surely wish to thank her."

"The oldest son?"

"Yes — it is the most natural thing in the world."

Cavaillon was so overcome at the thought of being his own oldest son that he could think of nothing to say.

"Nor is there anything," Lunel went on, "to stop this oldest son from following in his father's footsteps and being a playwright also. You see how it all works out."

The other stared at him uneasily. "Swear that she is waiting for me!" he said at last.

"All right, I swear."

"I'm going," Cavaillon declared, standing up. "But if you've lied, you'd better look out!"

"Wait a minute." Lunel called him back.

"What is it?"

"Here," said Lunel, opening a bureau drawer and taking something out. "At least change your tie."

And he handed him a black tie.

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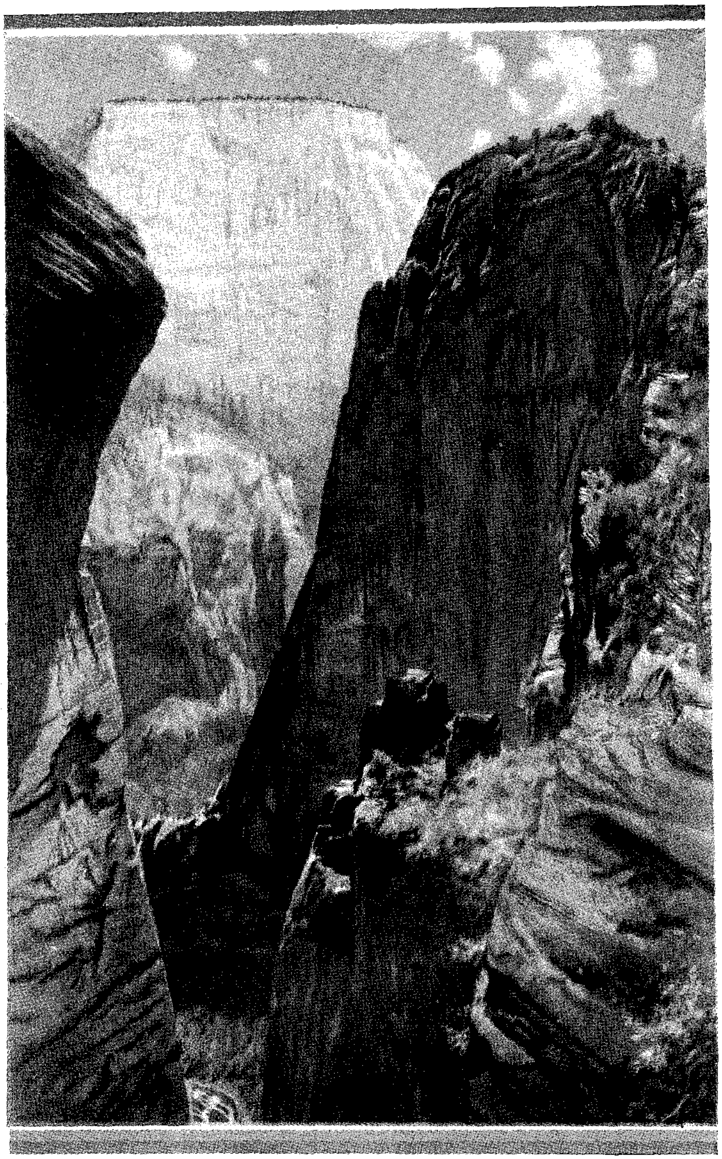

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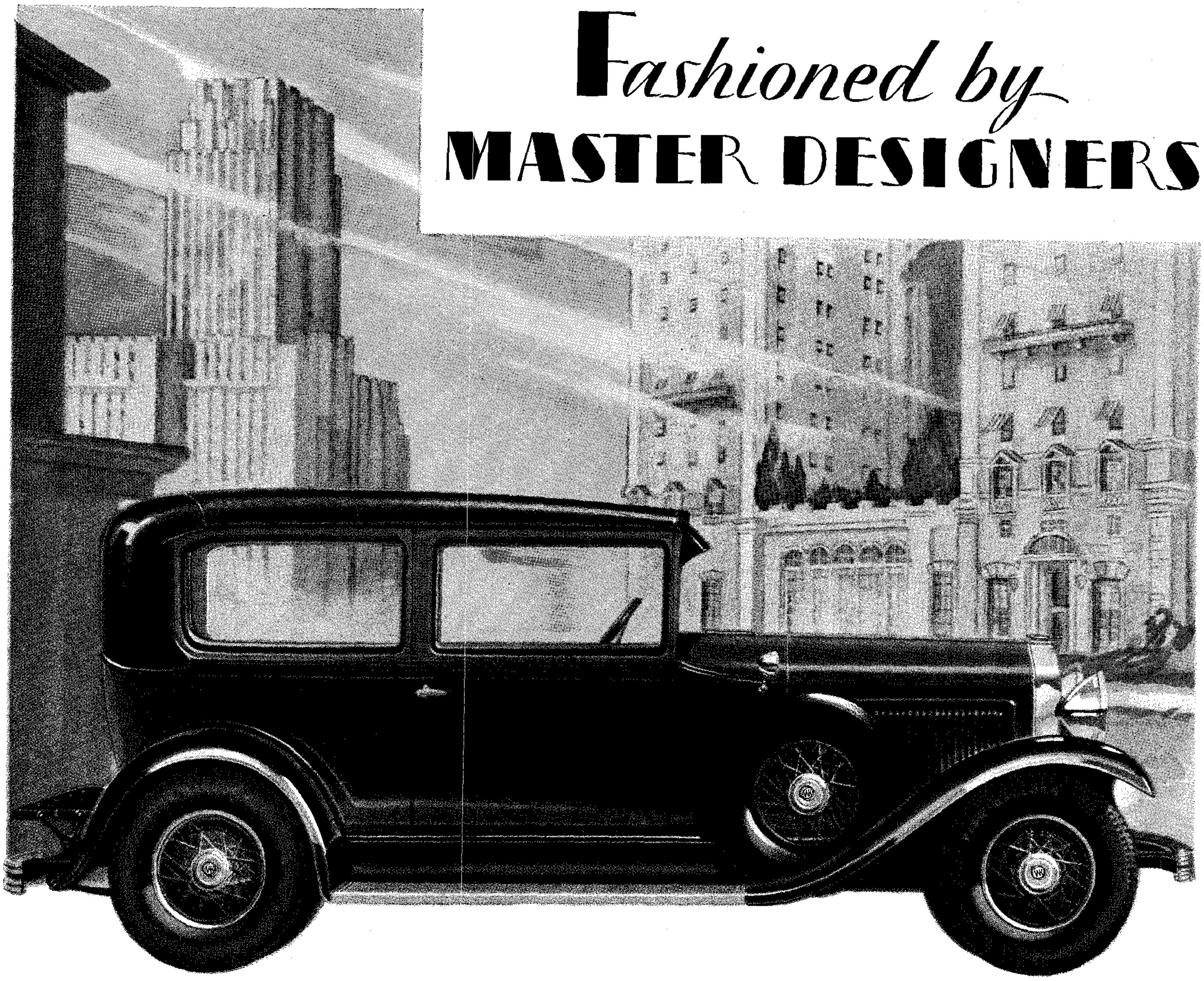

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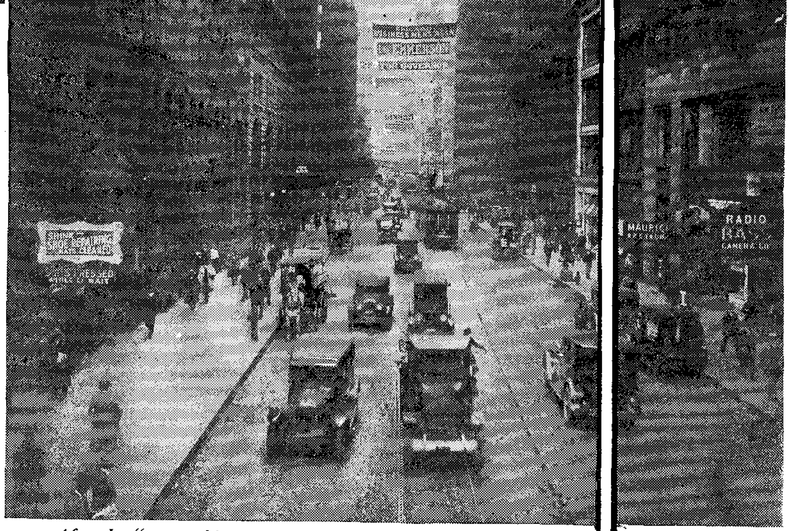

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Just for the moment, think of the most valuable tree on your place. Suppose it is starving. Wouldn't you, in self interest, insist upon scientifically trained experts who know what to feed it, and how, and when—without guessing or experimenting?

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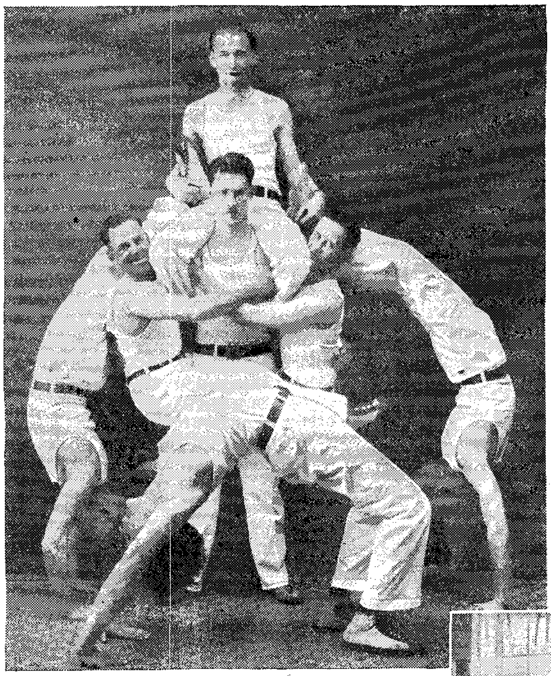
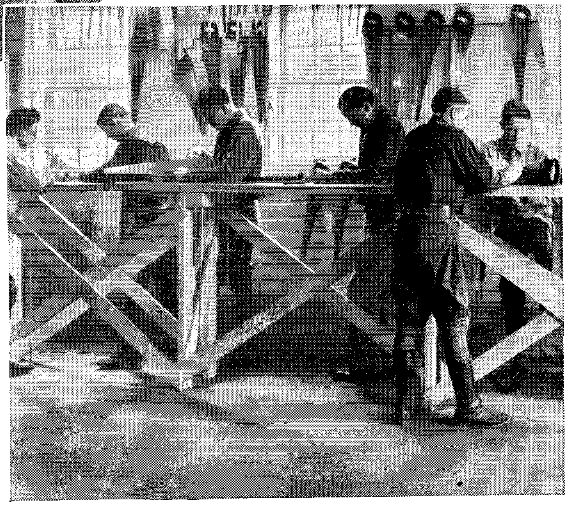
If *anything* is wrong with that tree—and dozens of things might be wrong, because it is a living, breathing organism—wouldn't you demand reliable experts who are trained to diagnose tree troubles? Certainly proper treatment cannot be given without correct diagnosis.

You can trust Davey Tree Surgeons with a feeling of confidence and satisfaction. They are carefully selected and reliable men. They are thoroughly trained and have real demonstrated skill. They are educated scientifically in the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery, the only school of its kind in the world. They know how to diagnose the ailments of trees. Their knowledge and skill are based upon a half century of Davey experience. They are backed by a responsible business organization.

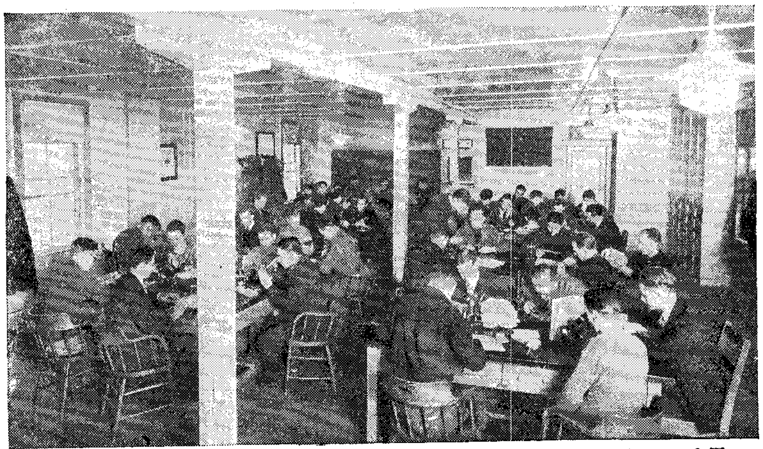
Practical training first. The experts shown above train all new men in the practical field work. Every new man must go through a thorough course of training and be proved out—no untrained men are ever used. These selected instructors are men of character, intelligence, and professional attitude



Tumbling Team—Davey Institute of Tree Surgery, 1928-29. Davey Tree Surgeons are athletic types. They are carefully selected with the idea of physical fitness. The nature of the work and their training make them more so. In addition to intelligence and character, they have physical energy; that is why they are diligent workers



Practical Training. This is a class learning the important art of saw filing at the Davey Institute. Every man is taught how to keep his tools sharp and in proper condition. Sharp tools mean good and rapid work. Practical training plus science means efficient service



Scientific Training. A laboratory class at the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery—using high-powered microscopes and dissecting lenses to learn the sciences relating to their work. They must know the scientific reasons for all the things that they have been trained to do skilfully

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In 1928, Davey Tree Surgeons served 21,608 clients from Boston to beyond Kansas City and from Canada to the Gulf. 76 per cent of these clients paid less than $100.00 each. The following table tells the story.

17,022 clients paid less than $100.00 each
2,223 paid from $100.00 to $200.00 each
1,642 paid from $200.00 to $500.00 each
721 clients paid more than $500.00 each

You can afford to employ the expert, reliable service of Davey Tree Surgeons for your trees. They will do as much work as you want—and no more. They will do their work right—they will save any tree that can be saved—they will give you professional and conscientious service. There is no charge except for working time, plus the necessary materials and expressage.

Davey service is local

Davey Tree Surgeons live and work in your vicinity. They are almost as conveniently located as your dentist or doctor or surgeon. They are not sent from Ohio for your individual work—they are trained in Ohio, but they live in your vicinity and work regularly for other nearby people.

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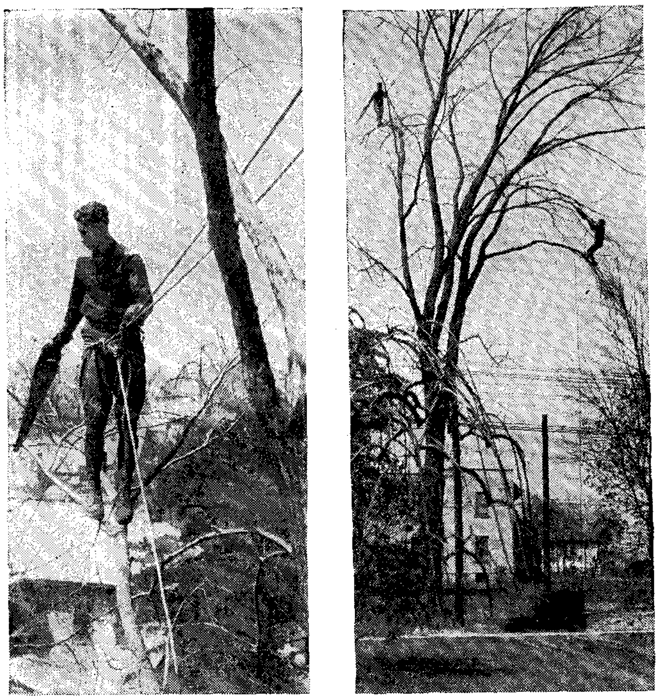

Everyone who sees Davey Tree Surgeons at work in the trees says, "They climb like squirrels." They certainly are remarkable climbers—they are trained to it. They get around in the trees with surprising agility and speed. But they use ropes—never injurious climbing spurs—to facilitate climbing, to prevent accidents, and to protect trees, wires and other property. They have diligence, speed, accuracy and a trained knowledge of their work

The Student Body of the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery, 1928-29, numbers 446 splendid young men in the Freshman, Junior and Senior classes, all selected from the proven men who have already been thoroughly trained in a practical way. The purpose of this resident school is to provide scientific knowledge and accuracy to supplement the practical skill that is given in the field training. This gives balanced education—Davey Tree Surgeons know both how and why. The Davey Institute of Tree Surgery has been in continuous operation for twenty years, the only school teaching the science of Tree Surgery. The Faculty of the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery includes 37 scientists and master Tree Surgeons.

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1846-1923
Father of Tree Surgery
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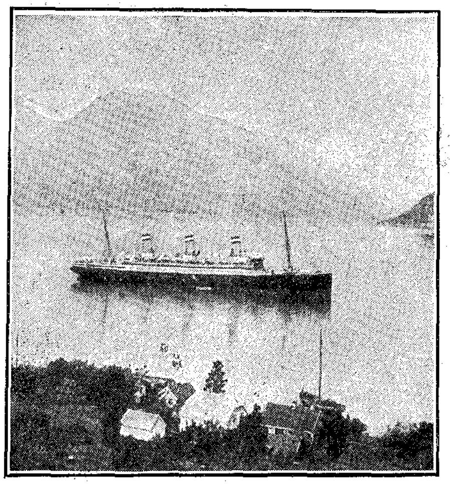

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TRAVEL

The Lötschen Valley

by MARIE WIDMER

WE WERE in quest of the quaint and curious, and an understanding Swiss friend had volunteered to guide us. He knew of a miniature world quite apart from the distractions of this bustling planet, and we had accepted joyfully the invitation to explore it with him. It was a radiant summer morning when we left the smiling shores of lake Thun for the promised land — the Lötschen Valley. A railroad journey of one short hour, a kaleidoscopic trip with entrancing visions of a prosperous châlet land, of ruined strongholds reminiscent of knighthood days, of blue-eyed, pine-fringed alpine lakes and joyous mountain streams. After eighteen minutes of thrills and eager suspense in the clean, cool tunnel which we had entered at Kandersteg, we found ourselves at Goppenstein, a tiny village with an ancient chapel in which Mass is said occasionally by the priest of the parish church of Kippel.

The Felsenburg Ruin

A bridle path used to be the only means of access from Goppenstein to the inhabited region of the valley, but this has now been supplanted by a narrow, but well-constructed carriage road, a boon to tourists who are old-fashioned enough to enjoy a hike or a drive in a carriage. Beautifully marked black and white goats of a breed typical of this region grazed on the perilously steep mountainside, while two juvenile keepers, with the graceful and amazing swiftness of gazelles, climbed after them. Presently a tuneful yodel rose from their young throats — we took it as a welcome to this alpine vale.

Our friend told us that in years gone by when traffic promoters endeavored to explain to the Lötschen people the commercial and social advantages of the Lötschberg railway, and a better road up the valley, the old people pointed out that no native had ever suffered from want in the Lötschental and that the sound of too much coin would silence song and yodel. However, the railroad came. Ten years later the carriage road, facilitating visits to the inhabited parts, was completed, and the peasants who at one time opposed all improvements now cheerfully admit that these innovations have in no way disturbed the privacy of their villages.

A short distance above Goppenstein our friend drew our attention to a solitary, peculiarly formed rock rising at the roadside. "Outsiders refer to it as Längstein," he explained, "but among the natives it is called "*Waldi's Anken Chubji*" (Waldi's Butter Barrel), and this is the story accounting for its presence:

"Once upon a time there lived in this district a passionate hunter named Meyer Waldi. He shot all the game in the neighborhood, until the Spirit of the mountains appeared to him and said: 'Why do you shoot all my animals? Keep away from here and in return I will grant you any wish!' So Meyer Waldi promised to give up hunting, and upon his return home he found what he had desired — a pretty house, beautiful meadows, a herd of cows, and a butter barrel as big as a church tower. He then lived contentedly for many years and the forests and mountains again became enlivened with animals of every description. At the sight of so much available game, Meyer Waldi was overcome by his former passion. He set out on a hunting trip and very soon shot an animal. Immediately there was a terrific clap of thunder in the nearby mountains and a voice, which he remembered only too well, called to him: 'You have broken your promise, and for punishment I am going to turn your farm into stones.' Thus spoke the angry Spirit of the mountains, and immediately Waldi's pastures became a stretch of waste ground and

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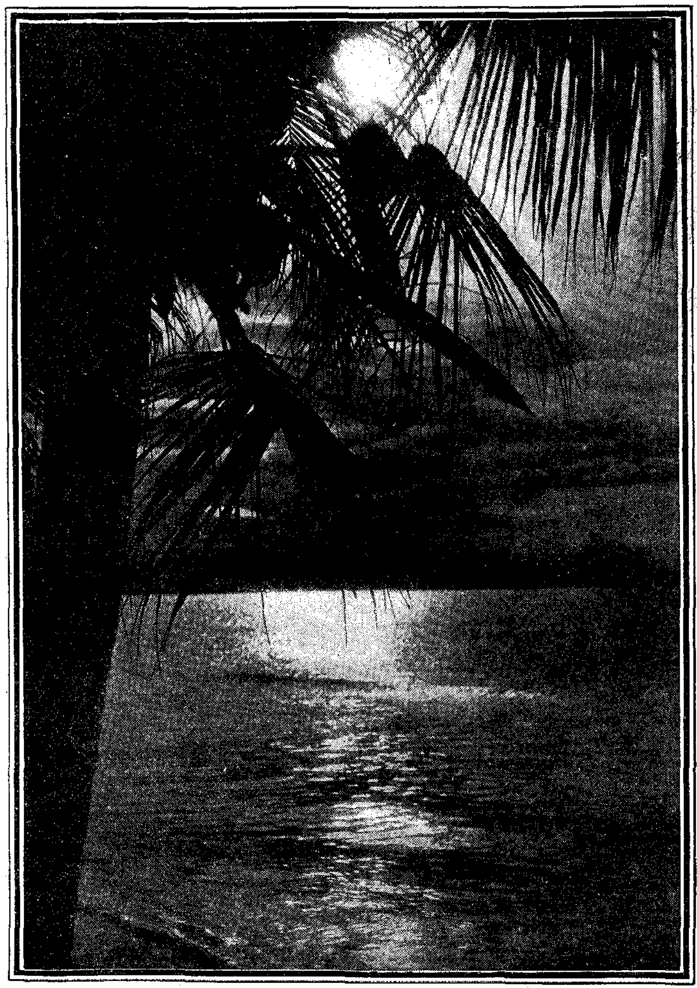

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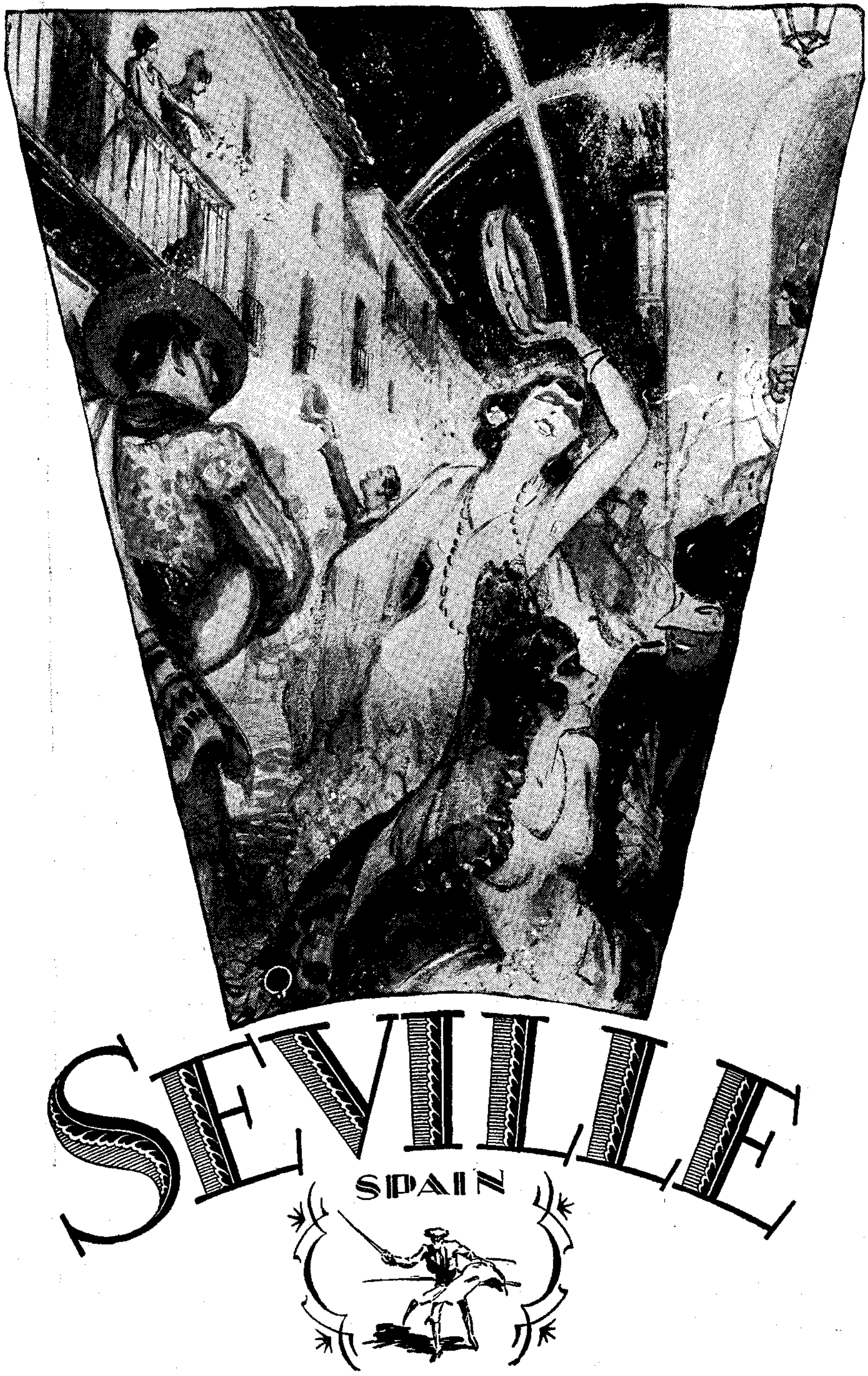

Travel

the opulent butter barrel was changed into a mass of solid rock."

The gently ascending road took us in about forty-five minutes to Ferden, the first of the several communities which populate the Lötschental. Ferden is a cluster of nutbrown peasant homes, stables, and barns, all huddled closely together, so as to be out of the path of the destructive avalanches which are a frequent occurrence in these parts in the early spring.

THE LÖTSCHEN VALLEY is a miniature world by itself, so different are the mode of living, the attire, and the habitations of the people from what one generally sees elsewhere in Switzerland. The average Lötschen home is far from possessing the richness of decoration and the harmonious proportions of the châlets one finds, for instance, in the Bernese Oberland. Its distinguishing characteristic, as elsewhere in the Valais, lies in its forming part of a village cluster. Unlike the enormous Emmental farm, whose roof shelters living quarters, stables, and hay-lofts all in one, the Valaisan farm, to avoid the danger of fire, has its barn and hayloft apart on one side, and at a little distance on the other is the granary.

One of our biggest surprises was the antiquated fashions displayed everywhere. Styles in vogue some two hundred years ago are proudly worn by young and old alike. Full black skirts reaching down to the ankles, dark bodices, quaintly shaped bonnets, and bright aprons form the attire of tiny little girls and grown-up women alike, while homespun suits with long trousers are generally worn by boys and men. The Lötschen people live practically from their own products. They weave their clothes from the wool provided by their flocks and make their curiously shaped hats out of ordinary straw.

Farming in this valley is done by the most primitive methods. Haymaking takes place in the lower parts at the beginning of July. The hay frequently has to be carried over long distances to the barns, the haymakers dumping their fragrant bundles through temporary openings in the roofing. Presently follows the frequently perilous hay harvest in the higher mountain regions, and when this is completed a second haymaking takes place in the lower sections at the end of August.

Rye is grown extensively by all the peasants, and potatoes are another general product. Since even the ancient plow and humble cart are not used in the Lötschental, modern farming implements would not find much demand there. The sloping fields are simply hoed over and the people transport everything on their backs in crates.

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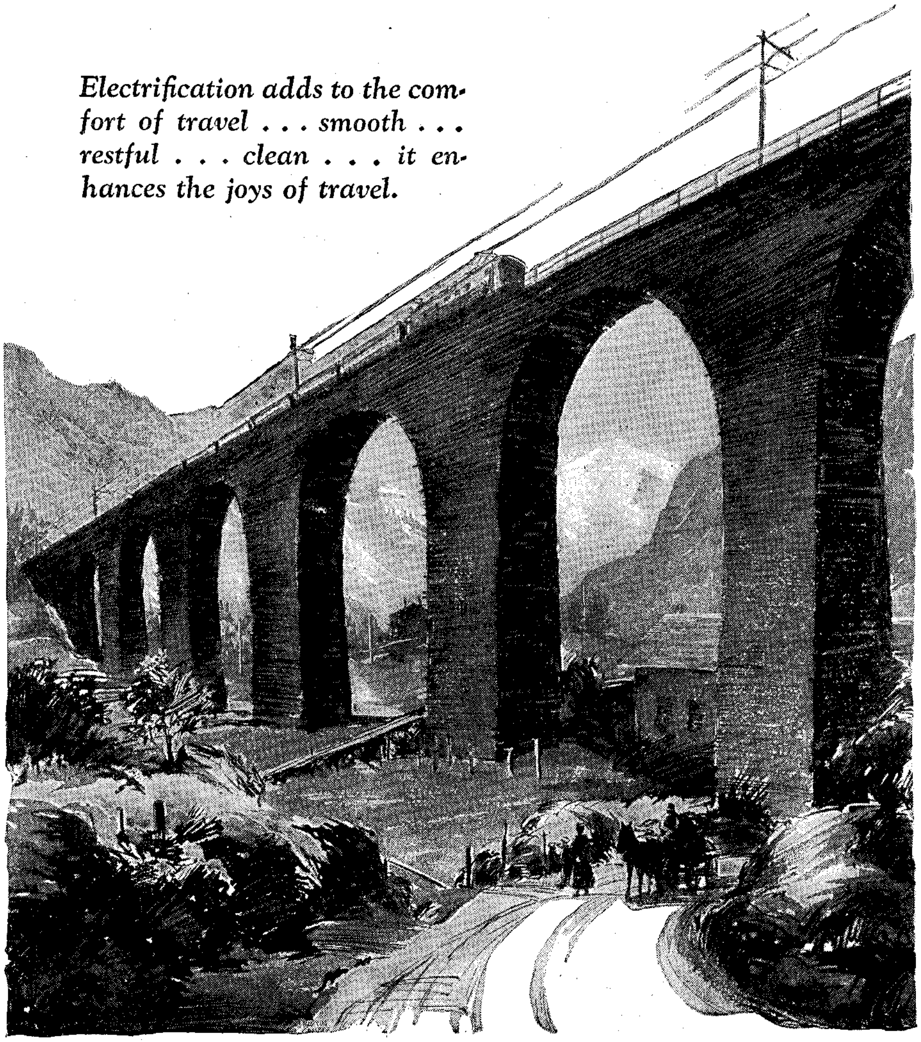

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Travel

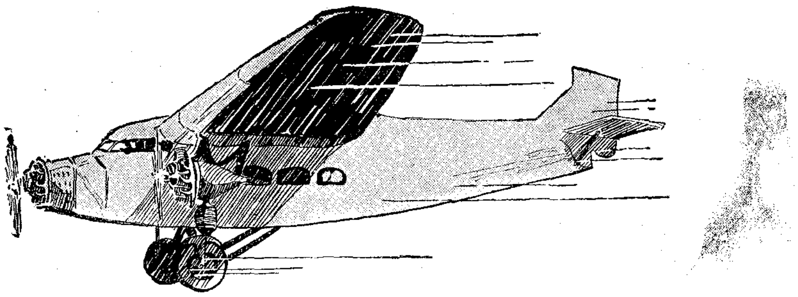
Each village has its own primitive flour mill. One of the farmers undertakes the operation of it, and as compensation he receives one-twentieth of the grain, of which quantity he has in turn to give half to the community. The bran is not separated from the rye flour, which accounts for the dark color of the Valaisan rye bread; white flour is, however, milled from barley and wheat. Other municipal institutions are the sawmill and the baking oven. Bread is baked in turns about once a month, when it is the custom of householders to carry their dough in wooden forms to the public bakery.

It took us fifteen minutes from Ferden to reach Kippel, the chief village of the valley, whose large and unusually handsome church speaks eloquently for the marked religious tendencies of the people. A twist and a turn of the narrow village street and we found ourselves in front of the so-called Murmann house, a remarkable dwelling dating back to 1776. Its entire façade is adorned with carvings and inscriptions. A kind little lady, Maria Rieder, is the proprietor of this much admired home and with a ready smile she conducted us up a stone staircase to the first floor, which contains one large living room, a small side chamber, and a kitchen built partly of stone. In the dwelling room, whose ceiling is elaborately decorated, there stands a bed bearing in Gothic letters the inscription: "I lay me down to rest — perhaps to die." Plain, scrupulously scrubbed benches are permanent fixtures along the walls. A table, two or three chairs, and a spinning wheel, and a fine old tile stove, complete the furnishings.

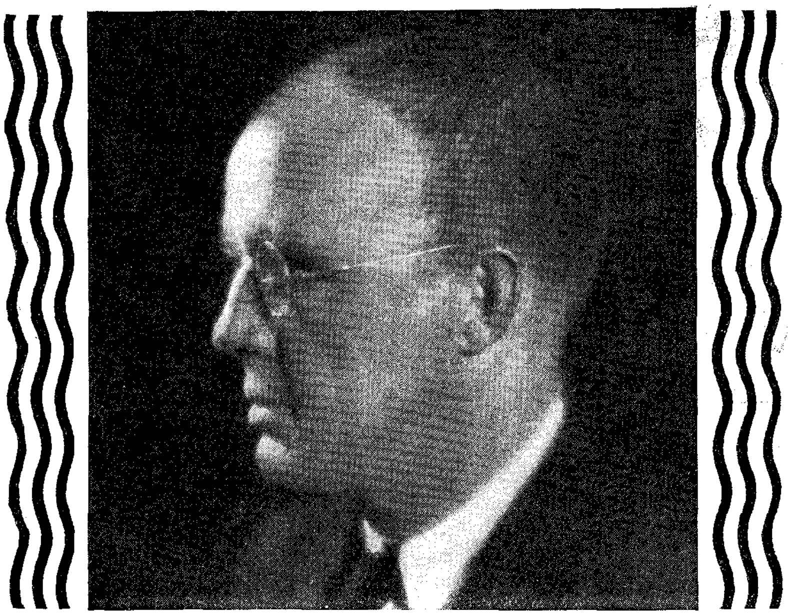
Their natural seclusion and constant struggle with Nature is probably responsible in a large degree for the devout religious tendencies of the inhabitants. The principal festive days in the Lötschental are religious ones, and among these the day of Corpus Christi and the Sunday following are observed with particular pomp. All the men of military age take part in the Corpus Christi procession.

The Lötschen people are the very embodiment of physical health and the men from this district are known as exceptionally good soldiers. Fifteen natives from the Lötschen Valley are found in the famous Swiss Papal Guard in Rome.

While the natives may be somewhat reticent towards strangers at first, they quickly show a friendly spirit and a cordial hospitality to visitors. It is to be hoped that modern elements will never mar the quaint charm and endearing simplicity of this alpine valley and its inhabitants.



COL. PAUL HENDERSON



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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

Doctors Disagree

To the Editor:

In the March issue of THE FORUM appears an article — "Why Educate Women?" — that I feel calls for a protest by someone. After a number of superficial paragraphs that reiterate what everyone knows, Dr. Wolfe becomes dogmatic and makes a number of sweeping and inaccurate statements. As a physician, I dislike to see a supposedly scientific man distort the truth in print.

Twenty years' experience as a psychiatrist has led me to be humble and to chafe under the "all or nothing" tendencies of the average magazine writer. No scientific person surveying a cross-section of college women would say, as he does, that his maladjusted cases "spell out a terrific indictment of women's colleges." Most maladjustments, *in college women as well as other women*, have their beginnings in childhood. And the ferments of adolescence that fix the patterns wrongly laid down are present in women out of college as well as in college. Why put the entire burden of blame, therefore, upon the college?

EDWARD E. MAYER

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Buy Till it Hurts!

To the Editor:

If you are going to have a debate, why not insist that each party rip into his subject whole-heartedly, and eliminate this tendency to piddling circumlocution? Never has it been worse than in the debate on the subject, "Are We Victims of Propaganda?"

What could have been an interesting and instructive debate revealing the facts as to how much we are influenced by the inexhaustible supply of publicity bunk, degenerates into a very generalized discussion of the motives of propaganda. The question debated was: "Is propaganda moral or immoral, honest or dishonest, ethical or unethical?" Who gives a damn about that? What we want to know is, are we being exploited by propaganda? Does it cost us money? Do the fools around us get their idiotic ideas because of some much-touted bologney?

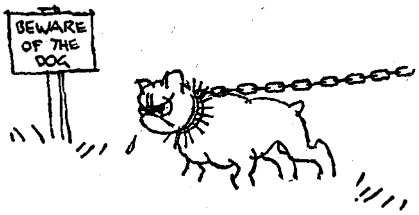
I am an advertising man employed by one of the large organizations whose advertising is general enough in scope to be rated "propaganda." The concern has been built into its present gigantic form by its clever exploitation of guaranteed satisfaction to every customer. And this promise is kept. But, by means of every sales argument possible, we try to sell every man as much of our merchandise as he can pay for. Almost anything not actually fraudulent or dangerous, such as pistols, will be stocked as long as people can be persuaded to buy. We don't care whether a man can afford a radio or not, whether it will be beneficial to him or not. If he can pay for it, we will sell him one.

As long as propaganda is confined to sales, and the sales to reasonable articles, I can see no particular harm in it. But when a scientific study of man's natural dumbness is made in order to play on his pride in "keeping up with the Jones's," and sell him unnecessary articles at outrageous prices, I think it costs America plenty. And when propaganda, backed by sneaking hypocrisy, is powerful enough to coerce our legislative assemblies and executive officers into abrogation of the fundamentals of democratic government, I believe that a means of stopping it should be devised.

Can we establish something similar to the Federal restrictions on advertising, which will pass on the merits of all national campaigns? Or would that be as much of a fizzle as the investigation of the Utilities' attempts to influence students?

TED LEITZELL

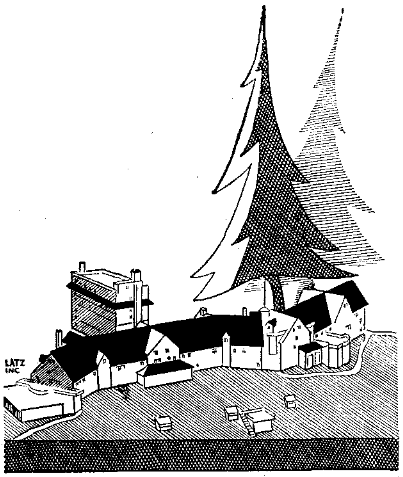
Chicago



That Profane Hound

To the Editor:

The "urge" is so great, and so persistent, that I cannot refrain from giving expression to my abhorence of "Hound of Heaven," which in my judgment soiled the pages of the latest issue of THE



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Our Rostrum

FORUM. I cannot understand how a publication which has had the reputation of maintaining a high standard of literary tone and discretion, could have given place to such a nauseous production. Really, do you call it "literature"? And if so, what is the class to which it belongs? What is the objective toward which it aims?

You call THE FORUM a "controversial magazine," but "Hound of Heaven" will arouse no controversy — it merely excites disgust. It is highly *imaginative*, but such an imagination! Is the author making sport, in language both lewd and profane, of sacred things? And does THE FORUM stand for that species of literature? A profane *dog*, and a scandalous *cat*, and a *nasty alley*, and angels that can't furnish even a "dog biscuit," and other equally chaste (?) sketches of "heaven" — how could you let such a blob find place in your columns?

Who is Sarah Addington? I would surely like to meet her and read to her the Book of Revelation, especially the last two chapters. What species of "female mentality" does she represent? Is she related to Clarence Darrow? I can easily picture them as close sympathizers.

I had intended to renew my subscription, but this "hound episode" is more than I can stand. I handed the article to my son-in-law — a young business man, not "thin-skinned" — and asked him to read it. At first he laughed; then his face grew sober, and when he had finished this was his comment: "Pretty nearly sacrilegious."

That is my judgment, and there are plenty of others who feel the same way. Don't drift in that direction. Yours for literature with an UPLIFT to it.

ARTHUR WILLIS SPOONER
Malvern, Pa.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The Reverend Dr. Spooner is not only a critic but an author. His novel "Pauline: A War Romance" is described by the publishers as "beautiful, touching, wholesome, clean, uplifting: a love story that holds you spellbound, but which you need not fear to place in the hands of a boy or girl." A copy is being rushed to Sarah Addington.*)

Nice Doggie

To the Editor:

You gave FORUM readers a rare treat in Sarah Addington's story, "Hound of Heaven." To my mind it is one of the best things done by an American author in many years. I have been beating drums about it and chanting its praises to everyone I know, ever since the March number came out.

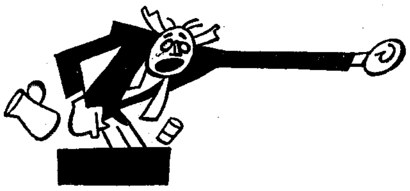
MAY STANLEY
Forest Hills, L. I.

To the Editor:

Congratulations on having chosen "Hound of Heaven" as a rare treat for the March Forum. The author's husband wasn't the only reader moved "to a manly tear." Let's have *more* of Sarah Addington's stories!

Paul H. Storm

Minneapolis, Minn.



False Alarm

To the Editor:

I have just read "Dry Rot in Holy Places," by Frederick K. Stamm, in the March Forum. Without knowing who Frederick K. Stamm might be, or his importance in his own sphere, I should like to be allowed to voice my disgust of those who treat us to daily, weekly, and monthly dissertations upon a condition that does not exist.

The lack of the things with which Protestantism is charged is the foundation of Protestantism. Since Protestantism does not recognize the necessity of a mediator between oneself and one's God, it follows that one may worship one's God apart from one's fellow men. "Going to church" does not in any way imply that one is a follower of Christ, only that one is observing convention. If the lack of "goers to church" is to be contrasted with the churchgoers among Catholics, it would be well to start out with the acknowledged fact that the Catholic Church teaches that it is *mortal sin* not to go to Church on Sunday and that it carries a penalty for committing sin.

K. B. Carter

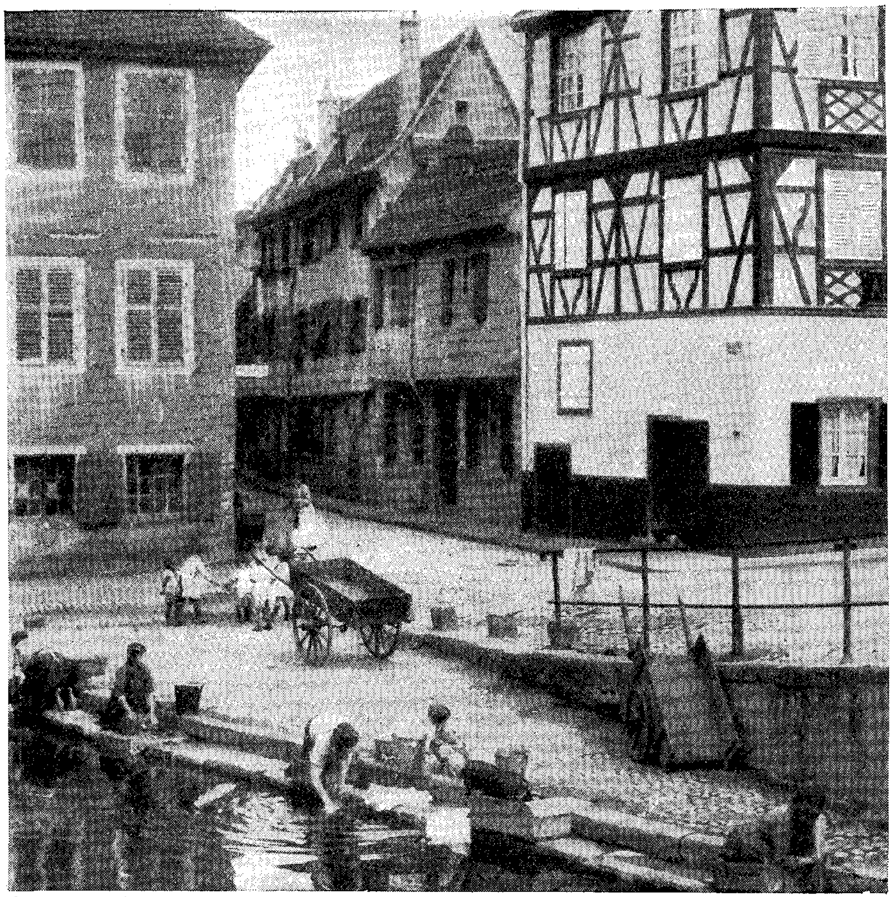
Washington, D. C.

What May We Like?

To the Editor:

A lady, after reading the work of a certain "nature" writer, was heard to remark, "Yes, but *I* like nature, too!" After reading Ralph Pearson's "Seeing Pictures" in the March Forum, I feel like saying, "Yes, but *I* like design, too!" And if Rockwell Kent's woodcut is devoid of that property, then the fourteen years I have spent in the study and practice of design have been completely thrown away.

Personally, I am extremely intrigued by modern art, but this idea of some modernists that they discovered design, and that anything that does not conform to their particular style is "academic" or "imitative" or "mere illustration," strikes me as being about



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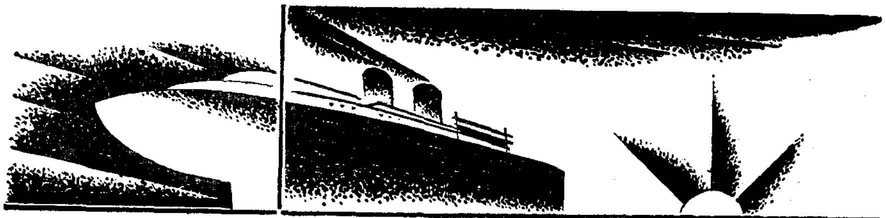

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Our Rostrum

as narrow as the point of view of the smuggest conservative.

Each school has its particular gods among the old masters. I await breathlessly Mr. Pearson's next article, in order to learn which of the painters of old I may admire without being a lover of the purely intellectual, and which may be looked down upon as "mere illustrators."

Elinor M. Goodridge
Cambridge, Mass.

The Blessing —

Mr. Jack Woodford:

I have just finished reading "Radio — A Blessing or a Curse?" and as I have a son who is about seven years your senior, I feel I am privileged to say — Bless you my boy! God bless you! Whatever General Harbord may have to say in defense of radio, he cannot possibly do away with the facts as set down by you in your excellent and very readable article.

I regret to feel obliged to call your attention to the fact that Stevenson — not Emerson — wrote "An Apology for Idlers." By the time this reaches you, you will probably have been told of this fifty times. Really, you have my sincere sympathy, for I have some appreciation of what a slip of that kind means to a sensitive soul.

H. G. Glover
Jackson, Mich.

— And the Curse

To the Editor:

I'll never hear the end of this as long as I live. The first break of that sort I ever made in my life . . . and to make it in The Forum!

How did I do it? I've read everything Stevenson ever wrote, and some of it several times, and I've only read one essay of Emerson's — that appalling thing about "Compensation" — and loathed it. Yet I credit the old coot with one of the most delightful essays ever written in the English language. An essay Emerson could no more have written than he could have written *Jurgen*.

I suppose you've been deluged with letters about it. If I get lots of letters about it, I'll simply shoot myself. Would to God this bird hadn't written me about it. I think I'll knock off for the day and go get drunk.

Jack Woodford
Chicago

What is Culture?

Forum Definitions

The value of such a competition as this lies not in the discovery of perfect definitions, but in the fact that it encourages a large number of people to pause and consider just what meaning, if any, lies behind certain vague words which are in constant circulation. Paul Valéry, writing on poetry in the April FORUM, referred to the language of everyday use as "a jumble of thinking tools so crude that every thinking mind rejects them . . . a hodgepodge of terms, with their traditional and irrational rules — revised, as they are, by anybody and everybody, coined by whim, interpreted by whim, codified by whim." THE FORUM hopes that its monthly definitions may help to straighten out the hodge-podge and give some index of the whims.

The following definitions have been chosen as the best of those submitted this month.

1. Culture is an intellectual and spiritual refinement which so penetrates and blends with a man's being as to control, guide, and humanize his actions and thoughts. (*Sylvia Fishbein, Brooklyn, N. Y.*)

2. Culture is the development of all the desirable qualities of the body, mind, and soul of man. (*K. Lapham Gibbons, Lyons, Col.*)

3. Culture: that state of mental attainment which an individual or a race has reached. (*W. L. Faurot, San Francisco, Calif.*)

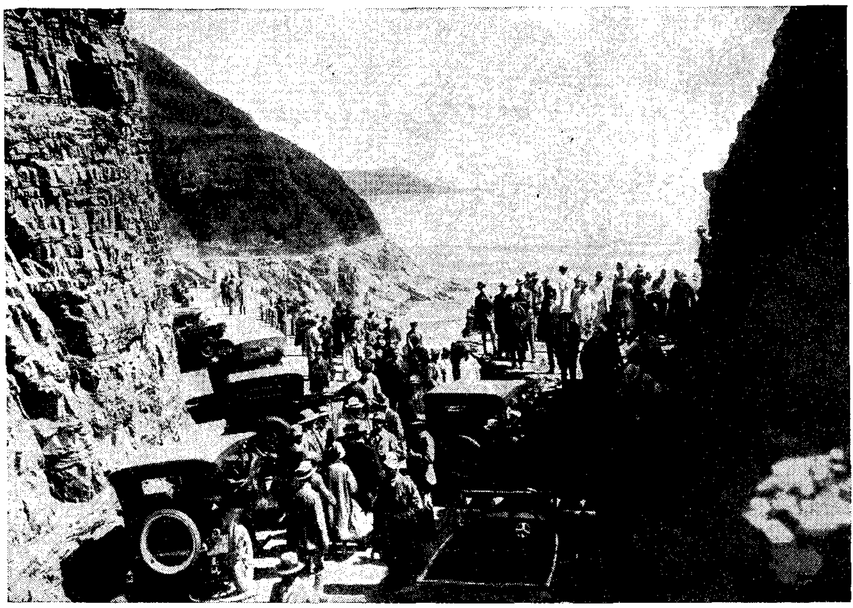
4. Culture: the result of both heredity and environment as shown in a person's moral, mental, physical, and spiritual development and the readiness with which he responds to all that is best in modern civilization. (*G. Leland Green, Mount Berry, Ga.*)

Next: — What is a BABBITT? *Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Editor by May 25. Prizes of $5.00, or any book mentioned or advertised in The Forum (value not exceeding $5.00), for each winning definition.*

Do We Need a New God?

Comments from readers on the debate between Harry Elmer Barnes and the Reverend William Sheafe Chase in the April Forum.

Judging by the letters which have come in, the prevailing opinion of FORUM readers is that we need not a new God, but a new conception of the old God. Most of the readers agree that modern scientific development has discredited a large part of the Bible as a historical record, but they deny that a literal acceptance of the Old Testament is necessary to belief in God.



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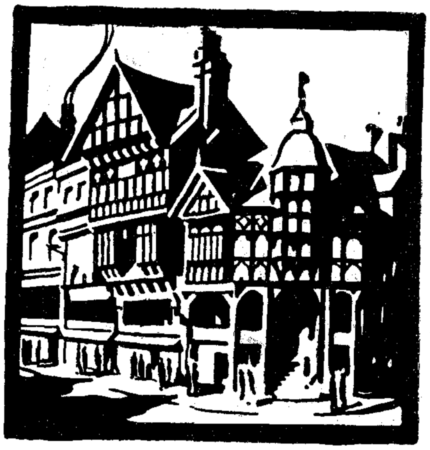

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Our Rostrum

Dr. Warren Coleman, of New York City, states it in this way: "If religious dogma cannot stand the light of scientific fact, religious dogma must be cast aside. Biblical allegories must be recognized as such. But the casting aside of dogma, and the recognition of allegories in the Bible need not, and in my opinion do not, affect one's acceptence of God. What the present generation needs is not a new God, but new methods of interpreting the God of our fathers to the people."

RELIGION RETARDS PROGRESS

In the opinion of Herbert Asbury, the opposition of the church to progress is sufficient to damn all religion. He says, "I agree with Dr. Barnes that the present generation is rapidly losing faith in the God of the Christians, but I oppose the theory that we need a new God to replace him. I do not believe that we need any God whatsoever, and least of all do we need an anthropomorphic deity who performs the childish antics which are credited to the biblical Jehovah. A God is wholly unnecessary to the happiness and moral welfare of mankind. I believe that organized Christianity, or, rather, Paulinism (there is no such thing as Christianity), is the great curse of the world; and that if Paul had never lived civilization would have been farther advanced by two thousand years, or exactly the length of time that mankind has been oppressed by superstitious Christian priests and preachers. I point to the fact that the genesis of every vicious and barbaric law now on our statute books may be found in the cruelty and intolerant activity of a religious group."

BARNES REPROVED

Many resented the intrusion of a professor of sociology into the province of theology. "The mantle of science confers no gift of prophecy or leadership in the field of religion," says Oliver C. Lester, dean of the Graduate School of the University of Colorado, "and when a scientist leaves his particular province he lays aside his mantle and speaks as a man. His words deserve the attention paid to anyone accustomed to think carefully, but he no longer speaks of that whereof he knows."

Dr. Jessie Wallace Hughan, of New York City, denies that what Professor Barnes is attacking is modern Christianity: "Professor Barnes assumes without warrant that Christianity must be held within its ancient boundaries, while science is allowed unlimited scope to alter and reverse itself. Why should Christians be condemned to believe in miracles because their religion was founded when all men so believed? Fosdick rather than O'Neill is my authority on the Christian God."

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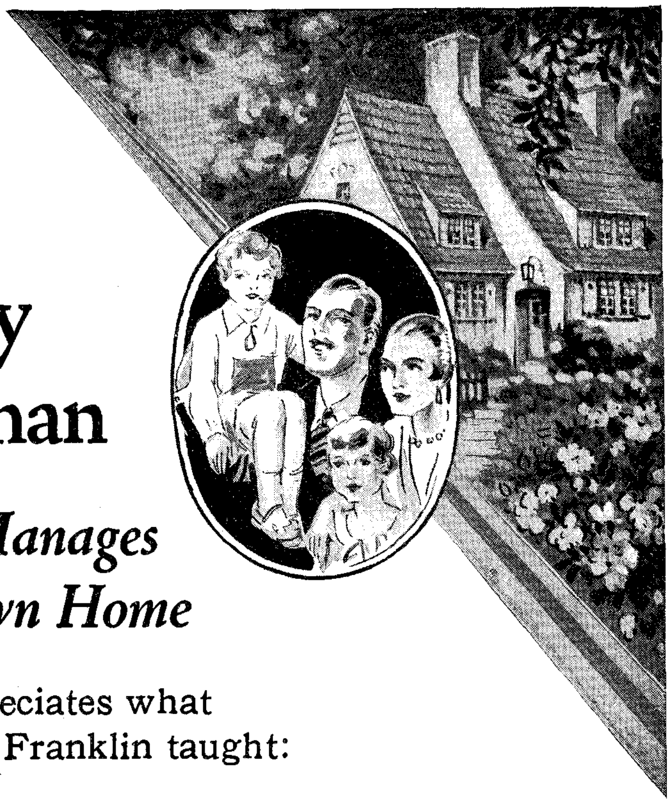
Our Rostrum

The comments on this debate were so numerous that it is impossible to quote all of them. We wish, however, to acknowledge the receipt of letters from the following: Dr. Edgar F. Daugherty, Muncie, Ind.; Dr. Marion F. Ham, Reading, Mass.; Dr. Howard Agnew Johnson, Milwaukee, Wis.; Capt. Paul A. Curtis, New York City; Dr. William N. Bates, Philadelphia, Pa.; Arthur L. MacKaye, Los Angeles, Cal.; Dr. John W. Cunliffe, New York City; W. R. Leigh, New York City; Dr. Jared S. Moore, Cleveland, Ohio; Dr. Arthur Stanley Pease, Amherst, Mass.; Dr. Daniel A. Poling, New York City; James E. Tower, New York City; Ralph H. Bevan, Providence, R. I.; Dr. Arthur W. Calhoun, Katonah, N. Y.; J. S. Cullinan, New York City; Dr. Conrad H. Moehlman, Rochester, N. Y.; Olaf Bjorkman, New York City; Carl Bruhn, New York City; the Honorable Heriot Clarkson, Raleigh, N. C.; Dr. Anthony H. Evans, New York City; Dr. Everett O. Fisk, Boston, Mass.; S. R. Hoover, Cleveland, Ohio; Dr. Bartlett B. James, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Frank S. Kedsie, East Lansing, Mich.; Dr. Henry M. Kieffer, Altantic City, N. J.; Dr. Hugh A. Moran, Ithaca, N. Y.; Dr. Ellen S. Mussey, Washington, D. C.; Commissioner Jefferson Myers, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Andrew J. Randles, New Castle, Pa.; Dr. Cloyd H. Marvin, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Harry P. Nichols, Bryson City, N. C.; Anthony Fiala, New York City; Dr. Homer M. Derr, Montgomery, W. Va.; Jennie Brownscombe, New York City; Dr. Raymond C. Brooks, Claremont, Cal.; Dr. Frank G. Smith, Omaha, Neb.; William R. Phelps, Bedford, Va.; Dr. Edward O. Otis, Exeter, N. H.; Dr. Wilfred H. Osgood, Chicago, Ill.; Joseph R. Noel, Chicago, Ill.; Dr. George W. Neet, Valparaiso, Ind.; Fred. J. Miller, Lake Worth, Fla.; M. Louise McLaughlin, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Nancy Barr Mavity, Oakland, Cal.; Dr. Nicholas Knight, Mount Vernon, Iowa; Mrs. John C. Johansen, New York City; Dr. A. J. Harms, Chicago, Ill.; Dr. Teunis E. Gouwens, Louisville, Ky.; Dr. Francis P. Gaines, Wake Forest, N. C.; William A. Frisbie, Minneapolis, Minn.; Dr. George C. Foley, Philadelphia, Pa.; Dr. C. A. Duniway, Northfield, Minn.; Dr. James L. Barton, Boston, Mass.; Dr. Henry R. Best, Fargo, N. D.; Dr. Sanford A. Moss, Lynn, Mass.; Dr. Charles C. Selecman, Dallas, Texas; William Dodge, New York City; Dr. Henry L. Osborne, Saint Paul, Minn.; Dr. James F. Hosic, New York City; Dr. John D. McCormick, Salem, Ore.; C. Frederick MacGill, Newton, Mass.; Dr. M. Willard Lampe, Iowa City, Iowa; Mrs. Lillian M. Gilbreth, Montclair, N. J.; Edward H. Nutter, San Francisco, Cal.



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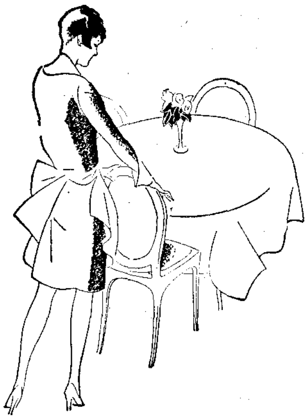

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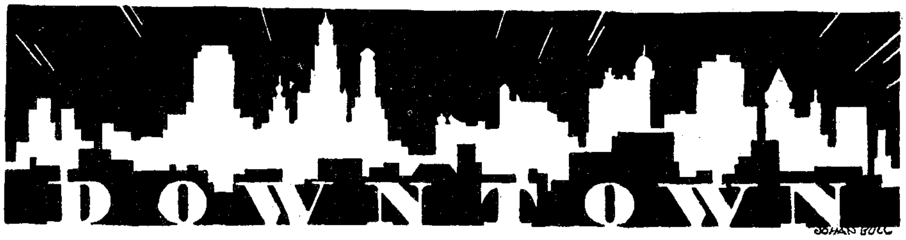

Non-Banking LOANS

by DONALD REA HANSON

SPECULATION has been probably one of the greatest constructive forces in the progress of American industry and commerce. But excessive speculation, with its attendant spirit of gambling, such as has been manifested in various land booms, commodity price booms, and stock market booms in this country's history, has invariably brought in its train a succession of severe economic consequences. The realization that serious consequences are likely to follow speculative excesses is the real reason for the controversy that has arisen between the bankers, on one hand, and the stock market community in Wall Street, on the other, during the past year.

One of the outstanding leaders of the banking party, Paul M. Warburg, remarked a few months ago that "in aeronautics the public is generally inclined to look upon the art of rising into the air as the sole accomplishment. The layman is apt to overlook the fact that the mastery of the art of descending is of equal, if not greater, importance." His reference was specifically to the stock market; and he added: "If a stock exchange debauch is quickly arrested by prompt and determined action, it is not too much to hope that a shrinkage of inflated stock prices may be brought about without seriously affecting the wider circle of general business. If orgies of unrestrained speculation are permitted to spread too far, however, the ultimate collapse is certain to affect not only the speculators themselves, but also to bring about a general depression involving the entire country."

This statement will at once suggest that the primary concern of bankers — and particularly of the Federal Reserve Board — is that business in general shall not suffer for the sins of speculators, now that the speculative carnival in Wall Street has reached a critical stage. Heretofore, when bull markets have run beyond the red light, what the bankers have said or thought about it carried a great deal of weight in stock market circles. They were the people who held the purse strings and they were in a position, if they chose, to limit the amount of credit which was being used by speculators to buy and carry stocks on margin. In the past three years, however, an entirely new situation has evolved and for the first time it is found that the bankers are not in the saddle. They are not holding the purse strings. For many months pool operators and big traders in the New York stock market have indicated that they did not care very much what the bankers thought about it, for they could obtain all the money they needed from non-banking sources. In fact, practically every dollar loaned to brokers in New York City since the brokers' loans statistics were first made public in 1926, has been obtained from other than banking sources.

RECORD LOANS TO BROKERS

BY ALL ODDS the most interesting development in the credit situation in this country in recent years has been the great increase of corporation loans in the money market. They are commonly called corporation loans, but actually the funds in this classification are derived from a great many sources other than industrial corporations. Under this head are included sums loaned to stock brokers by private banks and bankers, loans from foreign banking agencies, loans to brokers by individuals, investment trust funds that are temporarily idle and awaiting advantageous markets for investment, and, of course, corporation funds.

It is nothing new for corporations to lend surplus funds in Wall Street. It has been a practice for years. How much the aggregate of such funds amounted to prior to 1926 would be difficult to estimate. Probably it has rarely amounted to more than $300,000,000 or $400,000,000. When the New York Stock Exchange and the Federal Reserve Board first began to publish these figures periodically, in January 1926, the total of all loans to brokers in New York City amounted to about $3,100,000,000, of which about $563,000,000, or 18 per cent, represented non-banking loans.

During the bull market in stocks in

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"I started off by diagnosing his means."

SIGMUND OJSERKIS, President of the Boardwalk National Bank, Atlantic City, N. J., tells how he diagnosed a doctor's financial health.

"Dr. B...... is a good eye specialist," said Mr. Ojserkis, "but when it came to money matters!" . . . Mr. Ojserkis threw up his hands expressively. "Somebody even tried to sell him an interest in banana fields in Mexico.

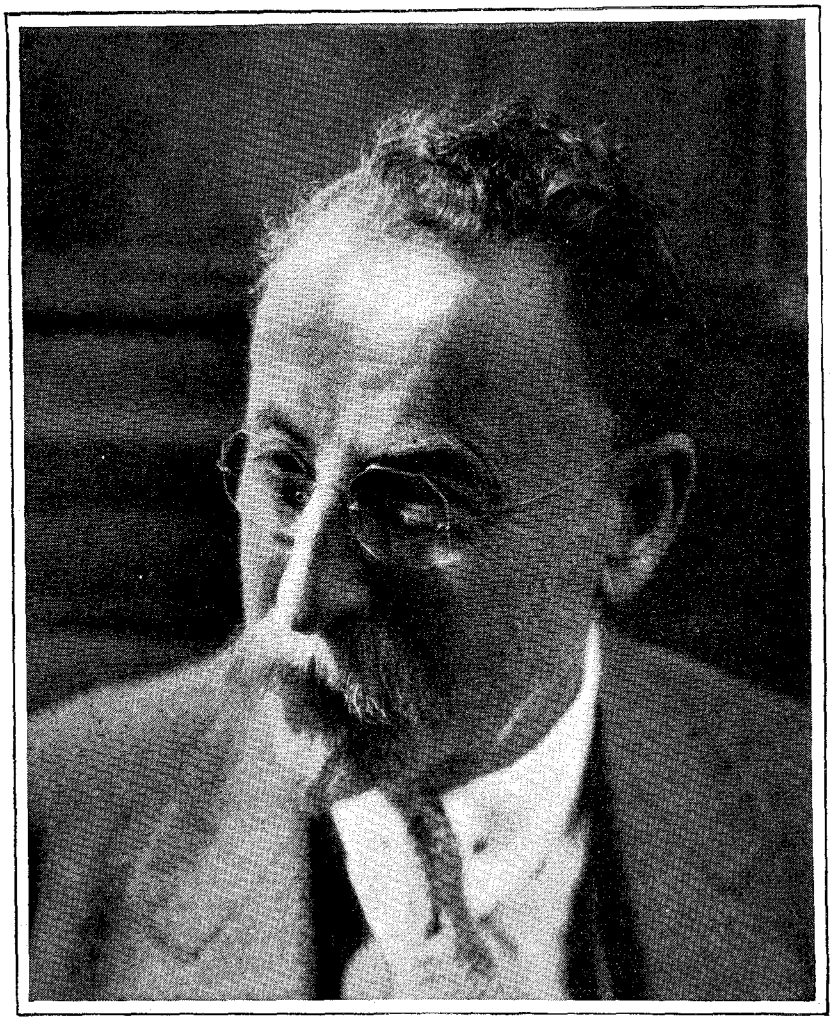
"Dr. B...... came to me one day, and said 'I wish to be able to retire, if I decide to, when I'm sixty. Can't you prescribe a plan of investment for me?'

"I started off by diagnosing his means—how much he could save regularly. That settled, I made him buy his first $1,000 bond. And instead of letting him go out with his $1,000 bond, I made him sign a note for $4,000 more bonds.

"For twelve years," said Mr. Ojserkis with emphasis, "I never let that man get out of debt—to himself—for bonds! And today—twelve years later—Dr. B...... is worth $65,000.

"He's still in the prime of his career. He now has saving in his blood. He'll have $100,000 long before he's ready to retire—and when he does, his $100,000 will bring him $500 a month, almost as much as his practice brings him now. His principal, in sound, seasoned bonds, will never give him a moment's worry."

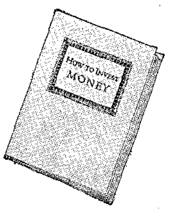
OVER 900 BANKERS select Straus bonds for their clients as investments combining acknowledged safety with good yield.



SIGMUND OJSERKIS, *well known banker of Atlantic City, is a prominent figure in the business and civic development of this famous seaside community.*

Every banker who lives up to the high traditions of his profession will advise his clients to look for safety in investment before any other element. Next, he will advise them to diversify their holdings, according to their individual needs, among different types of high grade bonds.

Lastly comes yield. But however attractive a good yield is, it should never be allowed to outweigh security of both principal and interest. The average investor will find it too complicated a matter to determine whether a class of securities meets his needs in all respects. He should consult his banker—or a high grade investment house—before he invests.



As a help to all who are interested in studying the principles of sound investment, S. W. Straus & Co. has prepared an interesting, easy-to-understand booklet, "How To Invest Money." Every person seriously concerned in safeguarding his future should own a copy of this booklet. It will be sent without charge. Write for Booklet E-1003.

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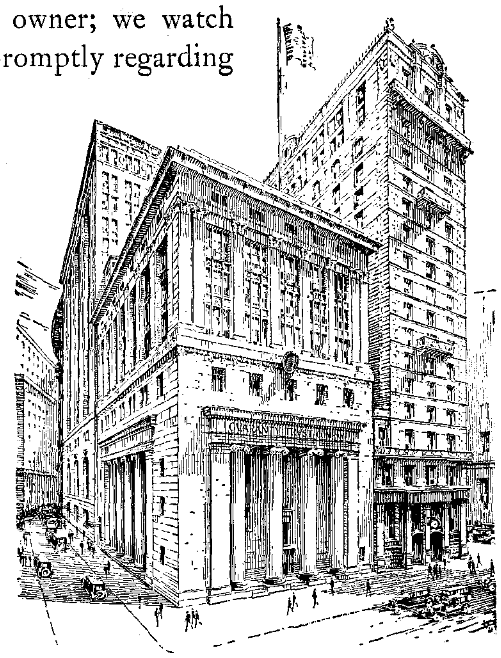
The deposit of securities in New York by non-residents does not subject such securities to any New York tax.

This Company affords the complete and varied facilities of a banking and trust institution of international scope. A booklet describing all our services will be sent to executives on request.



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Guaranty Trust Company of New York

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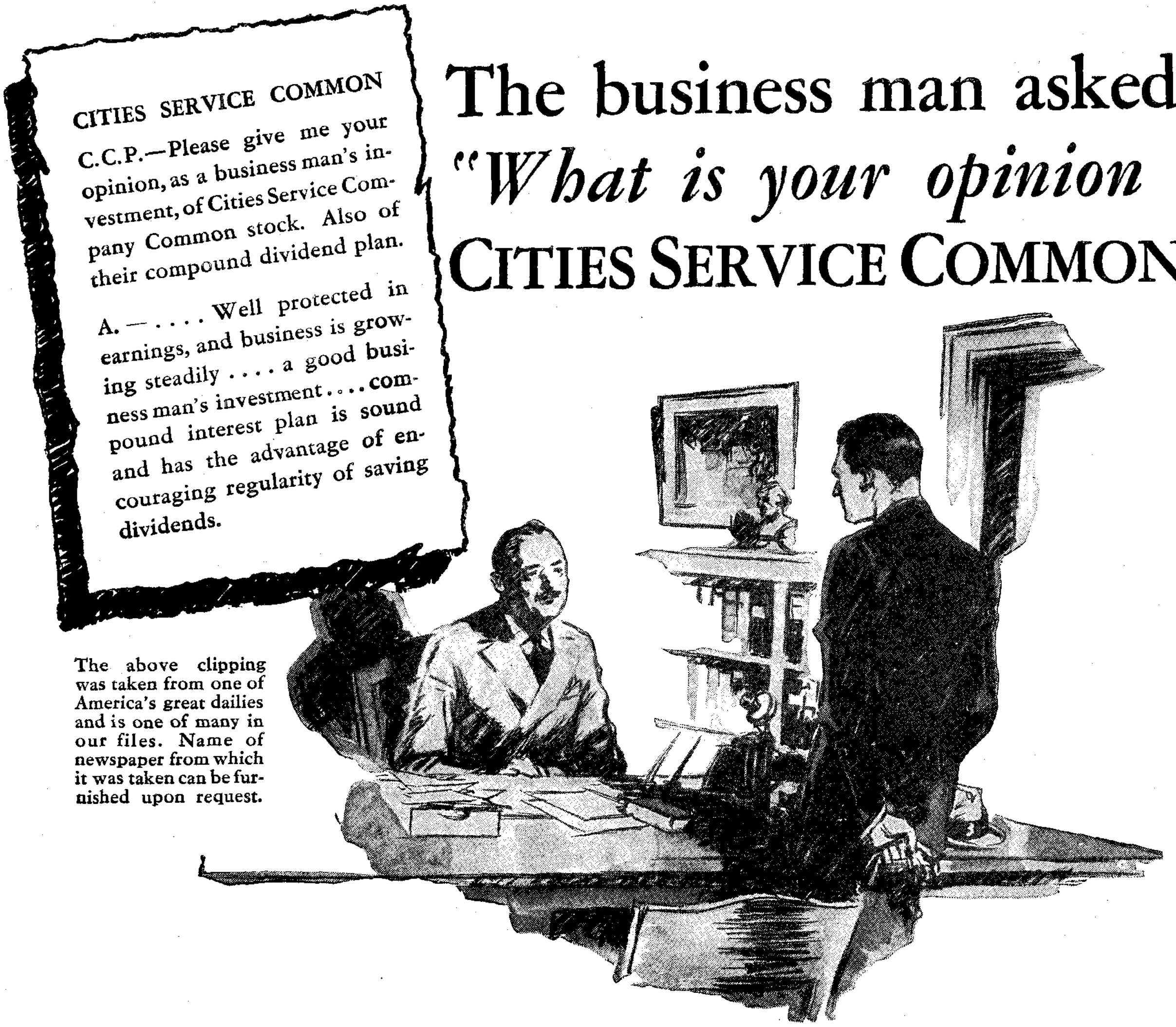
LIVERPOOL HAVRE ANTWERP

1926, these loans did not expand a great deal, but the growth during 1927 and 1928 was sensational. Early in March this year brokers' loans were at the highest point on record. Members of the New York Stock Exchange were borrowing an aggregate of $6,678,000,000, of which about $1,058,000,000 was being obtained from non-banking sources. At the same time the banks reported advances of about $5,600,000,000, but the banks were acting only as agents for a large portion of this money. That is to say, they were taking the funds of correspondents in the interior, or the funds of corporations or individuals, and simply seeing that these were loaned in the stock market. Of this $5,600,000,000 about $2,825,000,000 represented funds advanced in this manner by non-banking lenders. Together, therefore, the aggregate amount advanced by others than banks in the Wall Street money market amounted to nearly $3,900,000,000, or about 58 per cent of the funds then being employed by the stock market through brokers. It should be noted, however, that strictly for their own account the banks were lending only $2,800,000,000 early in March this year as against $2,578,000,000 on January 6, 1926, when the first statement was rendered. Obviously the amount of actual bank funds being used in the stock market this year is not much greater than that loaned early in 1926. Since 1926 the big bull market has been financed almost wholly by the more than $3,000,000,000 advanced by non-banking lenders.

CASH RESERVES INCREASING

ONE OF the most interesting points in this connection is the remarkably strong cash position that most of the country's leading industries have developed in recent years. The United States Steel Corporation and the Anaconda Copper Mining Company are only two of the many corporations which have laid plans to retire their outstanding bond issues, in whole or in part, obtaining the funds to do this by selling new stock. As their stocks have commanded extraordinarily high prices, the sale of new stock at present prevailing prices has been easy. Moreover, scores of corporations have issued new stock not only for financing expansion in their industries, but also to increase the amount of cash in their treasuries. As excess cash can be loaned in the stock market at high rates, this is a profitable procedure. During 1927, 54 companies whose stocks are listed on the New York Stock Exchange raised an aggregate of $859,500,000 of new capital through the sale of stock and the issuance to stockholders of rights to purchase that stock. In 1928 some 83 companies sold

The business man asked—
"What is your opinion of CITIES SERVICE COMMON?"



CITIES SERVICE COMMON

C.C.P.—Please give me your opinion, as a business man's investment, of Cities Service Company Common stock. Also of their compound dividend plan.

A.— . . . . Well protected in earnings, and business is growing steadily . . . . a good business man's investment. . . . compound interest plan is sound and has the advantage of encouraging regularity of saving dividends.

The above clipping was taken from one of America's great dailies and is one of many in our files. Name of newspaper from which it was taken can be furnished upon request.

And the financial expert replied—"a good investment"

Financial writers frequently recommend Cities Service Common as an investment.

That this advice is well founded is evidenced by the fact that thousands of owners of Cities Service Common stock are reinvesting their dividends in additional shares.

"Money talks," and the money invested by these men and women attests more plainly than words their confidence in Cities Service, its prospects, its policies and its management.

Dividends on Cities Service Common stock are paid monthly, which enables an investment to grow with surprising rapidity when dividends are reinvested. This plan of compound dividends originated by the Company has started many modest investors toward financial independence.

When you invest in Cities Service securities the safety of your money does not depend on conditions in any one industry or any one locality. There are more than 100 Cities Service subsidiaries busy day and night with the production and sale of modern necessities—electricity, gas and petroleum.

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INVESTMENT SECURITIES

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Monthly stock market survey and investment list sent upon request

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NEWARK, N. J.
SCRANTON, PA.
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about $946,600,000 of new stock in this manner. At the rate this method of financing has been carried on to date, the total of such issues this year will probably run far in excess of these figures. It is fairly obvious that a large portion of the new money obtained for speculation in the past two years has come indirectly from such methods of financing.

Certain it is that this policy of building up rich corporation treasuries constitutes a constructive feature of the business situation. For the time being it has served to eliminate borrowings from banks by scores of the largest corporations. It has facilitated mergers and the acquisition of smaller companies, since the funds for this purpose are easily obtained. In fact, it has almost inaugurated a revolution in corporation finance.

For industry as a whole it may be said that the boom in the stock market of the past five years has changed American corporations from debtors to creditors. In this respect the analogy of the effect of the war on the United States is almost exact. The huge profits made during the war changed the United States from a debtor to a creditor nation in that we were able to buy back foreign holdings of American securities and to purchase foreign obligations instead. The so-called Coolidge boom in the stock market has effected the same thing for many corporations. They are now independent of bank loans and funded indebtedness; instead they are great creditors, lending money for their own account.

NEW FINANCING METHODS

BEFORE one condemns the tremendous expansion of non-banking loans to brokers, he should give careful heed to the remarkable changes in methods of doing business in this country in the past decade. The commodity price inflation of 1920 taught business men the great risks of tying up large sums in inventories. The result was the hand-to-mouth method of buying merchandise. Two or three years later the installment buying movement began to grow by leaps and bounds. It was criticized bitterly by some economists, business men, and bankers at the time. But it has proved its usefulness and there is no doubt but that a great measure of the industrial activity since 1921 has been due to installment sales by corporations.

One effect of it, however, was to eliminate to some extent the old-fashioned method of commercial borrowing. Formerly the merchant had to carry his customers on open account; to-day the installment finance company relieves him of the load and the carrying charges are absorbed by the consumer who is buying on the installment plan. In turn, the

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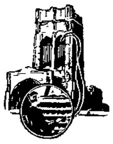
Deagan Tower Chimes [played direct from organ console] are priced at $4375 and up.



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By furnishing capital for this steady expansion the securities of the American Water Works and Electric Company share in the permanent growth of our country.

An Industry That Never Shuts Down

AMERICAN WATER WORKS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY
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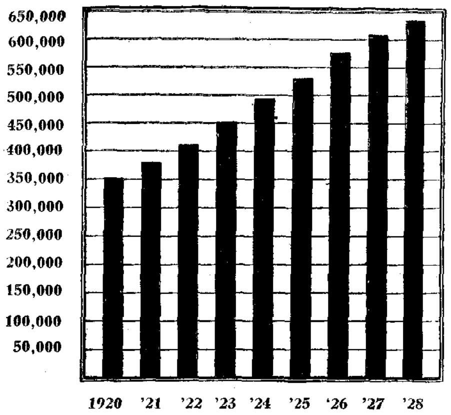
Associated System

Founded in 1852

Number of Customers



80% Growth in Customers

In 1920 the properties now in the Associated System had 352,725 customers. Today there are over 635,000 customers. This is the normal growth of the same properties over the entire period.

The steadiness of this growth (see chart) from year to year, including 1921 with its unusual business depression, indicates the remarkable stability of a diversified gas and electric system.

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Incorporated in 1906

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Trust Facilities For Modern Needs 1830—1929

WITH the multiplication of securities and the growing complexities of corporate finance, dependence upon adequate records, proper accounting and precise technical procedure assume an importance greater than ever before. Modern conditions practically compel the use by corporations and individuals of trust company facilities. The prudent man of means gives careful consideration to executorships, living trusts, life insurance trusts and custodian accounts. And the value of the fiduciary services offered by this bank is achieving wider recognition than in any period since they were instituted nearly a century ago.

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THE BOOKMAN

America's Literary Monthly

ANNOUNCES FOR MAY

Is Humanism a Religion?
by
G. K. CHESTERTON

A challenge to the views of Irving Babbitt, Norman Foerster, and the other American humanists. Mr. Chesterton approaches humanism, as he says, in a spirit of humility, but is concerned "how many people out of the battered and bewildered human race are actually expected to understand it". — An eloquent, trenchant sermon by a great lay preacher.

ALSO IN THE MAY ISSUE:

The Letters of Joseph Conrad to Stephen and Cora Crane

Also Phases of Fiction
by Virginia Woolf

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financing companies obtain a large portion of their capital from the sale of stock. New issues of such stock have been readily absorbed, but beyond question a very large portion of the capital is carried in brokers' loans as stockholders borrow the money with which to buy more shares.

Both of these developments — hand-to-mouth buying and installment sales — have shifted the burden of commercial credit from the banks to other agencies, for in installment sales and in brokers' loans the tendency is toward eliminating the bank as middleman. Yet it does not appear that the prestige or the business of the banker is suffering.

While the expansion in brokers' loans is regarded as a menace in some quarters, it will not do to overlook the point that to a considerable extent brokers' loans constitute simply a displacement of credit. Bank credit in this way has been driven out in the open where it can be seen. But whether it should be feared because it runs into big figures, it is still too early to say. It might very well turn out that non-banking loans are here to stay, and that the question of stock market levels should be considered separately.

STOCKS INFLATED

There is no question that stocks have been greatly over-inflated in many instances, particularly, strange to say, in the strongest and most representative of American industries. It is rather an anomaly, but how can dividend yields of one and two per cent be considered otherwise? Paul M. Warburg, one of the original members of the Federal Reserve Board, pointed out not long ago that ninety representative listed stocks have increased in aggregate market value from $17,500,000,000 to $33,000,000,000 in two years. "We find an accretion of approximately $15,500,000,000," he said, "an accretion, in the majority of cases, quite unrelated to prospective increases in plant, property, or earning power. Yet this stupendous bulge in 'value' covers only a limited number of corporations, and it does not include bank stocks, nor one of the subtlest elements of inflation — incorporated stock pools, called 'investment trusts.' Nor does it comprise the gigantic enhancement of real estate values. In order to grasp the vastness of the sums involved, it may be well to remember that the entire value of our cotton, wheat, and corn crops combined would amount to approximately $4,000,000,000."

Any graphic chart of the stock market averages over a period of years will portray vividly this enormous inflation in stock prices. There is no question that prices are high, relatively and absolutely. For investment purposes, bonds never looked more attractive than they do now.

Help your net profits with New York sales

Are you staying out of this big market because it is hard?

Are you in this market, but paying too much for sales—sales costs eating up profits? No net?

Analyze what is wrong and you will find that the difficulty is to have enough stock in New York without paying too much for storage; and to move stock as needed without paying too much for small freight shipments to hand-to-mouth buyers. If you haven't stock in right quantity, quality, variety, and condition, and can't deliver it quickly, you don't get the business you solicit and you lose the accounts you have. And if storage and delivery costs are high, where are your profits?

But some concerns are making money on their metropolitan sales. How do they do it? They concentrate on sales and turn the huge local distribution problems over to experts who know the New York market.

Bush Distribution Service will do it for you

For many national companies and corporations the Bush organization performs the vital economic function of receiving, storing and delivering stock to their New York customers. Bush Service will do as much for you to help you build profitable sales by cutting costs and insuring against customers' complaints and consequent loss of business.

Bush Service puts at your disposal enormous waterside warehouses in immediate touch with incoming freight from all railway and steamship lines; lofts for manufacture or assembly, with low cost labor, light and power; and inventory and delivery systems that are simple and standardized, but adaptable to your special needs.

Get full details in "Distribution Perfected"

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Capacity to Manage

. . . an item which does not show under Assets.

THERE is a tangible factor which decides the intrinsic worth of securities, never itemized in balance sheets. This factor is *the capacity of a company's management.*

A business must have a product or service which can be sold profitably, and sufficient working capital. Given these, management is then the factor which decides its measure of success.

For thirty years this organization has concerned itself chiefly with the *capacity of management* when considering the financing of corporations. To companies with capable management capital has been provided for extending their activities and for increasing their earning power. The soundness and potential possibilities of securities issued to provide such capital depend directly upon the ability of a company's management.

Suggested for current investment are four stocks of sound, growing and well-managed companies. Descriptions may be had by requesting Investment List 185.

George H. Burr & Co.

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OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL INVESTMENT CENTERS

Forum Financial Service

Mr. *Donald Rea Hanson*, Editor of "*Downtown*," will be glad to give *Forum* readers his opinion regarding matters of investment. No advice regarding speculative operations will be given. Postage for reply should be enclosed.

Address EDITOR "DOWNTOWN"
THE FORUM, *441 Lexington Avenue,* New York, N. Y.

Investment Literature

We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems.

AN INDUSTRY THAT NEVER SHUTS DOWN. A review of recently published institutional advertisements of the American Water Works and Electric Company, Incorporated, 50 Broad Street, New York City. Copies will be sent upon request.

WHAT IS CLASS A STOCK? A new twelve-page booklet on the Class A Stock describing its priority features and giving an outline of the Associated Gas & Electric System, its established territories, diversity of industries served and consistent gain in revenue. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

WISE PUBLIC BENEFACTIONS. A booklet prepared for public-spirited persons planning such benefactions and making clear the advantages of a standardized form for charitable trusts. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 48 Wall Street, New York.

CONVERTIBLE SECURITIES. A booklet describing the attractions of securities having conversion features which allow the investor to retain the safety of senior securities of a company and at the same time share in its prosperity. An extensive list of convertible bonds and stocks is included. George H. Burr & Company, 57 William Street, New York City.

MONTHLY MARKET LETTER. A diversified list of recommended Securities, showing their market position and the earnings of the various companies. Letter forwarded upon request. Cassatt & Company, Commercial Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

PROTECTION AND A GOOD INCOME. A booklet describing the benefits of a sound public utility preferred stock with a long record of earnings and dividend payments; well illustrated with photographs of the properties described and charts showing how this stock meets the requirements of a sound investment. Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York City.

Investment Literature

THE CARE OF YOUR SECURITIES. A booklet describing the advantages and small cost of a Custody Service Account and outlining the numerous services offered security holders, such as review of investment holdings, collecting coupons, notification of maturities, etc. Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York.

ANALYSIS CHART FOR THE DETERMINATION OF INVESTMENT POLICY AND POSITION. A chart designed to help investors analyze the structure of their bond account and plan their investment policy. Copy upon request. Halsey, Stuart & Co., 201 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE JOHN HANCOCK HOME BUDGET. A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance, and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

REASONS WHY. A booklet explaining why first mortgage real estate bonds secured by *insured and guaranteed first mortgages* should comprise a large proportion of any investment list. National Union Mortgage Company of Baltimore, Mackubin Goodrich & Co., Fiscal Agents, Baltimore, Maryland.

HOW MUCH SHOULD I SAVE? This booklet presents a graphic answer to this question and offers two interesting plans for systematic savings, including charts and tables, showing accumulated interest on principal by years. Old Colony Corporation, 17 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

HOW TO INVEST MONEY. A new booklet published by S. W. Straus & Co. It describes various types of securities and is a valuable guide to every investor. A copy will be sent free on request by S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

These booklets may be obtained by addressing the firms listed or

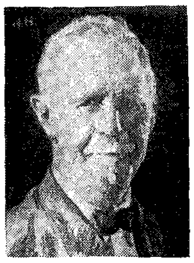
Financial Department
FORUM MAGAZINE
441 Lexington Avenue NEW YORK

TOASTS

THIS month we publish a sonnet by ROBERT HILLYER, poet and teacher of versification at Harvard. It is from a sequence of sonnets devoted to ideas. At present Mr. Hillyer is working on a satire, part of which will be published in the next *American Caravan.*

ANOTHER Harvard contributor is A. A. ROBACK. When he is not lecturing on "Vital Topics in Psychology," Dr. Roback is busy in fields of psychological research, from which he has prepared a number of weighty volumes. The most important of them is *The Psychology of Character.* In his lighter moments he browses through the popular "psychology" and "personality" magazines in search of material such as that which he presents in this article. Dr. Roback claims that he has built up the world's greatest collection of modern quack literature.

ONLY recently has ÉDOUARD BOURDET turned to the writing of short stories. In fact, this one in THE FORUM is his second. He is best known for his play *The Captive*, which caused a great deal of violent discussion when it was produced and subsequently banned in this country. *Vient de Paraitre*, his most recent play, and one which has had a considerable success in France, is a satire on modern publishing methods. M. Bourdet is considered one of the ablest technicians in the younger generation of French playwrights.


ROGER W. BABSON

IN ADDITION to directing a statistical organization with branch offices in twenty-six American cities, ROGER W. BABSON is a director of five electric power corporations and vice-president of a bank. During the war he served as Director General of Information and Education. In spite of all this, he still finds time for FORUM articles. Most of his writing on general topics has been of a prophetic nature and shows evidence of an unusual interest in the future.

FROM Lincoln, Nebraska, where he teaches rhetoric in the State university, SHERLOCK BRONSON GASS writes, "Nothing happens here unless in desperation one makes it happen. I have had a melodramatic yarn accepted and have been reading proofs — excitement enough for one year! And, too, I've been writing an introduction to literature from what I think is the humanist's point of view. All this has interrupted the eternal professor's eternal *opus magnum.* Mine would be called *Communication* but for the ambiguity forced on it by the mechanical era, or *Community* but for the sociological taint. I begin with a question as to how far any idea has a chance to gain general community among us, and then taking wing see dimly a civilization accruing or dissipating in the measure of its power of communicating ideas. This really is thrilling."

ARTHUR G. HAYS

THE fantastic etchings by THOMAS HANDFORTH reflect impressions of a recent visit to Morocco. The country so fascinated him that he is returning to it.

BY A queer coincidence we present in the same issue the author of *The Captive* and the lawyer who defended the play when it was suppressed — ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS. Like Clarence Darrow, with whom he has often worked, Mr. Hays is best known as a defender of unpopular causes. He was associated with the defense in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, the Countess Cathcart immigration case, the Scopes trial at Dayton, and the suppression of *The American Mercury* in Boston. As national director of the Civil Liberties Union he has shown himself one of the most active defenders of the right of free speech in this country. He might almost be said to be living a double life. As a partner in a well-known law firm, his work is largely concerned with corporate matters, brokerage, and general commercial cases. His clients are mostly conservatives who do not approve of his views.

ARCHIBALD E. STEVENSON, Mr. Hays' opponent in the debate, was educated as an engineer and joined the faculty of New York University, where he taught mineralogy and geology. Later he was attracted by law and practiced that profession until we entered the war. Then he became Chairman of the Committee on Aliens and also of the Mayor's Committee on National Defense in New York, afterwards joining the Military Intelligence for the study of enemy propaganda. Now, retired from law practice, Mr. Stevenson contents himself with the study of Constitutional Law and historical research.

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The DRAKE HOTEL Chicago

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Toasts

Having introduced Salvador de Madariaga in every issue of The Forum since July, 1928, it scarcely seems necessary to repeat his qualifications for discussing international affairs.

Aside from his own mercenary ambitions, Clifford Alderman has written the story in this issue to pay tribute to a very real and very picturesque captain in the American Merchant Marine — his own skipper. And he modestly states that if the story is successful, it is because he tried to write into it his admiration for a fine old man. After four years as "a spoiled and pampered pet of Uncle Sam" at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Mr. Alderman resigned, and finally cajoled the New York steamboat inspectors into writing his name on a second mate's license. Then a kindhearted marine superintendent gave him a berth aboard a liner on the Havana run.

Will Durant is becoming almost as regular a contributor to The Forum as Salvador de Madariaga. This month's article and the article on "Our Changing Morals" in the April issue, will form chapters in his next book. Remembering the success of *The Story of Philosophy*, his publishers are holding their breath till this book appears.

Smith College seems to be receiving a good bit of attention in this issue, since the article on athletics is based on figures compiled from that college, and since one of its foremost instructors contributes a poem. Grace Hazard Conkling has won a distinguished place among American poets and is, besides, the mother of a poet — Hilda Conkling.

As Medical Advisor and Dean of Women at Battle Creek College, Linda Gage Roth is one of the pioneers in the study of athletics for women. After a course of medical training in this country, she spent a number of years in study abroad, returning to become associated with the Kellogg School of Physical Education, a school closely connected with the Battle Creek Sanitarium. When, in 1926, that school became a fully accredited college, Dean Roth acquired her present office. In private life she is the wife of Dr. Paul Roth, a well-known scientist.

It may be interesting to Forum readers to know that in the fifty best prints of the year selected by the American Institute of Graphic Art, ten Forum artists are represented: Peggy Bacon, Ilse Bischoff, Howard Cook, Wharton Esherick, Wanda Gág, H. Glintenkamp, Gan Kolski, J. J. Lankes, Allen Lewis, and Arthur R. Young.

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Canadian